

PUNCH

SWAIN Sc

VOL CXIII

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NO more beautiful day could have been imagined, and no more beautiful scene. It was mid-winter in Montreal. The bright sun was gleaming upon the magnificent Ice-Palace in which King FROST held his Court. The lofty towers, the gorgeous battlements, and the spacious arches sparkled and glittered with rainbow hues. Through the crisp, clear air sounded the tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the keen, whirring song of thousands of skates tracing fantastic figures on the hard, black ice. All that Montreal could show of beauty, of grace, of fashion was gathered there, and over all a bright spirit of delight held sway.

But from this gay and rejoicing crowd two figures stood apart, not moodily, but in kindly contemplation.

One was short in stature, yet majestic. His eyes, surmounted by shaggy eyebrows, shone with a strange light. His nose and chin, longer and more pointedly curved, perhaps, than mere ideas of classical beauty might warrant, beamed back a rosy welcome to the frost. He was clad in a fur coat, and from the centre of his back projected—— But why describe him further? It was PUNCH, the Sage, the friend of mankind!

"A pretty scene, Sir WILFRID," he was saying to his companion, a man of an alert face, such as belongs properly to men of thought and action, "a pretty scene! At home we cannot rival you in this. Imagine an Ice-Palace in our London. Why, the soot would lie thick on it before an hour was past, and the fog would hide it from our view."

"Yet there are compensations," replied his companion. "Have I not myself seen your crowds on a day in June assembled to do homage to their QUEEN? And, as they shouted for their Colonial brothers and friends, did I not feel the larger spirit of our common patriotism stir within my breast? For we are all brothers, though differing in race; sons of one great mother, though parted by

'The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.'

I myself——"

"You yourself, Sir," retorted the Sage, "are one of the glories of our brotherhood. A Frenchman in name and in race, have you not shown in your own person how wisdom and freedom may avail to bind men together in one citizenship? Our ancestors sprang at one another's throats. Their descendants work together in peace and harmony for the good of their country."

"You speak the truth, as you always do, but——"

"I know what you would say. It was not always so. No mortal is invariably wise. We have had our follies. Would they had always ended as well as in Canada. Sometimes we have forgotten that you and yours have a natural pride in the great deeds of the Frenchmen who hewed out civilisation from the wild and rugged wastes that met their advance; who suffered, and fought, and persevered, and reclaimed, and taught in the midst of naked savages clamouring for their blood. It is a stirring and a splendid history, fitly to be read in the great narratives of FRANCIS PARKMAN. And while we honour WOLFE, we do not forget to pay a tribute of admiration to his noble enemy, MONTCALM."

"And now?"

"And now, Sir, we are all, as you said, brothers. Your welfare, your honour, your illustrious achievements, where shall they meet with a more sincere appreciation than with us in our little sea-girt island?"

"True again, and worthily said. Our skies are cold, but our hearts are warm, and if, *quod Di avertant*, the need should arise, we are ready to prove our love for the men of the Old Country by fighting at their side."

"I thank you, Sir WILFRID," said the Great One, "I thank you heartily. But I see there is only one thing that you lack."

"And that is?"

"This," said Mr. PUNCH, as he presented to Sir WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of the Government of the Dominion of Canada—for it was indeed he, and no other—his

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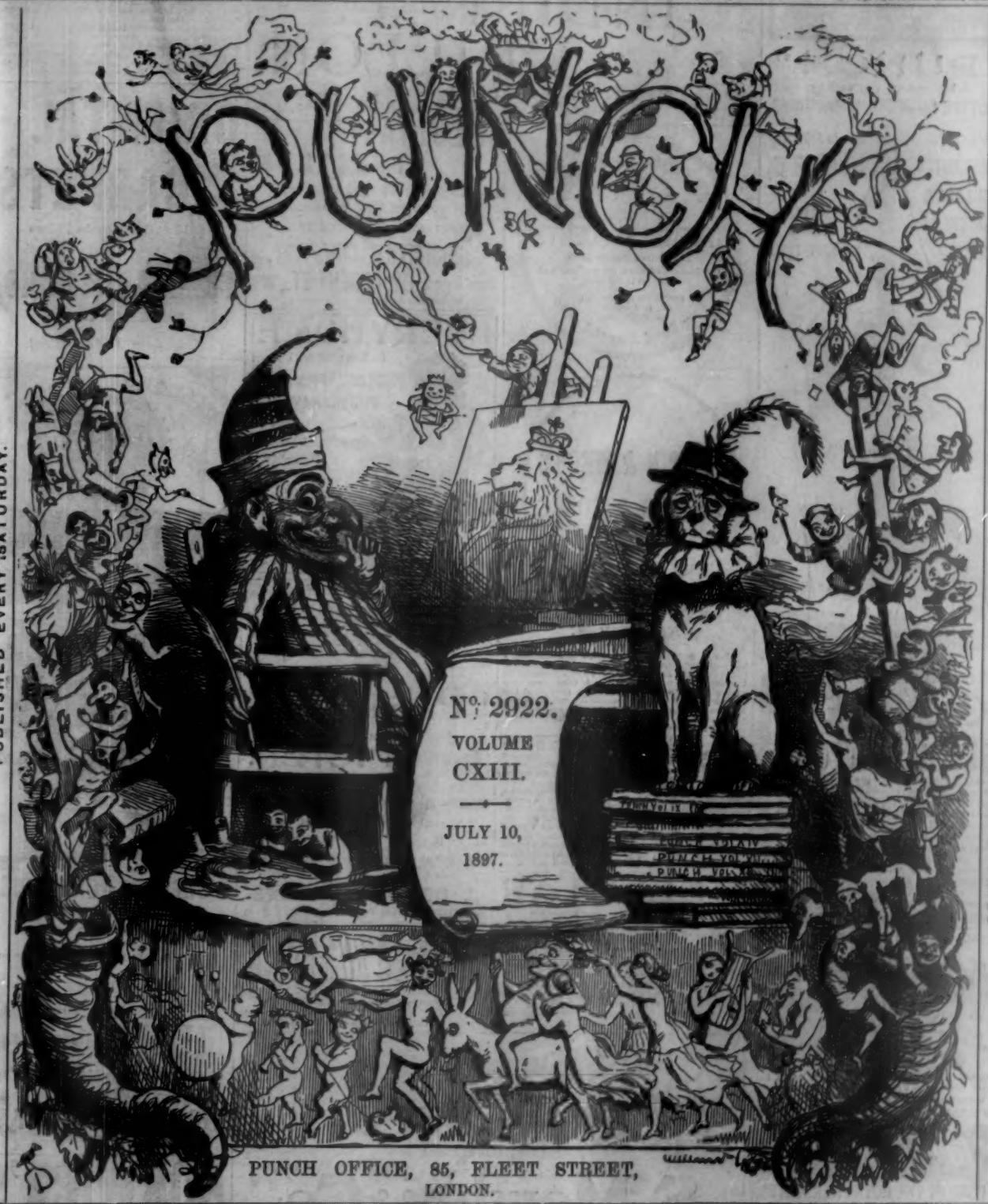
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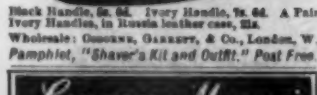


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VALE!

[MRS. OLIPHANT, the gifted woman of letters, passed away on Friday, June 25, 1897.]

THE brave, long life at last is done!
No more her pen shall tell with grace
The stories that—each one by one—
Strengthened the writer's pride of place.
Not hers the art of painting fight,
Or weaving plot for tragic end.
She limned Romance with pure delight,
And so made all the world her friend.
She had the knowledge of the lives
We find in English womanhood;
And showed that maidens, sweethearts, wives,
Had hearts of gold for England's good.
Not here to sing her noble aim
While working as a self-made slave;
Only in honour of her name
We place this leaf upon her grave!

CONFESSIONS OF A JUBILEE POLE.

YES: it is quite true. I was used for the CZAR'S coronation; and before that I assisted at a function in Persia; and before that I was in India. And before that—well, my memory fails me. But ever since I left my native forest I have been on the road. You see, I am put up in the streets, and then covered with red cloth. Then they hang a banner to me. Of course, the device on the banner depends upon the country and the occasion. The other day I was all Royal Standards, but at my last resting-place I absolutely shone with Imperial Eagles. It all comes in the day's work. And I don't mind! Then they tie paper garlands to me. Some of these are on the road like myself. See that the decorations of St. James's Street have been bought (second hand) to freshen up Birmingham. Rather suggestive of Brum, isn't it? And do I like my work? Why, yes. It's exciting, if it's nothing else. There's the putting up and the pulling down, and the fuss of the function itself. I look rather a sight towards the close. So I ought, after such dissipation. You can't be out night after night in an atmosphere of crowd and hammering without losing something of your freshness. And then the language that reaches you! But the Colonials and the Indians were first-rate, and I had generally a good time of it. The "Foreign Princes" are old friends of mine. I am always running across them. Yes; I am sure to see them again. Probably at the next State function. They travel about as much as I do myself. And where am I going to next? I am sure I don't know. If you really want to learn, you had better ask my contractor.

At the Naval Review.

French Visitor (*to English Host*). Mon Dieu! vhat a nombere of your sheeps 'ave got French names!

English Host (*anxious to be pleasant*). Yes! You see, there was a time when—ahem!—we had to *borrow* some vessels from your country. We hadn't got enough of our own.

[*French Visitor is delighted at this proof of English sympathy.*

AFTER THE SPITHEAD DEMONSTRATION.

(*Suggested by a South Wales Lady.*)

OUT of the valleys of the Deep
That lie between the Mountain waves,
There comes the phantom spirit Sleep,
To make all folk her grateful slaves.
Sweet, kindly Sleep! denied to me
When looking on this lace-like foam,
For on this great and godlike sea
My heart awakes with dawn of Home.

Home! Yes, *our* Home is far around,
Each rippled crest is all our own.
Where can such Home be elsewhere found?
What Monarch owns so grand a Throne?
The Sea is England's! Let them brag
The Armies of the great Un-free,
But underneath the British flag
The Home of Freedom is the Sea!

A Most Trying Situation.

Mr. Chortlebury (*who has met a couple of friends, and invited them to his house to have a drink*). Good heavens! my wife has gone out with the key of the tantalus!

[*And the parlour-maid grinned considerably when Mr. C. had to send to the nearest public-house for whiskey.*

After the Jubilee.

Robinson (*to Jobbinson*). What have you been doing since I saw you last?

Jobbinson. Buying up all the stands I can for winter fuel. I sha'n't be able to afford coals.



ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN.

Aunty Mary. "I'M READING A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER FRANK. DID YOU KNOW THAT HE'S BEEN PLAYING IN A CRICKET MATCH AT SCHOOL, AND MADE FORTY RUNS!"

Lily. "OH, AUNTIE, WHAT A LONG WAY FRANK MUST HAVE HIT THAT BALL!"

THE (ART) VAMPIRE.

(*A Horrible Tale of the Fate of a Fashionable Philistine in the Art Season. A long way after Kipling.*)

A CHAP there was, and he went to stare
(Even as you and I!),
At *technique* and tone, and some whispy hair.
What they meant he knew not, nor did he care;
But all who were "in it" *had* to go *there*—
(Even as you and I).

"*Oh! the hours we waste, and the days we waste,*
And the aching of head and hand,
On pictures whose meaning we do not know
(*And* now *we know we can never know,*
And much less understand!)."

This fool was "in it," and so he went
(Even as you and I!),
To stare at scarecrows of cryptic intent
(He hadn't a notion of what they meant),
But a fellow must follow the fashion's bent
(Even as you and I!).

"*Oh! the toil he lost, and the moil he lost,*
And the modish bonds he banned,
When he went with the crowd who didn't know why
(*And now we know it could never know why,*
And never could understand!)."

This fool was filled with a foolish pride
(Even as you and I!),
Though he yawned a yawn which he wished to hide,
For the "Vampire" sorely his patience tried;
And he stared, and dawdled, and nearly died—
(Even as you and I!).

"*And ain't it a shame, and who is to blame,*
That, even in this 'free' land,
We must 'do' the pictures, and none know why
(*Seeing we hate 'em, and well know why,*
Can anyone understand?)."

DARBY JONES ON RACING IN GENERAL.

HONOURED SIR,—At a time when American millionaires are making fabulous bids in "greenbacks" for that splendid son of Erin, the Diamond Jubilee Derby Winner, *Galtee More*, when that gallant little crock, *Victor Wild*, has once more covered himself with glory at Kempton Park, and when Lord ROSEBERY has been consoled by the triumph of *Velasquez* at Newmarket, it may seem presumption on my part to refer to the prettiest and most select meeting in Great Britain. I refer, of course, to Stockbridge, where the Bibury Club meets in full force, and hard by one of the best trout streams of England, where the fly-fisher is as well-known as is the flat-catcher at Epsom.

Stockbridge is not, of course, Goodwood. There is nothing Ducal about the arrangements. There are no huntsmen in canary liveries, or birdless groves, or female costumes calculated to make husbands think of Official Receivers, but there is a sort of "Far-from-the-madding-crowd" Peace, which would, I verily believe, cause the Aggravated Grandmother League to recognise that the merry dance of the Turf is not always tuned to the coarse bawl of the Bookmaker. In short, honoured Sir, at Stockbridge, even if you are not a Bibury-ite, you may enjoy one of those old-fashioned meetings, which remind one of the sporting prints in which the Prince Regent, Colonel GEORGE HANGER, CHIFNEY, and bob-tailed nags figure with such effect.

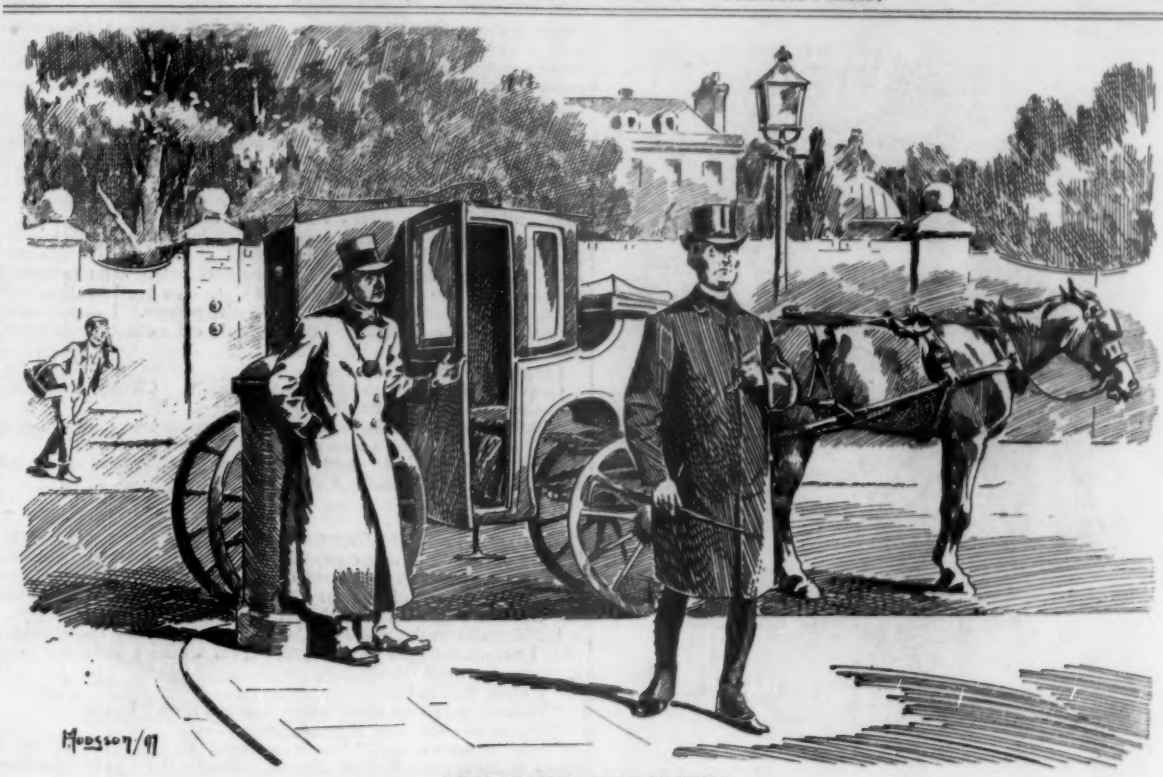
And now for that little distich, which is so valued by the followers of the sport of Kings, Princes of Wales, and even Prime Ministers. The little bird on the tree sings:—

Beware, oh! beware
Of the pride of Kingsclere,
And look for the horse with a man on,
That fitly will go
At the pace that we know
Like a ball from the mouth of a cannon.

Leaving you and my honoured patrons to decipher the rebus, in all confidence that we shall be so many slayers of the golden *œuf* (or oof) bird,

I am, Your devoted henchman
and practical adviser,
DARBY JONES.

PROVERBIAL MOTTO FOR A CERTAIN COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY (?).—Ask no questions and you'll have no stories told!



SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

Cabbie (on receipt of his legal fare). "ALL RIGHT, MY LUD! I CAN JIS STOP A TRIFLE OUT OF MY SUNDAY OFFERINS!"

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

(By One who wishes them better luck.)

[The Cricket Match between the Philadelphian team and Yorkshire at Sheffield, June 28–30, was wholly spoilt by rain, and on the third day, when barely half played, had to be left unfinished.]

AIR—"*Off to Philadelphia.*"

IN weather wet and weary
It is anything but cheery
(Though good cricketers the elements seem scorning)
To sit in the Pavilion,
When 'tis one chance to a million
That we'll see the Philadelphians play this morning!

With my macintosh on shoulder,
I'm a weariful beholder
Of Yorkshire and the Yankees idly yawning;
And I've got a gloomy notion
Good Lord HAWKE won't make a motion
To score off the Philadelphians this morning!

These Yanks, it is well known,
With the bat can hold their own,
WOOD or CREGAR any team would be adorning.
But they all look sad and weary,
When the wickets soaked and dreary,
Gave no start to Philadelphia all the morning.

With his bat across his shoulder,
Sure no slogger could look bolder
Than LESTER; but the rain came without warning,
Till the wickets, I've a notion,
Are much like the German Ocean,
And it's "off" with Philadelphians this morning.

Such gloom would dull e'en genial GRACE!
They strove to keep a cheerful face,
Like batsmen bold, bad luck and weather scorning.
But 'tis hard to "buck up" cheery,
With the wickets wet and dreary,
When you have to "draw the stumps" on the third morning.

But though top-coats grace each shoulder,
And it wetter grows and colder,
From Sheffield the bhoys start, bad omens scorning.
And some day I have a notion,
I shall feel a proud emotion,
To see the Philadelphians *win*—one morning!

From our own School Boy under Examination.

Examiner. Give the Latin for "nightmare."

Our own S. B. (after considerable cogitation). I know, Sir. "*Equi-nox.*"

[Takes the cake and exit.

On Kew Bridge.

First Pedestrian (meeting Second Pedestrian on the summit of the central arch). Why on earth are you carrying that alpenstock?

Second Pedestrian. I'm practising for my ascent of Mont Blanc in August.

A GERMAN PUZZLE SOLVED.

(Place of origin—Berlin.)

REALLY cannot make it out! I am distinctly anti-English. I do my best to thwart Britons all the world over. I regard them with a jealousy that knows no bounds.

And yet! I love the sea, and nothing pleases me better than wearing the uniform of a British admiral. I am fond of yachting, and a race in the Solent is my special delight. I take the deepest interest in the Harrow and Eton cricket match, the University Boat Race and the Derby. I am as proud as Lucifer of my English regiment, and never forget to deck their colours on Waterloo Day. I have the energy that only a Briton can boast. I can turn my hand to everything as only an Anglo-Saxon can manage. My mother was English, and her mother, too, and I speak English with scarcely an accent.

Then how comes it that I grumble at everything British? Eureka! I have it! It is because, in spite of the temptation to belong to the other nation, I am—an Englishman!

Some Folk are so Nasty.

Mr. Optimus Hopkins. Well, wasn't it lucky that the Jubilee windows fell so considerably just before the Procession Day? We all went.

Mr. Pessimist Popkins (who had no seat). Humph! it was lucky that you all came back safe. I fully expected that the stands would follow the example of the windows.



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Waiter (in response to the Colonel's very vigorous reminder). "OH YES, SIR, IMMEDIATELY! 'M—LET 'S SEE—A *GLASS OF MILK*, SIR, WASN'T IT?"

DINNERS AND DINERS.

(With Apologies to the P-ll M-ll G-z-tte.)

IT had been my good fortune to give to Mademoiselle FAUSTINE, a charming little actress, a tip for the Welter Plate last Spring. What more natural than that I should ask her to give me a dinner as some slight return? She readily accepted, and asked me to name the day. Glancing at the sixth volume of my engagement book, I found my first vacant date was June 18, '97. This was fortunate, as it is hardly possible—except at VOISIN'S—to get a decent dinner unless you order it a year in advance.

"Where shall we dine?" asked FAUSTINE.

"There is only one place where people *do* dine," I answered, a little reproachfully. "The Bon Marché. I will order the dinner."

So the place and the date were fixed.

* * * * * *

As FAUSTINE was a quarter of an hour late—I had not seen her since our arrangement—I waited in the alabaster portico of the Bon Marché, chatting amiably to the courteous commissionaire, an old comrade of mine in the Wimbledon days. JULES, the courteous *chef*, was *au désespoir*. Why had I not given him more notice? Madame was fifteen minutes late. If he had only known! In a year and fifteen minutes it is possible to cook a dinner. In a year—no. I tried to calm the worthy fellow—an old ally of mine in the Crimean war. In vain; he complained the sardines were spoiling. So I went into the dining-room, nodding courteously to eight princes of the blood, neither of whom appeared, for the moment, to recognise me.

As I seated myself, the entire staff, headed by a brass band, brought me my *Sardines à l'huile*. These are a *specialité* of the house, and are never—should never be, at least—eaten with the tin. The *Potage à la potasse* was quite excellent. I congratulated the courteous *chef*, pointing out to him the desirability of mixing, sometimes, a little anti-pyrine into the potassium—both drugs far too rarely used in modern cookery. Then came the question of wine. This I solved for the moment by ordering two Jeroboams of STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY ET FILS; a *cuvée* of '80, absolutely *reservée* for my own use. As I had engaged the entire staff of waiters, a crown prince, who was entertaining one of our leading bicyclists, rose to leave, with his guest. I smiled and nodded to them as they passed, which appeared to hasten their departure.

The *Moulin à vent* was delicious, but the *Dindon décousu* I could not pass. No self-respecting *gourmet* will pass everything at a dinner.

GONTRAN, the kindly *maître d'hôtel*, was almost in tears, but I consoled him by observing that the ostriches were cooked to a turn, and the *Bombe glacée à l'anarchiste* faultless.

But my hostess? Where was she? Where was Mademoiselle FAUSTINE? I had quite forgotten her! I beckoned to HAGENBOCK, the Press representative of the restaurant, who informed me she had been dead eight months! I, who read nothing but menus, had omitted to notice this in the papers. I was greatly pained. The shock unnerved me—I could eat no more. Besides, who was now to pay the bill?

I reproduce the bill.

Couverts, £5. Diners, £36 8*s*. Pain, 2*s*. Champagne, £47. Liqueurs, 15*s*. Addition, 3*s*.

In all, £89 8*s*.—(This is one of the few restaurants where a charge is made for the addition.)

"Make out the bill," said I, "in francs, and send it to the executors of Mademoiselle FAUSTINE."

II.

MONSIEUR VICTOR DE TRAIN-DE-LUXE is in many respects a delightful person. In other ways he is not. For instance, because he was, accidentally, the cause of my backing a winner at Ascot (simply by means of ordinary stable information), he had the bad taste to suggest that I should stand him a dinner.

I said, "Certainly, my dear Comte" (Comte being the courtesy title I invariably give to foreigners from whom I have the hope of borrowing money).

"Where shall it be?"

"There is only one place where one *can* dine," I said.

"Of course—the Bon Marché," he replied.

"No," I answered. "No, *mon ami*. If you wish to eat a really characteristic English dinner, come to the Vegetarian Restaurant in Edgware Road. Come along. Come, *now!*"

"But it 's only six o'clock. I am not hungry."

"All the better," I replied. And I also pointed out to him that the best way to see London is outside an omnibus. So we started.

* * * * * *

Arrived at the restaurant, I was enthusiastically received by the courteous cashier, who presented me with a previous bill, which, I noticed, had not been receipted. I said I thought it rather rude to present a gentleman with a bill which they hadn't taken the trouble to receipt.

We sat down.

"I 'm glad," I said to VICTOR, "that I didn't know this dinner was coming off to-day. If I had had notice, I might have ordered it beforehand; and a dinner, to be perfection, should be eaten, if possible, on the day it is cooked. At least, that 's what I always think. I may be wrong."

Monsieur DE TRAIN-DE-LUXE smiled, said I was a *farceur*, and I ordered our dinner.

First, some turnip turtle soup, then, ortolans of spinach and mashed potatoes, followed by a canvas-backed duck made of Indian corn, and last, not least, plum-pudding. As all will agree, this makes a very delicious and seasonable repast. Long dinners have quite gone out of fashion. And this was washed down with a sparkling bottle of Orange Champagne, '97.

My friend VICTOR, who is rather a *gourmet*, was so struck with the first mouthful of soup, that he said it was quite enough, observing, he had never tasted anything like it.

Pleased with this praise, I asked his opinion of the ortolans. He said that their aroma dispensed with the necessity for their consumption. He was evidently surprised.

When the bill was presented by the courteous "chucker-out," we found that most unluckily neither of us had any money.

I append the bill.

Dinners (for two), 1*s*. 9*d*. Champagne, 3*d*. Total, 2*s*.

To this I ought really to add:—

Cab (for three) to Marylebone Police Court, 1*s*. 6*d*. (The constable refused to walk without us.)

Loss to reputation by report of proceedings, 8*d*.

QUERY.—When somebody wishes to blacken somebody else's character by uttering dark hints about him, wouldn't he begin by carefully *pitching his voice?*

CONSTABLES IN COUNCIL.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Pleaceman X . . . Early Victorian Constable.
P. C. A1 . . . Late Victorian "Bobby."

Pleaceman X. Vell, I *ham* blowed! Vot an egstrawnary soot.
I feels fair flummaxed at you—as a Copper!
P. C. A1. Same here, old man! That topper! That there boot!!
That iky swaller-tail!!! Ah! you'd look proper—
In a old-fashioned pantermine, *you* would!
Pleaceman X. Vell, I esteemed myself a hinnowation
On the hold Charley! I vas picktered, good,
By Mister TITMARSH, gent of heddication,
And 'andy with 'is pencil. Vich you see
He took me down and rote me hup, permiskers.
P. C. A1. Lor! I'm as like *you* as great W. G.—
The cricket champion with black beard and wiskers—
Is like old CLARKE, who looked a bit like *you*,
If you took horf your coat and showed your braces.
Didn't the boys just chivey and yah-boo
You and your mates where'er you showed your faces?
Pleaceman X. D'yer take *me* for a Charley, vich the nobs
Used for to bury hunder their hown boxes?
No, no, PEEL's pets vos ekal to *their* jobs,
As wigilant as sentries, firm as rockses!
P. C. A1. Lor! yer don't say so? Well, them Charleys *were*
Hantediluvian old himages! *But*
I must say *you*, in huniform and hair,—
Where *did* you git them curious cowslicks cut?—
Look a bit Noah's Arky, dontcher know!
More like pew-openers than sharp handy coppers.
I know one in a Bethel out at Bow,
With just such kite-tail'd coat and mutton-choppers.
Pleaceman X. Ah! if you arsked A'BECKETT, the great beak,
Or Mister THACKERAY the novel riter,
They'd tell you as *we* didn't stand no cheek,
Altho' prehaps our toggery *vos* tighter.
Yours—vell, it may be wery cumferable,
But it *don't* look hoffishul or himposing.
I can't 'elp vonderin' 'ow you vill be able,
In that there toonik loose and easy-closing,
To strike street-boys vith hor, or charm the airey!
P. C. A1. Oh, don't you worrit; gutter-snipes and cooky
We 'll manage still. Lor bless yer, X, my MARY
Tells me I look as smart as a swell booky.
Our summer-wear, long promised, keeps us cool:
June perspiration sometimes was a drencher.
All we want now, is to break down that rule
As won't allow us just a modest quencher.
Ah, X, you should ha' felt that Jubilee thust!
If Mister BERNARD ABRAHAMS gits his way,
And Bobby is allowed to lay his dust
With a cool tankard—then we *shall* be gay!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—A considerable number of those who had been Jubileeing at the Royal Garden Party, and who had yet to finish the day at the great reception of the Colonials, given by Sir HENRY IRVING, at the Lyceum, have made a hurried dinner—or rather, taken a mere snack—and have rushed to Covent Garden to hear Madame MELBA as *Marguerite*, Monsieur ALVAREZ as *Faust*, with Signor ANCONA as *Valentine*, Madame BRAZZI as *Siebel*, and the *semper utile-dulci* BAUERMEISTER-singer as *Martha*, in GOUNOD's *Faust*. A first-rate cast. Apology made for the state of M. PLANCON's throat, but apparently it was needless, since, as *Mephistopheles*, he sang as well as ever, and acted better. Madame MELBA looks the German *Gretchen*, who was of course a rather stolid kind of young person, not inclined to be over-emotional, while her singing is perfect, as is also that of Tenor ALVAREZ. *Faust*, with an ordinary cast, is not, nowadays, a great attraction in itself, but to see it with such a cast as above given, the house is crammed. MELBA's motto is, "Better late than never," and that she and ALVAREZ, with the others, can, at such a busy time, draw so big a house, may by a wee bit reduce the compass of the De Reszkian voices, though any Opera-goer would be sorry to hear that the Big Brothers should be "singing small."

Tuesday.—Jubilee reaction setting in. Covent Garden Party exhausted by Royal Garden Party, and all the rest of it—precious little "*rest* of it" for anyone, especially for H.R.H. the Prince, and other R.H.'s—yesterday; so *Manon* sang to comparatively poor house—not very "poor," however, considering the diamonds glittering here and there—until end of second act, when house itself again, or something like it. Madame SAVILLE's *Manon* is popular, and Tenor VAN DYCK, in Act IV., came out as strong as a vocal Samson, and, like that muscular prototype, "brought down the house," only without any injury to himself. No Royalties visible. "Royalties" paid possibly on performance of Opera,—but that's another story, and on we goes again to

Wednesday.—*Die Meistersinger* at seven! House soon full. Royalties present. All must have sacrificed a meal to music. Supper in prospect. NED DE RESZKE in fine form; likewise his



M. JEAN DE RESZKE AS A MEISTERSINGER.

brother. Company generally at its best; audience enthusiastic, and MANCINELLI, "called from the vasty deep" of orchestra, "came when called," and modestly bowed his acknowledgment of compliment. Fine singing, and excellent bit of character-acting by DAVID BISPHAM as *Sextus Beckmesser*. Quintette at end of third act, magnificent. WAGNER outwagnered! Likewise finale. Fancy that either this hot weather agrees with "our stout JEAN" DE RESZKE, who seems to have become a trifle stouter, or the heat has reduced the rotundity of t'other Meistersingers. Too hot to consider problem. Think Opera had better have commenced at 8.30 and finished at 1 A.M. Also of opinion that house, applauding so warmly, could have afforded to let itself be refrigerated just a bit. Decided attraction.

Friday.—New Opera. Made in Germany by WILHELM KIENZL, and sung, here, in German. There are, in *Der Evangelimann*, some charmingly melodious moments, when the ordinary Opera-goer will murmur, "*O si sic omnia!*" Whatever there might have been of real dramatic action in the original plot, as first conceived by its author, has been ruthlessly crushed out of it in the course of construction. There is nothing new in the jealousy felt by the elder for his younger brother, better favoured by nature, and more favoured by the lady. The heroine disappears after the first act!! The elder brother, capitally played and sung by Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, appears as a sort of German *Paul Pry*, without "I hope I don't intrude." In appearance, the younger brother, quite an artistic triumph for M. VAN DYCK, calls to mind some old pictures of "Farmer GEORGE." Miss ENGLE, as the *Fraulein Martha*, was excellent. No time or space for details. We must leave the sweets of the Even-jelly-man until "our next."



CONFIDENCES.

Miss Girton. "AND DO YOU LIKE BROWNING?"
Muscular Undergraduate. "WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'D AS SOON READ A TIME-TABLE!"

DEVONSHIRE CRÊME DE LA CRÊME.

BIGGEST success of the season. Triumph of Art-in-town! Perhaps one of the greatest hits of this exceptional festivity was the appearance of my Lord ROWTON in two characters, as, according to the *Times* report, his Lordship appeared as "Archbishop FARRER" *and*, "to the amusement of his friends, as Archbishop PARKER." Quite a *Mr. Peter Magnus* in his way, who, it may be remembered, informed *Mr. Pickwick* how he signed himself "Afternoon," because it amused his friends. "'It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive,' said *Mr. Pickwick*, rather enjoying the ease with which *Mr. Magnus's* friends were entertained."

By the way, the *Times* reporter mentions "the jewelled page of romance," but does not say who wore this particular costume. Seeing that Lord ROWTON took a hint from *Mr. Peter Magnus*, and amused his friends by coming out as a "dual entertainer," perhaps the "jewelled page of romance" was a Pickwickian Fat Boy of the time of "CHARLEY MANG." Did Princess HENRY OF PLESS, as the Queen of Sheba, carry a beautiful bouquet furnished by SOLOMON? Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was seen to advantage as "My Old Dutch" of 1660, and JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN wore a costume "in two shades of rose-coloured corded silk"—quite the Unionist, though the description of his costume sounds "shady." Lord BURTON, as Cardinal DUBOIS, was a study from an old basso relievo. There were "Napoleons and Josephines" for the benefit of Sir HENRY IRVING, to whom the Napoleonic variety must have been quite an "object-lesson." And this great success "for one night only!" But, as *Juliet* observed, "Such a night!" Memorable!

DISCOVERED BY THE DOCTORS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Through a fairly long life I have been more or less a failure. I could not pass for my exam. to Sandhurst. I could not run through my matric. for the University. I couldn't even get called to the Bar!

Hitherto, this inability to grapple with tasks seemingly simple to others has puzzled me. Now the reason of my want of success is perfectly clear. I find that during my infancy, my nurse continually deranged my circulation, disturbed the grey matter of my brain, and injured my eyesight. If you have read the latest medical opinions, you will be prepared for what follows. I owe my present wretched condition to the fact that my nurse, when I was a baby, used a rocking-chair!

A VICTIM TO A MALEVOLENT MOVEMENT.

INVISIBLE ELEVATION.

IF the cost 's two-and-ninepence a dozen,
The charge five-and-sixpence a pair;
It is not a fraud or a cozen,
'Tis Trade, and—presumably—Fair!
Cork wedges, when called "Elevators,"
Do raise, if 'tis only the cost,
'Tis funny, to simple spectators,
But scarce to the simple who lost.
Cork soles—for the heels—at such price,
A "new line" in trade have created.
But they out of whom cork has taken this rise,
Can hardly feel much "elevated."

LAST JUBILEE NOTE.—The Lord Mayor, Sir FAUDEL PHILLIPS, has been having a really "high old time" of it during his mayoralty, and has done everything admirably. So say all of us! It was one of the best sights in the Bestest Show that ever was, to see him, an accomplished rider, mounted on a high-trotting horse, bowing right and left to the applauding citizens. As was observed by a certain Eminent Personage at Temple Bar—the only "bar" visited by the thirsty processionists—"Really, one does not know which to admire most; so we applaud both the horse and the MAYOR."



"GOD SPEED!"





IN THE DOG DAYS.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"COOLING HIS COPPER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE republication of CHARLES LEVER'S works, by Messrs. DOWNEY & Co., goes merrily on. The latest out is *Tom Burke of Ours*, which, if not much of a story, as far as a connected plot goes, is thrillingly interesting as a clear narrative of the Napoleonic campaigns, personally told by an Irish volunteer, who, after studying at the Polytechnique in the days of the first Consul, joined the French army, and, with one brief interval, when Fate for the first time frowned on "the Man of Destiny," was with the great Emperor, the tyrannical Corsican, from the capitulation of Ulm and the overthrow of the Austrian Empire, to the last victory of the French at Montereau, where the real heroine of the tale, *Minette*, the *vivandière*, dies the death of a gallant soldier,—for which the Baron cannot forgive the author of her being, as she ought to have lived to be *Mrs. Tom Burke*—and thence to the last sad scene of all at Fontainebleau, when "the Empire was ended; and the Emperor, the mighty genius who created it, was on his way to exile." With the restoration of the Monarchy the story finishes. Even now this book exercises over me a marvellous charm. The colouring of the historic pictures is as bright as ever, the style as dashing, and the whole narrative as absorbing as when first I devoured it, years and years ago, in my little room at Eton.

If Mr. TOM GALLON had written *Tatterly* in time for Messrs. HUTCHINSON to publish it before *The Cricket on the Hearth* chirped in the ears of a delighted world, it would have had stupendous success. As it is, the book lies under the cloud that broods, needlessly in this case, over the second hand. Mr. GALLON recks so little of this that he names his principal character by the Christian name of the memorable *Caleb Plummer*. But because CHARLES DICKENS lived and wrote, shall there be no more cakes and ale? The world is large enough for two good books, and here is a second. The plot underlying the story of *Tatterly* is not new, but the manner in which, at a critical point, its obvious course is turned aside, is exceedingly clever. My Baronite, in reading it, was struck with its adaptability for the stage—wherein also it resembles the great original. It is a far cry from *Demetrius*, or *Svengali* to *Tatterly*. But Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is an artist to whom nothing is impossible. It might be worth his while to look up *Tatterly*, and consider its possibilities for the stage. In the meanwhile, the reader will find the book delightful in its pathos, its humour, and its humanity.

The Natural History volume of The Concise Knowledge Library, edited by Mr. ALFRED H. MILES, just issued by HUTCHINSON & Co., is a marvel of erudition, condensation, lucidity, and, not least striking, of cheapness. For five shillings one has the chance of making the personal acquaintance of the creatures upon the earth, under the earth, and of those that fly above its surface. The text, contributed by an imposing array of learned men, is illustrated by upwards of five hundred original drawings. On the threshold of the fascinating study, my Baronite was confronted by the difficulty that the English language does not possess a word of its own that will include all the animals forming the class known to zoologists as the mammalia. Quadrupeds is sometimes loosely used. But the term excludes man and includes the turtle. To show how minute is the inquiry, it may be stated that not less than nineteen different classes of worms are mentioned. Oddly enough, reference to the book-worm is omitted. The revered head of the family, the erudite Baron himself, is passed by as if he were not. This is, however, the only omission noted in eight hundred pages, teeming with interest.

"Did I want to visit the East," quoth the Baron, "I would take my Davey,—I mean, I should take my RICHARD DAVEY with me, represented by his two volumes (CHAPMAN AND HALL) about *The Sultan and his Subjects*; the SULTAN now having become one of Mr. DAVEY'S subjects." But the Baron is pained by the want of confidence shown by Mr. DAVEY towards his readers, as, knowing so much, and having had such unusual advantages, he pauses on the threshold of the harem, turns round to his reading followers, and saying, with a wink, "Wait here till I come out," disappears,—and when he does return, to his anxious inquirers he has not a word to say—not a word—no more than had *Bottom*, the weaver, when he came back from the wonders of Fairyland. Now, what is the use of having the run of a harem or two if you're to hold your tongue for ever afterwards? No, Mr. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION DAVEY, you just give us another volume, and speak out!

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FINIS CORONAT."

ROYAL Academy Soirée at Burlington House last Thursday. Crowded house. "Here we go up, up, up" the grand staircase, overcrowded at first, but soon cleared as guests gradually melt—it was not by any means the hottest night of the season—and disperse to "do" the pictures and to "do themselves" uncommonly well in the refreshment department. President Sir EDWARD and Lady POYNTER, receiving everyone with hearty courtesy, wonder what has become of Colonial Premiers. There are present gorgeous Indians, magnificent colourists, but no Colonial Premiers! Then it is reported that they are all dining at the Mansion House, and that genially hospitable Sir FAUDEL won't hear of their leaving the banquet until they've "finished the bottle" and drunk all the toasts.

At 11.30, no Colonials! At midnight, "the cry is still they come," but haven't yet arrived. "O where and O where are my Co-lo-ni-als?" hums the President, who, after shaking hands with everybody, may now shake hands with himself, in congratulation on the success of the reception—even without the Colonial Premiers, who, it appears, were late in arriving at the Mansion House banquet, and are now being detained by my Lord SALISBURY'S post-prandial eloquence.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has yet a speech to deliver, but he must keep it in his pocket for another occasion, as the Colonials can't stand any more just now, and, if they go anywhere, they are bound for the Academy Soirée at Burlington House.

At this late hour, as long as everyone can intelligibly articulate "Bri'sh consh'tooshun," we know, on the authority of LEECH'S picture, that they must be "all right," and in a fit state to "join the ladies." But whether the Colonial Premiers and their Premières ever did reach Burlington House this deponent is unable to say, having retired from the gay and festive halls of dazzling light on the stroke of half-past midnight.

A Question for the New Woman.

(By an Old Man.)

MISGOVERNMENT has marred mankind's content.
Will things be bettered by Miss-government?



Mr. MacSimius. "WELL, OI DON'T PROFESS TO BE A PARTICULARLY CULTIVATED MAN MESELF; BUT AT LASTE ME PROGENITORS WERE ALL EDUCATED IN THE HOIGHER BRANCHES!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT PORTMOUTH.

DEAR MISTER,—All the world has spoken, and speaks again, of the Jubilee. Me I can not to render count of all the impressions of that unforgetable day. I shall say all simply that I saw the magnificent procession, that I held myself upright, the hat to the hand, for to salute, with the most great respect, your illustrious and venerable QUEEN, that I saw the illumination the evening, and that all the day and all the night, I ceased not of to admire the brave agents of police, and the honest burgesses who promenaded themselves so tranquilly. And see there all!

But I go to tell you how I am gone to Portmouth to see this astonishing spectacle of the english fleet. Being stranger I avoid the great crowds, where the english themselves can voyage but with difficulty. Therefore I go not the day of the review, I attend even just to wednesday last, and then in fine I lift myself of very good morning, I entrap a train of very good hour, I arrive to Portmouth before midday, and I hasten myself of to embark on a steamboat for to make the turn of the fleet. Ah, what superb blow of eye! Me I am that which you call "landman," I know not of all the diverse parts of a vessel, at pain have I learnt the words "starboard" and "portboard," and, however, I find all that a spectacle truly magnificent. He makes a superb time, the sea is calm, she is even blue, and the sky—eh well, it is an english sky, but almost blue when even, *quand même*.

He arrives by hazard that the *bâtiment de guerre*, the building of war—that which you call a "warman"—of the Germans is parted. Eh well, that is equal to me! One has said me that it was the sole warman, enough as he must, whom the Emperor WILLIAM could to find. What drole of idea! Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, the Emperor who demands something that he can not to obtain! *Mon Dieu, quel tohu-bohu à Berlin!* At the future, after to have heard to speak of this great english fleet, the Emperor perhaps will not amuse himself so much to send some telegrams to his friend Mister KRUGER. *A la bonne heure!*

I see the warman of the Austrians, and that of the Russians, and the flag—ah, the dear threecolour!—of my country. What pleasure! And in fine the warman of the Japanese, very *chic*, with the enormous flag of the chrysanthemum. But these here, the vessels of the strangers, are little of thing. In face extends herself an interminable line of the most great warmans, the magnificent fleet of your country. Permit, *Mister Punch*, that I offer to you, me, although stranger and landman, to you as representant of your nation, my most warm felicitations. Hope we that the threecolour and the union john may never encounter themselves, excepted, as at Portmouth, in amical neighbours. Then even the fleets of Mister KRUGER and of the Emperor WILLIAM, the two re-united under the orders of a swiss admiral, would never dare to attack the most small little *torpilleur*, english or french. See there, as says the great SHACKSPIR, "a consommation most devoutly to desire." *Une consommation! Ah, un toast—toast*, a french word whom one may to translate "a drink." Drink we then to the cordial amity of the two fleets, english and french! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Engaged Young Man, inspired by the presence of his Lady-love, gets up early at a Country House.

I SAT in a garden upon a green lawn,
Fenced around with a rampart of yew;
'Mid the flowers that welcomed the coming of dawn,
While shedding their circlets of dew.
The blackbird made merry with pipe of delight,
The thrush cried, "Hallo!" to the morn,
For the joy of the thought of the death of the night,
And the joy of another day born.

There I sat, 'mid the flowers, where roses were fain,
And larkspur with clematis met,
Where the lily looked down with a lofty disdain
On the charms of the coy mignonette.
Where geraniums flushed with a ripe, ardent red,
And forget-me-nots answered with blue,
To the signal the heaven was giving o'er head,
In its eloquent promising hue.

I looked at your window with rapture and bliss,
And longed just a creeper to be,
To tap at your lattice and whisper a kiss,
A dainty "good-morrow" from me,
Just to tell you my love, and so I drew near
To that spot where I'd oft been before,
In softest of accents I made myself clear,
And you answered me—Yes! with a snore!

FABULA NARRATUR.—MIVIUS is a playwright, with a note-book, a good memory, and a faculty for assimilation and adaptation. "Good tempered fellow is MIVIUS," observed a friend; "always ready to take a joke." "Yes," quickly returned a sayer of good things, who had suffered from MIVIUS' cleverness. "Very ready to take a joke—from anyone—*and use it.*"

Charity at Home.

(*Mr. Punch's Tip.*)

THOUGH this Jubilee Year has brought claims of all kind
On the purse of the lovely and—well, say the *less* sex,
While for India and Hospitals "raising the wind,"
Forget not our storm-ruined farmers in Essex!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

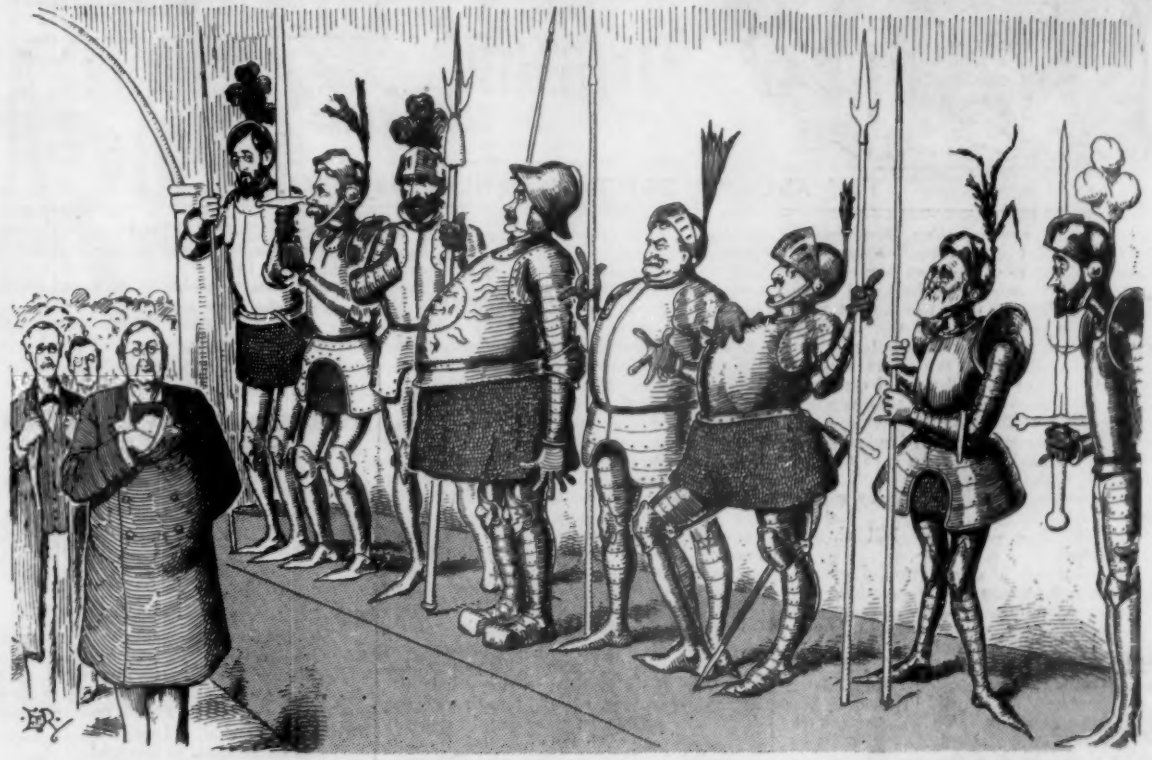
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 28.—PHIL MAY once drew in these pages a scene humorous or pathetic according to the mood of the looker-on. Three figures are shown outside a public-house. One, a stout, frowsy, angered woman, holding by the hand a crying child, addresses her bibulous lord and master with the inquiry, "Will you come 'ome?" He, as yet in a genial Saturday-night condition, replies, "I'll do ellythil you like in reasol, M'RIA (*hic*), bur I *won't* come 'ome."

Thought of this picture to-night when PRINCE ARTHUR strategically endeavoured to escape from a quandary by moving adjournment of House. "We'll do anything in reason, PRINCE ARTHUR," said the Opposition, "but we won't go home." As usual in the House of Commons, bolt fell out of blue sky. Through question hour nothing to indicate that, before dinner-bell rang, strongest Government of modern times would be thrice beaten in division lobby.

Benches on both sides nearly empty. Everybody except the Blameless and Spartan BARTLEY gone to Buckingham Palace for garden party. Seemed just one of nights when heaps of business might be shovelled over. This anticipation realised by rapidity with which London Water Companies Bill passed second reading. No one liked it; some kicked it; its party friends pleaded that it was at least harmless. But they let it pass.

Crisis crashed down on obscure, innocent-looking measure local to Isle of Man. HOME SECRETARY didn't think it even necessary to urge claims of measure on favourable attention of House. Moved second reading by the hat signal. SPEAKER put question; seemed about to be carried as matter of course, when Members below gangway challenged decision that the Ayes had it. Then Ministers began to smell a rat. PRINCE ARTHUR, looking hurriedly round the forces on either side, saw it moving in the air. Nothing to be done but divide. After division, the clerk handed to DALZIEL the paper containing figures. That meant Government were defeated. Loud shout went up from jubilant Opposition. "Resign! resign!" they shouted, a good old Parliamentary joke that never loses its freshness.



OUR ARTIST HAS (MORE OR LESS) REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE TO ENABLE THE IRISH MEMBERS TO BE PRESENT IN WINDSOR CASTLE, ON SATURDAY, JULY 3, QUITE UNSUSPECTED, AND CONSEQUENTLY WITHOUT LOSS OF PRESTIGE IN IRELAND.

PRINCE ARTHUR, with great presence of mind, moved adjournment of House. If he could only get these fellows away, further embarrassment, even possible danger, would be avoided. Young lions below the gangway not so easily disposed of. They were masters of the situation; would remain to enjoy it as long as possible. Anything in reason, M'RIA, but they would not go home. On a second division they had fresh triumph. Yea, on a third they beat the hapless Government. But BLUCHER was coming up from Buckingham Palace. He arrived in haste, generally in white waistcoat, always in frock coat. He came in in twos and threes, in tens and in scores. PRINCE ARTHUR, feeling the reinforcements were sufficient, made a final charge, sweeping the enemy off the field with a majority of nearly two to one.

Business done.—Government thrice defeated in the division lobby.

Tuesday.—Ministers come up smiling today as if nothing had happened. Yet they have accomplished a feat worthy of Jubilee year. Never before in England's story did a constitutional Government, beaten in three successive divisions, calmly continue to carry on the QUEEN'S Government.

"I must say," I hinted to PRINCE ARTHUR, as we walked down to the House together this afternoon, "I thought, after the second division, you would have advised the QUEEN to send for DALZIEL and LLOYD GEORGE. Not that I think they would have been able to form a Ministry. The SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE would have been quite at home at the Foreign Office, and CALDWELL would know his way about the Scotch Office. But TANNER would never have done as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and it is well known he will take nothing else. Therefore, in following the ordinary course, you would have had the satisfaction of observing constitutional usage without risking personal or party advantage."

"I daresay you are right, TOBY. In fact, I fully admit you are. But you must make some allowance for my position. It was all so sudden; no chance of consulting the MARKISS. I'm bound to say I don't hold you altogether free from responsibility in the matter. I'm not superstitious or given to blench before omens. At same time, I cannot forget that two years ago this very month you went off with Mr. G., tripping it in the *Tantallon Castle* for opening of Kiel Canal. When you left, nothing seemed more remote than Ministerial crisis. When you came back, you found the Government defeated, the coun-



THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HENLEY REGATTA.

try on eve of general election. Now you go off with Admiral of the (White Star) Fleet ISMAY to Naval Review. You leave us with a majority of over a hundred and forty, apparently stronger than the forts at Spithead. After three days' absence, you come back to see us beaten in division lobby, not once nor twice, but thrice. It may be accident, a mere coincidence. I confess it looks a little uncanny. Next time you contemplate one of these alluring trips, I beg you will, for the sake of old friendship, give me timely notice. I'll take care that till you are back again, there shall be no chance opening for the adversary such as he has found to-night."

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—A pleasant, restful evening with Scotch business. Education first. Congested districts to follow. Some first-rate speaking on earlier subject; but debate hopelessly suffered, as debates do with Ministerial majority of 140, from inevitableness of conclusion. LORD ADVOCATE, in charge of Bill, did his best to keep up flagging spirits. To pass round the usquebaugh at a particularly dull moment, or to give a twirl of the pipes when anyone in the company is seen nidnodding, a natural impulse. But GRAHAM MURRAY feels it would shock Southern prejudice. So when his watchful eye observed signs of yawning, he handed round a little sum.

"I will not," he said, at one perilous juncture, "stop to do the sum myself. Probably hon. gentlemen will work it out for themselves as I go along. If eleven-eighteenths of £44,000 shew us where Scotland stands under this Bill, where will England be supposing, instead of sticking to the 17*s.* 6*d.* limit, you take the proportion of 11 to 80, and give Scotland 21 instead of 11?"

That may not convey anything definite to the Southern mind. But you should have seen the Scotch Members figuring it out on their copies of the orders! LORD ADVOCATE, watching them out of one corner of his eye, went on with his speech. When he saw spirits of audience drooping again, handed round another sum.

Quite a new development of Parliamentary debate. But, as SARK says, at one time nigger minstrels were novelty at Primrose meetings. And see how they took on, returning Unionist Government with unparalleled majority. Anyhow, GRAHAM MURRAY carried his Bill, though, as CAWMELL-BANNERMAN cannily said, he was the only Scotch Member on either side who expressed cordial approval of its principles. *Business done.*—A heap.

Friday.—Rare to find a man endowed with dual gift of speaking and writing. Where phenomenon exists, the platform style is quite distinct from the literary. An exception in the case of Member for West Fife. Picking up in reading-room just now that admirable weekly, *The Speaker*, read article entitled "The Johnsonian Legend." Hadn't got through first paragraph before I murmured, "BIRRELL or Beelzebub." Turning over page, found it wasn't Beelzebub. Article reads exactly like BIRRELL talks; an admirable style, unique, as all really good styles are, being as much a part of a man as his nose or his ears. A. B. is steeped in the spirit, flavour, and colour of eighteenth century literature, adding to it a certain delightfully sly humour, born of Scotch lineage, tempered by English birth and Bar associations.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

NOTES BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

THE PLEASURES OF JULY.

THE fly season has now begun, and bald-headed people should be provided with the new patent "catch-'em-alive-oh!" cap.

Earwigs have wakened up, and are very busy in their invasions on to pillows, which do not belong to them.

Ants are swarming, and disregard all attempts to keep them off gravel paths or out of sculleries.

Moths make a fine display at night. Sometimes by a dexterous hit an expert cricketer may hit one to leg off his lamp or candle.

Snails and slugs take up their summer quarters on rose bushes, strawberry plants, lettuces, and those peas which the sparrows have not already consumed.

Green fly and black blight are generally vieing with caterpillars in the destruction of vegetable life.

Spiders have a knack of dropping on the human body, but they totally disregard their natural prey. Midges are undisturbed by tobacco smoke, and bluebottles and gnats help themselves.

REFLECTIONS ON A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

We parted—cheerfully! Yet now
I've fallen into disrepute
With nearly all her friends, who vow
That she 's an angel, I 'm a brute;
Black isn't black enough for me,
My conduct will not bear inspection—
A statement which I hold to be
Fair food for critical reflection.

We parted. The consummate ease
With which "united hearts" can range
From their allegiance, if they please,
But illustrates the laws of change.
The thoughts and tastes of yester year
Fall under Father Time's correction—
This is not critical, I fear,
But platitudinous reflection!

We parted. She had quite a pack
Of friends, "nice boys," as she avowed;
She called them BOB, and DICK, and JACK,
And I was—one amongst the crowd.
I did not, people may infer,
Possess entire her young affection—
Yet, be it understood, on her
I cast no shadow of reflection!

We parted. Men cannot persist
In playing uncongenial parts—
I was a keen philatelist,
Her hobby was collecting—hearts!
A simple case. I did not pine
To add my heart to her collection,
She had no stamps to add to mine,
We parted—wisely, on reflection!

A WONDERFUL LINER.—A New York paper states that a boat is shortly to be launched which will cross the Atlantic in sixty-five hours. The motive power is gasoline. *Mr. Punch* believes that this ought to be spelt "gas o' lying."

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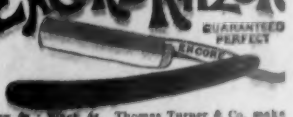
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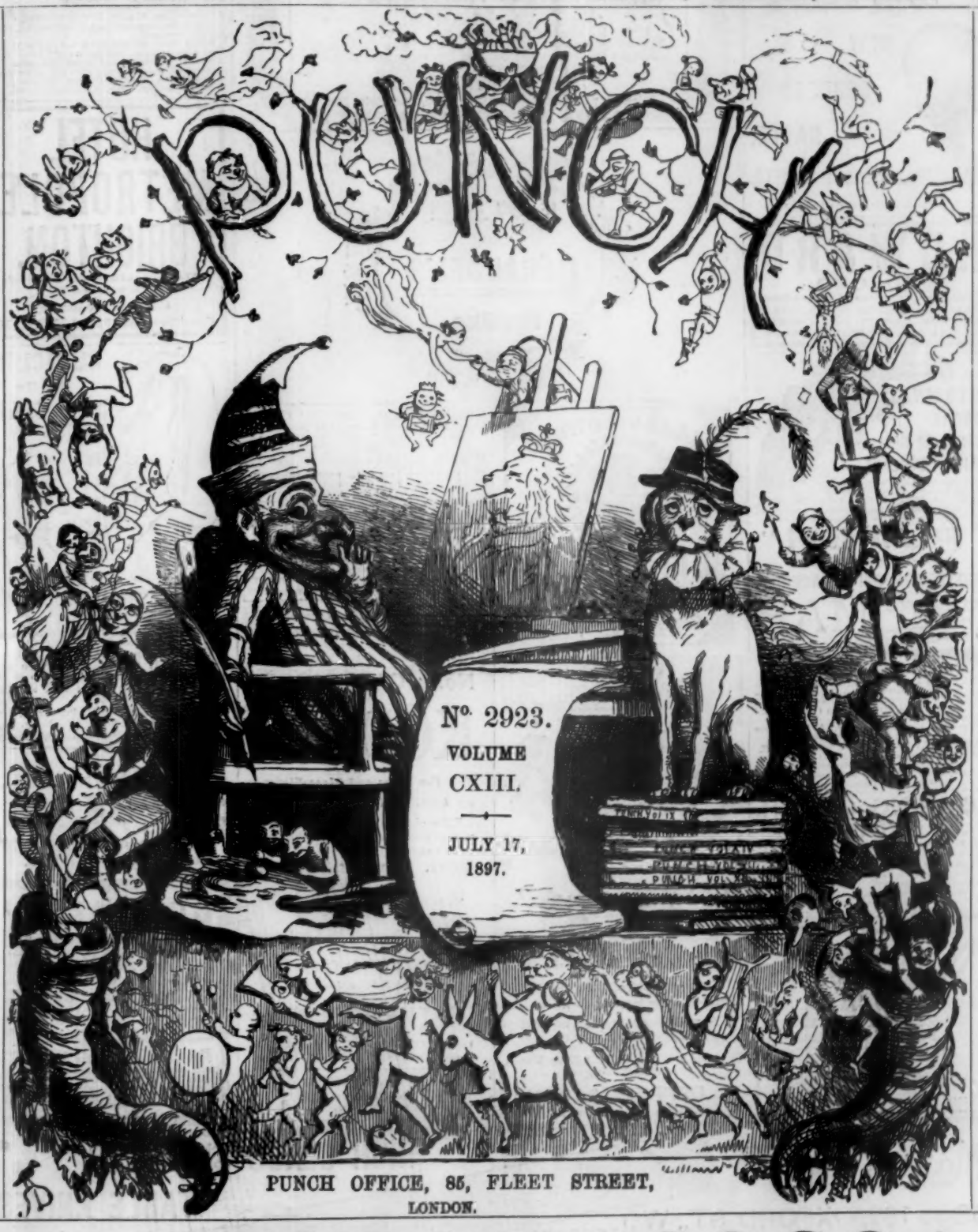
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AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT THE THEATRE.

DEAR MISTER,—At the month of july when he makes ordinarily so hot, we other French we go rarely to the theatre. In effect during this month here one amuses himself rather where the windows are all great open, or yet better in a garden in full air. When one desires even to sleep at the beautiful star, *à la belle étoile*, one loves not to be shut in an atmosphere so suffocating. But at London it is not "*autres temps, autres mœurs*," for the other manners are at the same time, and the brave English, mans and womans equally, can to support the atmosphere of the theatre, calm and correct as at the ordinary.

I admire much your theatres. I go not to pronounce a discourse on the artists of the theatre in England. I have seen of them many—Sir IRVING, Mister HARE, Mister WINDAM, and, there is some time, him who has the double title, Sir Esquire BANCKROFT. And the ladys also—Lady TERRY, Lady Esquire BANCKROFT, Missis PATRICK-CAMBELL, and some others.

Since the feasts of the Jubilee, the number of the spectacles diminishes. And, thing enough droll, several among them are not english. When he makes too much hot for to play at Paris, the french artists come to London, and the other strangers also. Thus, by example, the English, who study not the stranger languages as the Russians or the Austrians, can to go to see at London Missis BERNHARDT, Missis RÉJANE or Missis ODILON. Ah, the charming artist of Vienna, so gay, so admirable! I am gone to see her, and I am enchanted. Sometimes also the Londonians can to see Missis DUSE, or COQUELIN youngster, without to speak of the Opera, where some singers, polonish or italian, sing in french some german operas before the english assistance.

All lastly I am gone to see the french artists several times. I know so well the pieces, and I have seen the artists so often, that I find myself as at me, *comme chez moi*. But the theatre it is not the same thing. I have remarked that at the moment of to arrive, for I encounter not the merchant of programmes at the entry. It is true that one offers to me a translation of the piece —to me, what droll of idea! Then at the interior one finds not three men, installed behind a counter, who have the air of magistrates, and after that some openers, *ouvreuses*, enough old and enough ugly. Ah no! In England the openers are young and often pretty, and they are so genteel, *gentilles*, that one buys almost volunteerly, *volontiers*, a miserable programme, covered of announces, at six pennys. It is not the charming little programme of *L'Illustration* which one receives gratis in the theatres of Paris, nor the self-saying journal, which one buys at two pennys; it is all simply a list of the artists, surrounded of reclamations, *réclames*. See there one thing which I admire not.

In effect all costs more dear than at Paris. An armchair of orchestra at ten shillings six pennys is enough dear; at twenty and one, or even at twenty-five shillings, as at the Opera, it is too much dear. One time, for to see Missis BERNHARDT at the Adelphi, I pay twelve shillings six pennys for an armchair of balcony, and I see not anything, absolutely not anything excepted the heads of the spectators pushed in before, *penchées en avant*. There is even some persons at the last rank who, seeing not anything from their places, hold themselves upright all the time, and pay more than fifteen francs for that. It is very bad arranged that balcony there.

It is true that the most part of the theatres are better aerated than at Paris, that the armchairs of orchestra are more large and more comfortable, and that the ladys are all in great toilet, so that the scene is not entirely hidden by a hat of the most gigantics, that which arrives so often at Paris. Truly this part of the londonian theatres, filled of adorable ladys in robes of evening, the hairs graciously arranged, and not covered of hats, is absolutely charming to see, and has the air of a flat band, *plate-bande*, of flowers. But even for that I love not to pay two times, almost three times, more dear than at Paris.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

PREMIER PUNCH TO COLONIAL PREMIERS.

[Sir EDWARD BRADDON, Premier of Tasmania, speaking at a meeting convened by the British Empire League, "to welcome the Colonial Premiers to the City of London," said "He would leave this country—that was, if he lived to do so—bitterly disappointed if some steps were not taken to forward that which would bring the mother country and the colonies closer together."]

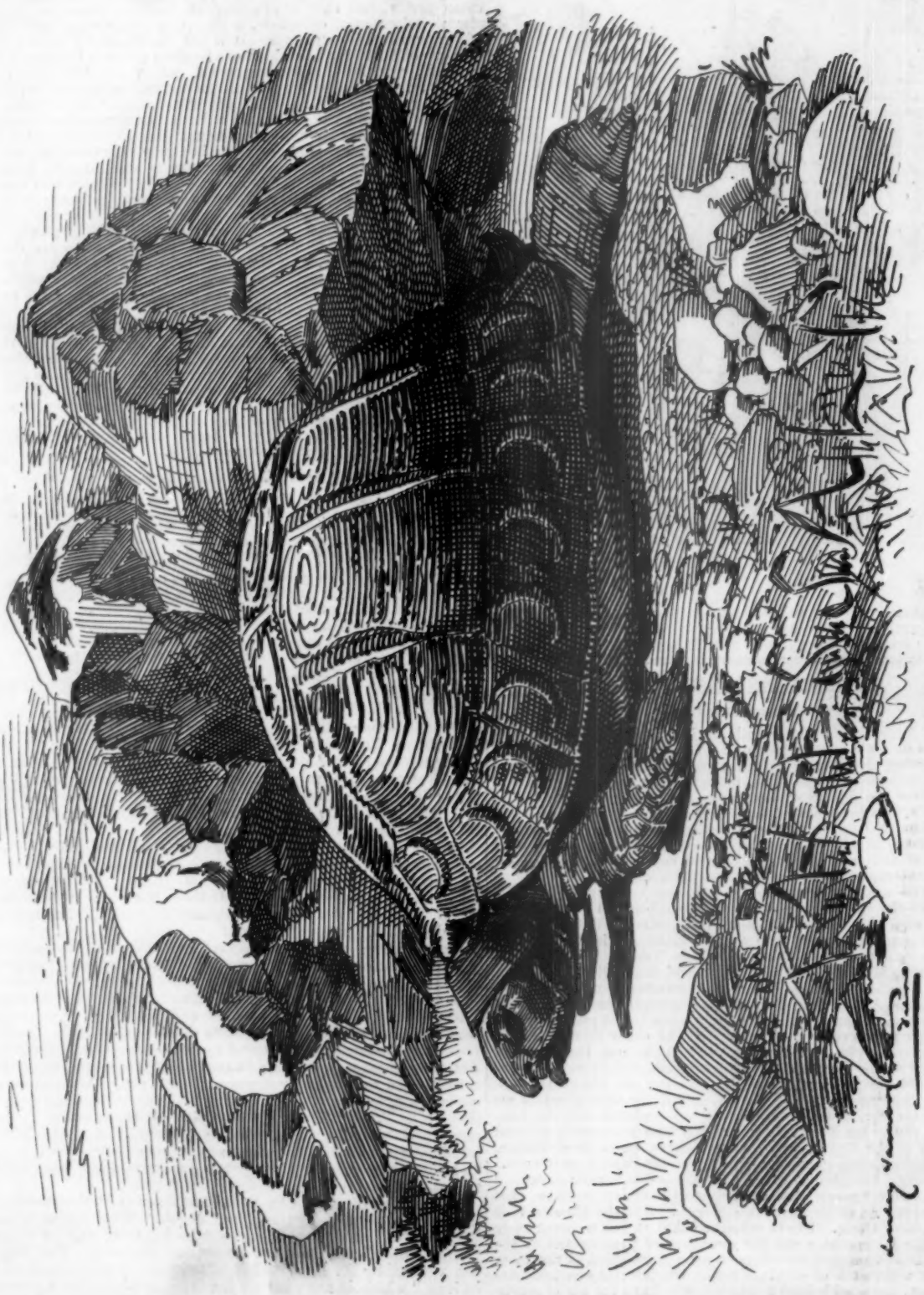
"A MISS is as good as a mile," it has been said;
But *not* as good as a (British Empire) League!
To bring Imperial Unity to a head,
Without compulsion as without intrigue,
Is our joint hope, and would we might compute
That "*Ce n'est que le 'Premier' pas qui coûte*"!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Our old friend *Les Huguenots*. Poor MAGGIE MACINTYRE ill, and replaced by Mlle. PACARY. Good house. Good performance. ALVAREZ in fine voice, and Baritone RENAUD, a name suggestive of gay duellist in *Corsican Brothers*, excellent as *Comte de Nevers*-too-late-to-mend. MARIE ENGLE raised herself in public opinion by her "Sister MARY JANE'S top note" in the Queen's song, and PLANÇON sang *con brio* as *St. Bris*. Opera completed by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Dame d'Honneur*. But what character cannot she play with distinction? Wonderful BAUERMEISTER-singeress! Cannot M. FLON, the conductor, hurry on the operatic omnibus? O those "waits" between the acts! Why remind us that "Christmas is coming," by lugging in "the Waits" between the acts?

Friday, at 8.—"Original version" of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with EMMA EAMES, aristocratically charming as *La Contessa*, and first appearance here of Mlle. CLEMENTINE DE VERE as *Susanne*. CLEMENTINE not remarkable for anything in particular. NED DE RESZKE quite the Count, married and unsettled; ANCONA a dapper *Figaro*; CORSI, a burlesque *Basilio*; and *Dotty Dottore Bartolo* conventionally represented by "*Vive Lemprière*" PRINGLE! ZELIE DE LUSSAN, *en garçon*, a buxom, boyish *Cherubino*, more like herself than ever when "disguised" as a girl. And—quite a novice as *Marcellina* . . . guess? . . . Operatic management's proverb . . . —"When in doubt play BAUERMEISTER." Renowned RANDEGGER conscientiously conducted; and Mr. DOLMETSCH, somewhere down below, accompanied the recitatives on an ancient harpsichord, whose peculiar sound is rather suggestive of orchestra having been re-inforced by TINNEY.

Saturday.—New Opera by FREDERIC REGNAL, "first production on any stage,"—entitled, *Inez Mendo*. What "Inez" has to "Mend-o," or whether she might be improved and be "*Inez On-the-Mendo*," this deponent cannot say this week. The English version by W. BEATTY-fied KINGSTON. "Now we sha'n't be long," which is not what we can ever say about the *entr'actes* at the Opera. Observations on *Inez* reserved till we've heard it.



THE TURKISH TORTOISE.

T. T. (to himself). "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE—I'M NOT GOING TO BE HURRIED!"



UNWILFUL DAMAGE.

Irate Householder (to Gent, whose steed is trying to scrape him off). "HI! CONFOUND YOU! GET AWAY FROM THAT FENCE! CAN'T YOU SEE IT HAS JUST BEEN FRESH PAINTED, YOU FOOL!"

THE LAY OF AN OPTIMIST.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"
J. G. WHITTIER.

THE lady-novelist contrives
A woeful tale and long,
She parts the lovers, spoils their lives,
Makes everything go wrong;
She loves to see the Fates make hay
In endless fits of spleen,
That in the end she gaily may
Bemoan the "might-have-been"!

Love once, it happens, crossed my way,
And bound me with his spell;
I often still recall the day
When I proposed to NELL.
She now possesses children nine,
A tongue and temper keen—
She's JONES'S wife, you know, not mine,
To think—she might have been!

To *Tiny Tim's* untimely fate
I also may appeal—
He foolishly evinced of late
A taste for human veal.
The dog, they said, was clearly mad
To bite a calf so lean—
It was not mine, I wish to add,
But still—it might have been!

A host of "moving accidents
By flood and field" I've known—
I say *I've known*, since my intent's
To tell the truth alone.
A railway smash is not much fun,
Yet do not think I mean
That I have ever been in one,
But that I might have been!

There may be pathos, one admits,
In "might-have-been" sometimes,
Although it's not a rule which fits
The cases in my rhymes.
And 'spite the lady-novelist,
Some comfort I can glean—
There's nothing sad in having missed
Some things which might have been!

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(At the Service of Visitors wishing to be comfortable.)

TAKE care to be invited to the best situated house-boat.

If you can, get permission to ask a few friends to join your host's party at luncheon.

Be sure to secure the pleasantest seat, the most amusing neighbour, and all the periodicals.

If you are conversationally inclined, monopolize the talk, and if you are not, plead a headache for keeping every one silent.

Mind that "No. 1" is your particular numerical distinction, and that the happiness of the rest of the world is a negligible quantity.

If you are a man, keep smoking cigars and sipping refreshing beverages until it is time to eat and drink seriously; if you are of the other sex, flirt, chatter, or sleep, as the impulse moves you.

And when you are quite, *quite* sure that you have nothing better to do, give a glance to the racing!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Married Man contrasts Henley at peace with Henley in time of war.

AT PEACE (1895).

THE long reach stretches by the meads,
With placid run of ripple,
The osiers bend beside the reeds
To join them in their tipple.
Just here and there a lazy boat
Lies languid on the stream-way,
And you and I, while thus afloat,
Let all our thoughts go dream-way.

I cannot scull, you cannot steer,
And so we're slowly drifting
Beneath this sky so blue and clear
'Mid scenes that need no shifting.
All happiness is ours to-day,
No storm our bark can shiver;
But, as in Tennysonian lay,
We two go on for ever!

AT WAR (1897).

The aspect's changed! Not for the best,
To him who sings this ballad.
The *frou-frou* of the smartly drest
Combined with lobster salad;
The signal-gun by corks is drowned,
The boom of "fizz" and soda!
What time the minstrel strains resound
That surely need a *coda!*

All this I bear with humble mien,
Amid the flare and flaunting,
But really wish I ne'er had seen
This sight of jolly jaunting.
For on the house-boat, where for long
Both you and I have tarried,
I see that you are "going strong,"
And I—well, there! I'm married!



"'ERE, JUST 'OLD MY BROOM A MINUTE, I'M JUST GOIN' UP THE STREET. IF ANY OF MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS COMES, JUST ARST 'EM TO WAIT A BIT!"

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

I.—IN A BOUDOIR.

SCENE—BLANCHE'S *house in Mayfair.*

BLANCHE *and* ENID *sitting on sofa.* BLANCHE *fair and irresponsible.* ENID *dark and sensible.*

Blanche. ENID, I'm rather worried. Can I trust you?

Enid. O, BLANCHE!

Blanche. It's such an awful thing, dear! Poor SAVILE! Ever since I married that boy's been getting into scrapes. He now wants to marry CARRIE FLOYD, and has written to ask me to lend him fifteen shillings!

Enid. Is that enough to marry on?

Blanche. Oh, of course not! But she has a splendid salary at the—where she sings, you know. A music-hall. Besides, she's married already, and has six children. And think of the disparity of age! She's forty, and SAVILE's only sixteen. He says he quite realizes all this; he's not blind to the facts; but it's—well, it's *real*, you know, this time; the sort of thing you read of; and he can't live without her. Fancy how my people will——

Enid. Oh! I don't think you need be anxious. I am sure there is no immediate danger of the match.

Blanche. Really? Well, perhaps not! How sensible and soothing you always are, dear!

Enid (laughing, and taking up a little velvet case). I suppose this is a birthday present from EUGENE. He's a very polite husband.

Blanche. Wasn't it nice of him? And yet——

Enid. You don't care for jewels, do you?

Blanche. They last so long.

Enid. And the flowers?

Blanche. Oh! the orchids are from young REEVES. He thinks I'm a heartless, sophisticated woman of the world, and says I have a "*morbid attraction*" for him. The roses are from old Colonel CAMERON. He says I'm so refreshingly simple and innocent—quite a child. ALAN TRISTRAM sent me his new book; it's horribly clever!

Enid. Isn't this a new photograph of ALAN? It's rather flattered.

Blanche. Well, you see, he took it himself. He photographs very well.

Enid. Do you still like him?

Blanche. Oh! he has faults. But I do him a great deal of good. I appeal to his nigher nature. Dear ENID, I envy you sometimes for being married to a celebrity.

Enid. I don't think you'd like it, BLANCHE. You'd have to order dinner. Besides, they never get up.

Blanche. What does that matter? They know such amusing people.

Enid. Why don't you do something yourself? Write: I'm sure you could.

Blanche. I *do* sometimes think I should like to write a book—just a little, long, narrow book, that would go easily into a waistcoat pocket, and would make a great sensation.

Enid. If it's only so that EUGENE should know amusing people——

Blanche. Oh! he does, of course. But his old friends, those who gave us wedding presents, make love to me as if it were a painful duty, and the others, the new ones, talk racing, and whisper hoarsely in my ear, "Back *Silverpoint;* back it when and where you can!" and I say, "Oh! thank you *so* much; do you think it will really win? The dear thing! I *love* horses!"—and then I forget all about it. ALAN TRISTRAM has been a little trying, lately. I had to hint that EUGENE was jealous. He isn't, really. ALAN's going away. For my sake! Fancy! He says I ennoble him, and am made for better things.

Enid. Better than what? Than CHARLIE REEVES?

Blanche. Oh! *he* is a *dear* boy! He says my cynical views terrify him. I shall miss him very much—soon. I'm not *really* cynical, you know, at all.

Enid. I suppose you represent for him dangerous fascination.

Blanche. Well, I make up for that by being ALAN's better angel. I keep him up to his ideals; I lead him in the right path.

Enid. And Colonel CAMERON?

Blanche. Oh! he wants me to know more of the world—more of life. Really, dear, it isn't that one wants to pose. But if people will call one names, how can one help living up to them? I'm always sincere. But you can't be the same to every one; they won't let you. How anxious I feel about SAVILE! It's seems such a pity. To marry at sixteen! And a woman who——

Enid. Talk of something else. What are your arrangements for the early summer?

Blanche. One is coming to call this afternoon.

Enid. Do I know him?

Blanche. Well, no. I met him at the CLINTONS.

Enid. How long ago?

Blanche. Last night! Now, don't be silly, ENID. His name is LANCE CHALLONER. He seems unusual, and clever. Don't go when he comes—for ten minutes.

Enid. Are you going to be sophisticated, or a simple little thing? I'm getting anxious.

Blanche. Oh! I don't know; I shall see how things turn out. He seems thoughtful and broad-minded. I mean, he's not a mere trifler—takes an interest in things.

Enid. Do you mean he's a socialist?

Blanche. Oh, no! He thinks the rich ought to have a chance, too; he sees every point of view. And he's so fond of music that as soon as he found out I had a piano, he asked to come and see it. Could I refuse? It would have been so rude to the CLINTONS!

Enid. I quite see. The only person who will ever be dangerous to you, my dear, will be the person with whom you can be perfectly natural. If you seem to be, with your new friend, I sha'n't leave in ten minutes.

Blanche. Really, dear, I've no idea what I shall be. He puts one quite at one's ease; he understands palmistry, and I heard he kept an emu in his garden. But he's not an artist; he's an *attaché*.

Enid. Then I wonder Lord SALISBURY allows it! What *is* an emu?

Blanche. I haven't the slightest idea! Oh! I'm so miserable about poor dear SAVILE!

Servant (*announcing*). Master SAVILE!

Enter BLANCHE'S *brother, a neat, fair, pink, Eton boy, with round, blue eyes, and a shy manner.*

Savile (*speaking in a self-conscious, inarticulate mumble, rather gruff, and blushing*). I just came in, you know—— You got my note all right?

Blanche (*anxiously*). Yes! Well?

Savile. Well, it's off. See? It's all off.

Enid. Shall I leave you?

Savile. Oh, no! (*To Blanche.*) I suppose she knows?

Blanche. Well, I did just hint——

Savile. I don't mind ENID, she's all right. Yes, it's off. She treated me in the most beastly—— Never mention her name in my presence again!

Blanche. *Have* I ever mentioned it, dear? But I am glad. It's surely better so, isn't it? Don't you feel it yourself?

Savile. Oh! yes; rather! I didn't care. Of course, I'm rather cut up, and all that. It's the sort of thing that rather ruins a chap's life. But she behaved—— Never mind. How are you, old girl? You look very fit. GERALDINE sent me her photo from school. She's done her hair up. It looks awfully rum.

Enid. I hope you're not engaged to GERALDINE yet?

Savile. Engaged! No thanks! You don't catch me marrying. I've had enough of that game. No more marrying for me! I say, many happy returns—and, I say, does EUGENE know what's going to win at Sandown?

Blanche. I shouldn't think he knows for *certain*. Don't these things depend a good deal on chance, and how the jockeys ride, and so on?

Enid. What about *Silverpoint?*

Savile. What! The favourite! No thanks! No more favourites for me! I say, are you coming to the Mater's beano on Tuesday?

Blanche. Oh! yes.

Savile. It'll be appalling, my dear. You take my tip—have neuralgia. You'll be taken down by old BRAITHWAITE or that singing Johnnie. I forget his name. Don't come! You'll be bored to death.

Blanche. Oh! thank you, dear. I'm so pleased it's all right about you.

Savile. Well, don't bother any more about me. I've had a lesson! Would you believe it, she actually—— Oh! well, what does it matter? I say, you don't expect any clever Johnnies or anything, do you?

Blanche. Well, I think one or two people may perhaps——

Servant. Mr. LANCE CHALLONER!

Blanche (*greeting him*). I thought you said you were going in the country?

Mr. Chall. I was. But I put it off till—till to-morrow.

Blanche. What do you generally *do* in the country?

Mr. Chall. I look for three-leaved clovers, Mrs. SINGLETON.

Enid. And do you find them?

Mr. Chall. Often! Far too often!

Savile (*staring*). Well, I'm off, old girl. Remember, the dinner-party will be ghastly. And it's all right now, you see? I'm writing to GERALDINE; any message?

[ENID, *evidently satisfied that* BLANCHE *is not in any danger of being too natural, takes leave.* MR. CHALLONER, *smiling, takes a seat nearer* BLANCHE. *Scene closes in.*

STATESMEN WHOM MR. PUNCH MOST APPRECIATES.—The Peace-Makers of the Empire.



THE MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

"OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND NEVER BEFORE IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, AND OTHER EVENTS WORTHY OF HAPPY REMEMBRANCE."

THE SPHINX'S LATEST RIDDLE.

(*When is a Place not a Place?*)

THE old *crux* of the logic-scorner
Is, "How shall man define a corner?"
(*Not* "Tattenham"). Gravely or in fun
The thing has never yet been done.
But now another *crux* arises,
Leading to many strange surprises;
Lawyers, and lovers of a race,
Are puzzled to define "a place."
What *is* a place? There is the rub!
The judges now are "on the job,"
And, though so far they have not got,
Five have determined what is *not*.
So men may bet on match or race
In any place that's not "a place."
At least, to men of simple pate,
That seems Law's verdict up to date;
Though RIGBY puts another face,
And says, "Every place *is* a place."
And common-sense, putting the wig by,
May seem inclined to side with RIGBY.
It seems, after much legal jaw,
Betting's in need of a new law;
While, if it means not mere position,
"A place" requires re-definition.

A HENLEY TOAST.—"May rivals meet without any sculls being broken!"



"AND WHAT IS TO BE THE SUBJECT OF YOUR LECTURE TO-MORROW NIGHT, PROFESSOR?"

"WELL, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I CAN HARDLY HOPE IT WILL HAVE MUCH INTEREST FOR YOU. I SHALL LECTURE ON 'SUN-SPOTS.'"

"OH, BUT THAT'S OF THE *GREATEST* INTEREST TO ME. I SHALL CERTAINLY COME. YOU 'VE NO IDEA HOW I SUFFER FROM FRECKLES!"

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

(With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

["Sir EDWARD GOURLEY, in view of the grave state of affairs in India, to which he has paid a hasty visit, wanted to know whether the SECRETARY OF STATE would advise the immediate return of the Government from Simla."—*Times.*]

THIS one remedy for all wrongs, Sir
EDWARD GOURLEY,
Is strange, surely!
To keep men sweltering, for whatever
reasons,
At all seasons,
In Calcutta with an atmosphere as pure
As a sewer
(So Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING somewhere
tells),
'Midst bad smells,
"By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by
the swamp
Moist and damp,"
May look Spartan, but its lack of common
sense
Seems immense.
"An annual migration to the hills?
No! Take pills!
And put up with all the miseries, risks
and pains
Of the plains!"
Says the Radical—in theory—heroic,
Stout and stoic.
"What odds, so you economise the cost,
Though lives *be* lost?"
Well, Sir EDWARD, should you wish to boil
and stew,
Why, so *do!*
If you fancy that a chronic stew and boil
Will not spoil
Your capacity for work and for wise rule!
But to cool
Torrid blood, and steady brain, and pulse,
and nerve,
It may serve
Less Titanic individuals to retire
From the fire,
And the fetid fume that hot Calcutta fills,
To those hills.
For, as RUDYARD KIPLING says, it *may* be,
Do you see,
That "for rule, administration, and the
rest,
Simla's best,"
As even *you* might feel *if* you fell poorly,
Stoic GOURLEY!

THE CURSE OF THE ROAD.

(A Fragment from the account of an unsentimental Journey.)

THE traveller thought he had escaped. But he was mistaken.

"Surely you will not refuse me," said a virgin of fifty with a winsome smile. "If you give me a penny, you will secure some tiny sufferer the third of a wine glass of Epsom Salts. I have totted up the sum, and that's how it comes out."

And the skinny female grinned again, and rattled a money box. The traveller parted with another penny to be rid of her.

"Now you are going to be kind," smirked a little girl of thirteen. "You will give to me because I am collecting for the Caretakers' Orphans. One penny sends a child a mile and a half towards Brighton, Worthing or Herne Bay. Come, you can't refuse that!"

The traveller again responded. He was deathly weary of the appeals, but what could he do?

"Now, you sha'n't pass until you have given *me* a copper," cried a portly person of unprepossessing appearance, rattling a money box. "I represent the Mountain Top Tea Gathering. Give me a penny, and it will help to take a hamper to the peak of the Alps."

"But I have given away all my coppers. I have none left."

"What does that matter? If you haven't any bronze, I will take silver. There, give me a florin, and I will let you pass."

"This is absolutely highway robbery," cried the traveller, angrily. "It's as bad as DICK TURPIN."

"Bad as DICK TURPIN!" echoed the shade of that Knight of the Road, putting in a sudden appearance. "Why, it's worse. I always took away a purse without descending to cant; and although I was not particularly inviting in a mask and carrying pistols, still I looked, I flatter myself, a deuced sight better than a pack of ugly females!"

And the traveller agreed with him.

A DICKENS OF A FETE.—Broadstairs, like *Todgers's*, "can do it when it likes." "Dickens Fête" reported as "great success." The shows had a real Jarley time of it. There was a merry Jingle of bells, and as a memorial of event, the Fat Buoy is to be left afloat within measurable distance of the 'Arbour.



UNREST.

1857—1897.

SHADE OF LORD LAWRENCE. "I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER NOW THAN THEY DID IN MY TIME."



TOO SOLID.

Skipper. "DID YE GOT THE PROVERSIONS, ANGUS?"
Angus. "AY, AY! A HALF LOAF, AN' FOUER BOTTLES O' WHISKEY."
Skipper. "AN' WHAT IN THE WOARLD WILL YE BE DOIN' WI' AAL THAT BREAD?"

THE SEA-SIDE VISITOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. It is your intention to leave London at once to benefit by the ocean breezes on the English coast?

Answer. Certainly, with the bulk of my neighbours.

Q. Then the metropolis will become empty?

A. Practically, for only about three and a half millions out of the four millions will be left behind.

Q. What do you consider the remaining residuum?

A. From a West End point of view a negligible quantity.

Q. Do not some of the Eastenders visit the seaside?

A. Yes, at an earlier period in the year, when they pay rather more for their accommodation than their neighbours of the West.

Q. How can this be, if it be assumed that the East is poorer than the West?

A. The length of the visit is governed by the weight of the purse. Belgravia stays a couple of months at Eastbourne, while three days at Margate is enough for Shoreditch.

Q. Has a sojourn by the sea waves any disadvantages?

A. Several. In the first instance, lodgings are frequently expensive and uncomfortable. Then there is always a chance that the last lodgers may have occupied their rooms as convalescents. Lastly, it is not invariably the case that the climate agrees with himself and his family.

Q. And what becomes of the house in town?

A. If abandoned to a caretaker, the reception rooms may be used by her own family as best chambers, and if let to strangers, the furniture may be injured irretrievably.

Q. But surely in the last case there would be the certainty of pecuniary indemnity?

A. Cherished relics cannot be restored by their commonplace value in money.

Q. Then, taking one thing with another, the benefit of a visit to the seaside is questionable?

A. Assuredly; and an expression of heartfelt delight at the termination of the outing, and the consequent return home is the customary finish to the, styled by courtesy, holiday.

Q. But has not the seaside visit a compensating advantage?

A. The seaside visit has a compensating advantage of overwhelming proportions, which completely swallows up and effaces all suggestions of discomfort—it is the fashion.

RHYMES WITH REASON.

(*Made at the Merchant Taylors' Hall on Monday, July 5, 1897.*)

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is a wise old warrior;
Mr. R. J. SEDDON has a right sound head on;
Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY is inclined the right way;
Sir EDWARD BRADDON is not half a bad 'un;
Mr. G. H. REID is bound to succeed;
Colonel GEORGE T. DENISON hath *Punch's* benison;
And the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and young Lord TENNYSON;
With good Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who swelled the ranks,
With patriot speeches and proud votes of thanks,
From patriot *Punch* meet a cordial greeting.
And he may say (quoting), "Doth not such a meeting
As this make amends," amongst brothers and friends,
For the "Little Englandism" which this Jubilee ends?

THE TURK THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

(*Intercepted Messages.*)

From Paris.—What is to be done? Can't get him to move. Puts us off. Of course, won't do to ask England to interfere. Have you any suggestion?

From St. Petersburg.—Quite agree. Have sent a few messages myself. Doesn't have much effect. Perhaps might consider the situation when I meet your M. FAURE.

From Vienna.—Glad to assist if possible. But cannot well do anything while action of Russia is undecided. You are generally pretty ready of resource. Have you any suggestion?

From Berlin.—Hands fairly full at present. Am writing a new opera, painting a new picture, producing a new ballet, in addition to my regular routine work of managing everything and everybody. Besides, I sent the SULTAN my portrait, and regard him as a personal friend.

From Rome.—Have urged him to fall in with your wishes. Now that the Jubilee is practically over, no doubt you will have time to think of the complication. Sorry I cannot be of greater assistance.

From Constantinople.—I have the best intentions, and will carry them out—some day. Be assured of my good will. In the meanwhile, receive my congratulations upon your magnificent fleet. I console myself for not having seen it with the thought that it must have been far more splendid at Spithead than it would have been off the Dardanelles.

From London.—Your procrastination is accompanied with danger. You should act with the promptness that you displayed when the treaty of San Stefano was revised. It is to be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!

From Frohsdorf.—Ha! ha! ha! What do I hear? "To be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!" Quite so! I knew they wouldn't be able to get on without me!

Weather-Wisdom for Wiseacres.

THEY who hold that the Government might have done more
In the East, should remember a canon of cricket:
GRACE could tell you how largely the state of the score
Must depend on—the state of the wicket!

STARS AND GARTERS!!—Mr. ISMAY, of the White Star Line, declined the proffered Baronetcy. Lord SALISBURY should have offered him a Garter, and then Mr. ISMAY would have been chief of what would for evermore have been known as "*The Jubilee-White-Star-and-Garter-Line.*"

A TIP TO SIR HENRY.—Sir HENRY IRVING ought to advertise his *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE's one-act play as a "special attraction to bicyclists." Isn't he always talking about there being "something wrong with his 'tubes'"?

OCCUPATION FOR A SUSPICIOUSLY INQUISITIVE PERSON AT AN EVENING GARDEN-PARTY.—Counting the spoons.



THE TRUTH, YET UNPALATABLE.

Servant (to convalescent Curate, prop of the Sunday School). "PLEASE, SIR, THE SUPERINTENDENT WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU ARE, AN' YOU 'RE NOT TO BOTHER, 'COS THEY CAN DO PERFECTLY WELL WITHOUT YOU."

THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

By a Shilling Sightseer (?).

Oh! M. C. C.,
Oh! Powers that Be,
Likewise ye Members of the Fourth Estate,
And youthful Blues,
Of rival hues,
Pray hear my grumble, though it comes too late!

Year after year
I reappear
At Lord's, and pay my bob to *see* the Match;
And each year, too,
There's nought to do
But take my hook with more or less despatch.

The carriage folk
Sit there and smoke,
And feed and flirt, oblivious of the game,
Nor care two pins
Which party wins—
They have their annual picnic all the same.

But fifteen deep
I stand and peep,
And rarely catch a casual glimpse of green;
And through the day
Of all the play
Two hits, one wide, three byes, alone I've seen!

If I could buy
A Röntgen eye,
I might look through these solid four-in-hands
Drawn up all round
The blessed ground,
Where they can squeeze between the rows of stands!

But now 'tis vain
To peer and crane
My miserable neck to snatch a view;
I merely see
Half DRUCE's knee
And JESSOP's elbow—so, to Lord's, adieu!

NOTES BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

THE PLEASURES OF JULY (*continued*).

THE cockchafer is now upon the whirl. He smites you in the eye when least expected.

The ardent slug, having exhausted the strawberries, fastens upon the gooseberries and currants. He is far from disliking, if able to crawl, the raspberry of commerce.

The privet moth is also in grand form, playing havoc with candles, and performing the *hari-kari* nightly with the aid of lamps.

An unspeakable kind of grub harries the few remaining turnips and carrots. He is callous to assaults from a syringe.

Young starlings are now fully developed, and eat everything except insects.

The gamekeeper "minding" the youthful partridge and the immature pheasant objects to rank weeds being destroyed on the ground—that they are coverts.

Cats take to the woods and spinnies, and live on rabbits. Hares begin to be mistaken by farmers for rabbits.

Wasps assemble in legions, bees in cohorts, and hornets on "special service," with stag-beetles in great evidence. On the other hand, worms, well aware of the fishing demand, have gone to their various sanctuaries, and are difficult to shake by the tail. The nightingale is in full voice, and readily to be distinguished, except when a boy is whistling late at night.

THE BEAUTY OF BISLEY.

THAT it takes you away from town in the dog days for a clear fortnight.

That, being farther away from London than Wimbledon, you escape the more easily the attention of those who love tea, flirtation, and strawberries and cream.

That there is plenty to do at the ranges with the rifle, and to see in the neighbourhood on a bicycle.

That the conversation of your comrades is congenial, if slightly "shoppy."

That, after all, it is better to talk all day of scores than of links or tyres.

That if the life becomes too monotonous, a train can carry you back to Waterloo in forty minutes.

That life under canvas is recommended by the doctors when it is subject to certain favourable climatic conditions.

That, with the power of enjoying your outing to the end, or cutting it short at the beginning, you can yet claim credit for your self-denial and patriotism.

MOTTO OF THE CAT-DESTROYER.—*Finis coronat, O puss!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Midnight, July 5.—Hardly know CORPORAL HANBURY as he sits on Treasury Bench just now. Seems to be literally shrivelled up, whilst grey clouds of anguish brood over his manly brow. Nothing visible in ordinary course accounts for depression. Since he won his stripes he has done very well. We who remember him as PRIVATE HANBURY, sometimes marvel how through the revolving hours he can sit silent on Treasury Bench whilst his old pal, CAP'EN TOMMY, talks at large. Is it worth £2,000 a year, and the stripes, to be thus dumbfoundered? In the bitter moments of early parting the CAP'EN shewed tendency to claw his old companion.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for some poor stripes to wear on his sleeve.

So trolled the Old Salt, till he was reminded that he was parodying lines from *The Lost Leader*.

"No leader of mine," he gruffly said. "I was post-captain when he signed articles."

That natural feeling of resentment has died away. Occasionally the CAP'EN fetches the CORPORAL a sly hit with the tip of his hook; but it's all kindly fun. In the main, backs him up; keelhauls any who essay to belittle him. Evidently it can't be faithful TOMMY BOWLES that is at bottom of the Financial Secretary's megrims.



A PATHETIC FIGURE!

Mr. H-nb-ry.

"No, TOBY," said the CORPORAL, fairly breaking down, when a kind voice sounded in his ear, "it's that Historical Commission Report business that has upset me a bit. Mum's the word between old confidants. I don't mind telling you, as I know it won't go any further, that we're getting into a fix at the Treasury. What with relief of the landlords, and comfort for the clergy, we've been making a little free with our takings. Then comes this Jubilee, with perpetual strains on the public purse. Some of the items don't seem appalling. There's the luncheon to Members on the *Campania*. One-and-fourpence a head is, you will say, a trifle. So it is, if, following ordinary usage, you had only one head. But when it comes to eight hundred, you see, it mounts up. A sop for such a Cerberus, even at a low contract, is a pretty expensive meal to provide. Thought I saw a way of relieving exchequer, partially balancing extraordinary expenditure, by savings on Reports of Historical Manuscripts Commission. Hitherto distributed to Members free. Why shouldn't they pay for them? Settled they should. Save at least £50 a year to put against subsidies to landlords and church schools. But those fellows below gangway opposite kick up such shindy am obliged to abandon beneficent scheme."

A tear fell on the CORPORAL's Orders of the Day. I silently withdrew. Nothing so painful as to see a six-foot-two man in tears.

Business done.—Report stage of Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—Since *Mrs. MacStinger* broke in upon the retreat of the runaway *Captain Cuttle*, and ordered him to return home with her, there has been nothing equal to the Descent of Woman on the hapless House this afternoon. As in the case of *Mrs. MacStinger* and the unsuspecting *Captain*, the irruption was as unexpected as it was volcanic. Prayers just over; a holy calm breathed through the Chamber; the few Members present settled themselves to chat till finger of clock pointed to hour for commencement of public business; COURTNEY observed on his legs. Later in the sitting that would portend a lecture and reproof for one or other, perhaps both, political parties. Now private business being to the fore no opening for lecture.

It was a petition he was presenting. Curiosity stirred when he asked that it might be read at table. PALGRAVE, K.C.B., took document in hand, and, all unconscious of *Mrs. MacStinger's* handwriting, boldly plunged at its contents. The wooden horse the Trojans unwarily dragged into their city from the Greek camp hid no more startling surprise. Woman had at length been permitted to uplift her voice in House of Commons; and she made the most of rare opportunity. "Existing practice of House of Commons viewed with indignation and alarm." "Legislation reduced to mere game of chance." "Just claims of woman repeatedly and insultingly postponed;" only chance for House to escape wrath to come was to "so reform your procedure as to secure in future fair consideration of public questions with some regard to their relative importance." To begin with, not only pass Woman's Rights Bill through Committee to-morrow, but also run it through third reading.

JEREMIAH LOWTHER first to regain his breath. Was a harmless husband to be thus addressed in the public streets?—he meant, putting his inquiry in Parliamentary form, should a petition couched in this language be received by the House? After some belated talk mere man gratefully agreed to "drop the subject." Meanwhile, divine woman had had her say. House more than ever yearns for female companionship in its legislative labours.

Business done.—Lovely woman stoops to scolding.

Thursday.—Few sights more touching than to behold DON JOSE seated on Treasury Bench whilst MACLEAN of Cardiff girds at him from below gangway. Never heard explained grounds of MACLEAN'S quarrel with the main staff of his party. That he does not like DON JOSE he knows full well. So does the House, and eke the unoffending object of his dislike. Of course, if Member for Cardiff sat on Opposition Benches, there would be nothing notable in his kickin' out afore and ahint at COLONIAL SECRETARY. The fact that his biting remarks are blandly



CONTRACTING-OUT.

"When the Colonial Secretary had completed that assimilation of the Tory Party which was now going on."—*Mr. Maclean.*

"Not being desirous to be converted, not having yet arrived at that happy stage."
Mr. Jimmy Lowther.



Objectionable Paupers Cleansing Bill emerges after occupying an entire Sitting.

"Sorry to shut yer hout, Lydies, but the 'Ouse o' Commons was so delighted with me that I couldn't get out no sooner!"

delivered from Ministerial side lends them irresistible charm. Moreover, he is a shrewd debater, an excellent speaker, and has, withal, a certain benevolent presence that lends the charm of the unexpected to flashes of acrimony. No lean and hungry *Cassius* he; rather of the order of sleek-headed men such as sleep o' nights.

DON JOSE contributes to the little scene the finishing touch of imperturbability. Mr. G. in similar circumstances would have tossed impetuous on the bench; when his assailant resumed his seat, would have risen and crushed him. Such was his manner with even so inconsiderable a person as Mr. WARTON, whose parti-coloured pocket-handkerchief—the size of a Union Jack—waved in the great statesman's face had effect similar to a red flag thrust under nose of a bull. DON JOSE imitates rather the manner of the departed DIZZY. In fact SARK, looking on just now whilst the burly figure standing below the gangway "said things" about the slight figure seated with folded arms on the Treasury Bench, was reminded of far-off days when Big Ben used to say what good Tories thought of their esteemed leader, and DIZZY sat with impassive face, unheeding, apparently unlistening.

Business done.—Another night with Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Friday.—ASCROFT's eagle eye has discovered breach of standing orders which threatens, even in this moment of exaltation, to shake British Empire to foundation. The Chaff-cutting Machines (Accidents) Bill has been read a third time without being reprinted! What did House think of that? ASCROFT asked, in hoarse whisper.

PRINCE ARTHUR was very sorry, but pleaded that Accidents will happen with the best Chaff-cutting Machines Bill. The Right Hon. JEREMIAH, beginning to recover from *Mrs. MacStinger's* incursion, called aloud upon the SPEAKER to suggest an alteration in rules preventing recurrence of calamity. SPEAKER "respectfully declined." J. L. next cited PRINCE ARTHUR. He also funked the job.

There matter left; evidently cannot so remain. Immediate effect was so to paralyse House that it was not to be revived even by discussion on Irish Votes.

Business done.—Irish Estimates in Committee.

A TRAGEDY AT THE ZOO.

(*After "Two Red Roses across the Moon."*)

THERE was a lady walked in a hall,
Where the Simian race is held in thrall;
And she sung as the morn grew on to noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.*

There was an ape in a cage hard by
The plumes in her hat eyed wistfully;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Yet none the more she marked at all
The ape, as she paced around the hall:
But ever she sung, as it neared the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Because, forsooth, her mind was set
On her young man, who had got to be met
In the monkey-house that fatal noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

The young man came, there was no one by,
But the ape looked on with attentive eye,
And he said to himself, as they kissed at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

They stood together the cage a-near,
There was no one by, they had nought to fear,
Save a hairy arm 'twixt the bars at noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Verily then was her hat pulled through,
And, alas, her golden hair went too!
And the ape he chuckled and chattered at noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

I trow the young man left the hall,
Nor word to the lady spoke at all;
And her lips were fain to curse at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

* Semnopithecus leucoprymnus, the purple-faced monkey of Ceylon.

CABBY'S COMPLAINT.

["It seems that though the omnibus companies disgusted most of their regular customers by raising their fares in the Jubilee se'nnight, they made a good thing of it."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THE song says, "Cabby knows his Fare,"
meaning the party as he's driving;
Some do in another sense. There may be
besting and conniving,
But Cabby's "fare" is fixed, yer see, and
most of Cabby's fares well know it.
But 'ow about the 'bus fares, hay? Fare's
fair, or *oughter* be, but blow it!
The L. G. O. had a fair go this Jubilee time
at people's pockets!
They can afford to sympathise with all the
rush, and row, and rockets;
We've got a "maxermum rate," oh! yus;
our 'ands is tied in hevery manner,
And it is only charnce or luck if *we* can cop
a hextry tanner.
But *they* can pile it on at will. "Sixpence
all distances," they sticks up,
And there you are, as right as rain! But
when his fare pore Cabby picks up,
If he should say "a bob a mile," *wouldn't*
there be a blessed bobbery?
The fare would 'owl, the bobby run yer in,
the Beak would say, "sheer robbery!"
And Cabby, 'e would cop the knock. Now,
wot I want to know is this 'n,
W'y should a Cabby get it 'ot all round,
with a fair chance o' prison,
For doin' wot the 'Bus Co.'s do permiskus
like, and with impunity?
Perhaps them parties on the gush erbout
our patriot love, and unity,
And 'appy altogetherishness, and all this
jolly Juberlee patter,
Will say if fares *is* fair all round; and if
they ain't so, *wot's the matter?*
W'y should them wallopping cars be free to
charge jest wot they like, and 'buses
Make their own fares capricious like, in
spite of passengers' 'owls an' cusses,
While cabs is tied hup every way, mustn't
"drive furious," "crawl," or vary?
Fare's fair, indeed? I beg to say I thinks
—*for hus*—it's quite contrairy!

Too much Realism.

Crumpet (*to* MUFFIN, *upon whom he has called at his chambers*). Good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Your arm in a sling, your nose in a state of pulp, and both your eyes under shades! Have you been at the seat of war?

Muffin (*feebly*). No, old chappie; but I thought it would be a good joke to go to the Devonshire Ball made up as KRUGER, and the mob in Piccadilly imagined that I was the real article!

At the Eton and Harrow Match.

Simperton. What, you in light blue, Miss GLORIOSA! I thought you were Harrovian to the core!

Miss Glorioso. So I am, but I'm also Cambridge, and as I can't possibly afford two new dresses in one week, I decided to choose the most becoming colour!

[*And* SIMPERTON *of the dark blue was quite satisfied with the explanation.*

At the Grand Prix de Paris.

"WHAT," cried an English spectator, "*Doge*, ridden by DODGE, the winner! Why, it's only the difference of a 'd.'"

"You forget the £ *s.*," put in his friend, sorrowfully, for he had backed the favourite.

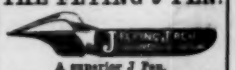
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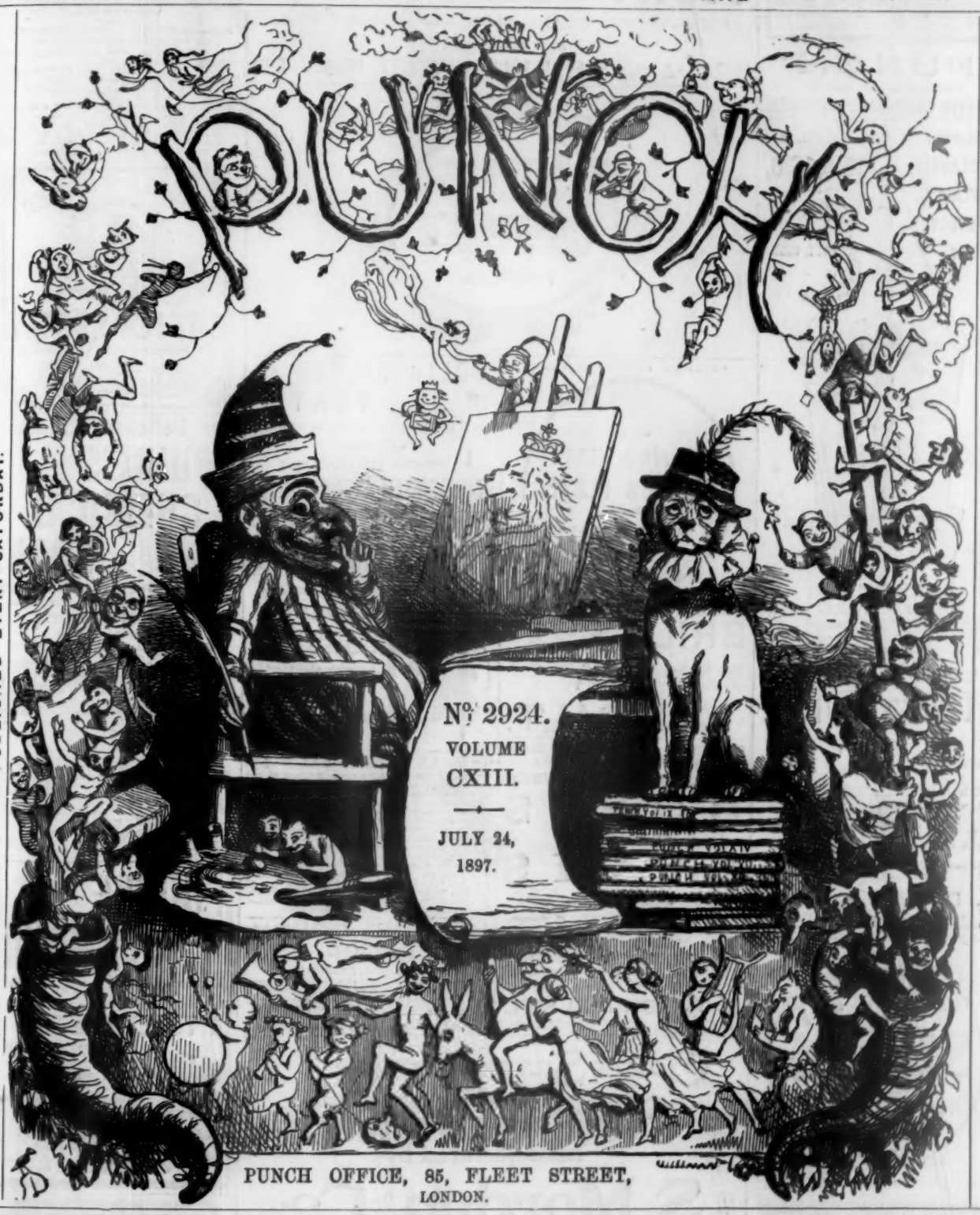
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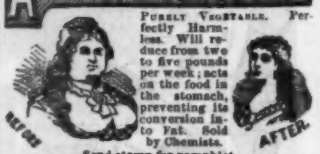
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In the Row. Early Morning.

Policeman (to Lord Rupert, who prides himself on his horsey get-up). "NOW THEN, YOUNG MAN, ALL GROOMS OUTSIDE BY SEVEN O'CLOCK!"

"PAS DE CHARGE" À CANTERBURY.

LAST week the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, having caved in before the guns of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, fearing a like fate, summoned to their aid "Lieutenant-Colonel S. NEWTON DICKENSON, High Seneschal of Canterbury Cathedral"—(splendid title, but majority of folks never heard of him before, which shows the blissfulness of majority's ignorance)—who forthwith attacked the "Pious Pilgrim" for having written to the *Times*, narrating how he (the P. P. and friends) had refused to pay an attendant, "as verger clad," half-a-crown for a private view of some part of the Cathedral. Pious Pilgrim withstood the charge. Gallant Colonel DICKENSON, of the Church Militant, returned to the charge (of half-a-crown extra, the usual fee for a party being sixpence a head), and bore down on the Pious Pilgrim. For ourselves, we would, judicially and judiciously, suggest that there should be a few special vergers in attendance to take care of those wishing for a quiet time in the Cathedral apart from the wearied and wearying parroty guide and the crowding tourists that usually accompany him, and that these guardian angels should be empowered to charge extra for the special privilege. But why cannot the 'umble Canterbury Pilgrim be allowed to wander about the Cathedral just where he likes, fancy free, all day, if he be so minded, without his reveries being disturbed by vergers, guides, Deans, and Chapters-out-of-guide-books? The "Pious Pilgrim" will take precious good care to isolate himself from the crowd; and if the Pious Pilgrim puts in his pious pence, why should not the entire Cathedral be open to him, crypt and all? Try the penny-in-the-slot principle. Put a penny in and "Open, Sesame!" Of course, place a detective verger or two to walk about and watch, lest Pious Pilgrim pick pieces with pocket penknife, in which case Pious P. could be handed over to Canterbury Constable, or—let Lieutenant-Colonel NEWTON DICKENSON, High Seneschal, at his full height, be sent for, and let the Ready Representative of the Church Militant take prisoner the Impudent Iconoclast, and confine him in the deepest dungeon of the castle moat, wherever that may be.

"TATE MONTÉ!"

THE National Gallery of British Art is opened! It is to be found on the Embankment, easily get-at-able when you know the route. A pleasant trip to it from either East or West in summer-time would be by steamer if there were only a pier or landing-stage immediately opposite the Tate Palace of Art. Had HENRY TATE not been *entêté* on the subject, even this site might not have been obtained. To-day it is to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. HENRY TATE must be a proud man this day, and restraining his emotion by saying, with his hand on his heart, "*Tate toi mon cœur!*"

A NAVAL HERO'S VICTORY.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD—"CHARLEY is our darling"—induced H.R.H. the Prince of WALES to impress on the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's the falsity of the step they were contemplating in their design of removing the BRUGES memorial from its place in St. Paul's to make room for a bust of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A. So the Dean and Chapter, unable to withstand this broadside, have decided, in a truly nautical Beresfordian fashion, to keep Admiral BRUGES aboard, and to "let go the painter." Simple folk used to think that Bruges was in Belgium. Now they know that BRUGES is in London, at St. Paul's.

"De Deux Shows."

IT is said that DALY'S and the Gaiety skimmed the cream of the Jubilee visitors, and, in a general way, took the cake for their entertainments. The little *Geisha*, The Light o' Love of Asia, is still as seductious as ever, while, in spite of the hot weather, crowded houses at the Gaiety are convulsed by the wonderful low-comedian face and genuinely humorous acting of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as *Biggs*. The whole wrestling incident is immense; and as for his face, it is the chief feature of the piece. Motto for Gaiety programme at present,—"*Peine forte et dure.*"



CLEARED!

Custom House Officer Jackson. "ANYTHING TO DECLARE?" *Joe Ch-mb-rl-n (frankly).* "NOTHING WHATEVER!"

HOW THE MATCH CAME OFF.

A HARMONY ON WHEELS.

(Miss Angelica has challenged Mr. Witherspoon to a race on the Queen's highway.)

Fytte 1.

Mr. W. Fine start!
(Faint heart!)
Miss A. Horrid hill!
(Feeling ill!)

Fytte 2.

Mr. W. Going strong!
Come along!

Fytte 3.

Miss A. Road quite even!
Perfect heaven!

Fytte 4.

Mr. W. Goal in view!
Running true!
Miss A. Make it faster!
Spur your caster!

Fytte 5.

Mr. W. Fairly done!
Miss A. Match is won!

[*They dismount. Pause.*

Mr. W. What! Confess!
Miss A. Well then—yes!

ETON *v.* HARROW.

IT seems to me inexpressibly sad that these two Schools should still be pitted one against the other. The same thing happened last year, and, I believe, the year before. But in the name of common sense, speaking as a rate-payer, what is all the trouble about? What grievance has Harrow against Eton, or, if it comes to that, Eton against Harrow? Surely it would be a graceful act in this year of —the word begins with a J—if these Schools could shake hands and bury the cricket-bat. Besides, it might take root and become a wooden wall.

As one HAROLD, some time the local king, remarked, with so much truth, "The playing fields of Eton were lost at the Battle of Hastings." Of course the match at Lord's may be a great moral influence. That is the stage name of anything that seems to serve no useful purpose. But what does it decide? Nothing. If Eton beats Harrow, the Etonians do not take that Hill. If Harrow beats Eton, no wet Bobs are sent into captivity. Then the question arises, "Why do it?" It is splendid, but is it sense? And the tax-payer? Half-a-crown is surely a great deal of money to pay for the privilege of walking about, bedecorated as for a belated cattle show.

Possibly, when the other Lords are abolished, this one will go, too. And it is high time, for yesterday I witnessed a disgraceful scene. A bright young lad strolled aimlessly, and quite inoffensively, out of the pavilion to potter about at the wicket. It seemed silly, but anyhow, he took his pleasure that way. Suddenly a stupendous stripling, apparently a complete stranger, seized a solid sphere, and without a word of warning hurled it at the bright young mind. Brave little fellow! Armed only with a cricket-bat, possibly a present from his mother, he tried to defend himself, but was severely struck on the off hind leg. And the crowd, Englishmen, cheered! The poor wounded lad immediately ran for his assailant, One expected a general fracas. But no. The young student was as good as he was brave. When within a foot of his tormentor, he decided to forgive him, and ran back again, evidently mistrusting the stability of his forgiveness. Who says that little WILLIE is dead? But if this is cricket, give me spellicans!

However, the remedy is simple. Let these lads settle their differences by arbitration. I would suggest that a committee be appointed consisting, say, of myself, with power to add to my number, and a couple of casting votes.

I have absolutely no prejudice in favour of either Kindergarten, having been educated at one of our leading night-schools, and the Old Bailey Mess. But should my knowledge of cricket be deemed an obstacle, there is always the judge who gained the record reputation for ignorance by asking, "What is an idiot?" and "Where is London?"

Anyhow, and at all costs, let us remove an institution which is a disgrace to this so-called Nineteenth Century.



LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES.

CYCLIST (AFTER A NASTY SPILL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL) CATCHES SIGHT OF THE TAVERN SIGN-POST.

The Behring Sea Seal Difficulty.

MR. SHERMAN'S manners (or rather, the want of them) are peculiar. With the poet we exclaim, "Tantæne animis *seal*-estibus iræ!"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BUOYS.—Put them over our Wrecks.



A SUITABLE PROFESSION.

Rector's Daughter. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO DO WITH YOUR SON JAMES, MRS. BLOBB?"

Mrs. Blobb. "WELL, MISS, HE 'S GOING TO WORK FOR MR. LIGHT, THE BUTCHER, WHICH IS FORTUNATE, FOR JAMES BE DESPERATE *FOND OF ANIMALS!*"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Inez Mendo.—How is the new Opera liked? "Some *men do*, some men don't," as an old *refrain* has it; but the consensus of opinion seemed, at the *première*, when our Representative Riter was present, to be decidedly favourable, and the feeling of the house friendly towards the composer, Mr. D'ERLANGER, who, as a well-informed critic on a daily paper confided to his readers, is "a gentleman well known in financial circles"—though how this directly concerns his capability as a musical composer is not by any means evident. Perhaps some sly allusion to "notes" was intended, and, equally, perhaps it wasn't. However, be this as it may, famous will be the successful financier who can write a successful Opera, and Beatified the Banker who can compose a beautiful ballet! A tuneful *Timon* or a musical MÆCENAS, how welcome! This prefatial. *Inez Mendo*, by Mr. D'ERLANGER-longer-loo, has made a decided hit. Madame SAVILLE, as the Spanish heroine ("Sweet Saville!"), is charming, both as to her acting and singing; while, as to Miss MARGARET REID, the composer is fortunate in finding such a REID, not a broken Reid on which to trust his weight, but a tuneful REID whereon to pipe his tunes, especially that one in the first act where she replies to the singing, "heard off." The first two lines, in English, of the village chorus are,—

"Away, you joyous lads and lasses,
To the house of Inigo,"

which may perhaps be a misprint for

"To the house,—and *in we go!*"

But whatever the words may be, the music and the singing left nothing to be desired,—except to have some "more where that came from." Signor ALVAREZ was in good voice, and uncommonly well as *Salvador de Mendoza*. Mlle. VIGNE and the *utile-dulci* Mlle. BAUERMEISTER were "two village girls,"—lucky the village that could be full of such clever maidens! M. RENAUD impressive as the headsman *Juan Mendo*, showing how finely he could execute his musical task. The finish of the Opera is a sort of go-as-you-please affair, since the tender-hearted librettist makes *Mendo*, on one side of the last page, commit suicide, while on the other side *Mendo* only injures himself so slightly with the dangerous weapon that the *Rev. Mr. Pintado*, "Vicar of Monclar" (played by Mr. GILBERT), being something of a surgeon as well as a clergyman, is able to pronounce an opinion gratis to the effect that "His hurt may yet be healed," that is, that he is already "on the mend O!" and goes on to explain how *Inez* "in clinging to his arm, diverted the keen poignard." So not only did *Inez* "divert" a poignard, but she also delighted an anxious audience. Personally, we prefer the happy finish; but the purchaser of the book, having paid his money, can take his choice.

Tuesday.—A splendid performance of our superb old friend (with several new faces) *The Don*. In the bill it is *Don Juan*, kindly translated for us in a bracket as "*Don Giovanni*." How ignorant Mr. MAURICE GRAU, manager, must think the general public! *The Don* sung in French too! Why, some of us scarcely recognised the most familiar airs when the titles are given *à la Française*. Scenery, in working, a trifle uncertain, not knowing perhaps whether it was French or Italian. Claveçin in the orchestra tinkled accompaniments to recitative.

Tinkle, tinkle, little claveçin,
To your notes so many *have* sang.

Lots of "tin" in the tinkle of these claveçingular accompaniments. MOZART wrote for it; that 's sufficient. Write for a claveçin, and see that you get it. Here it is; MOZART wrote for it, and now he has got it, at Covent Garden. Monsieur MANCINELLI—not "Signor," when conducting in French—had quite an easy time of it: not his own time, of course, but MOZART'S. M. FUGÈRE'S *Leporello* vastly amusing, as also was M. GILBERT'S *Mazetto*. M. RENAUD excellent as *The Don*, difficult as it is to come after MAUREL. Mademoiselle MACINTYRE in capital voice for *Elvira*, and Madame ADINY, unoppressed by her Aubrey-Beardsley hat, distinguished herself as *Donna Anna*. M. JOURNET, a *journée tranquille* as the statue of the *Commendatore*, grand, as representing the statue *and the base*. ZELIE DE LUSSAN delightful as the village coquette *Zerlina*, and, altogether, as perfect a performance of *The Don* as the most exacting Opera-goer could demand. 'Tis announced again for Monday next ere these musical notes appear.

LAWN LORDS AT WINDSOR.

A SPECIAL Correspondent, giving his account of how Her MAJESTY'S gracious invitation to the Castle was loyally accepted by all the Colonial and American-Anglican Bishops now in England, who, like the little mouse in the old nursery adage, are thus enabled to sing, "We 've been to Windsor to see the QUEEN," recounted how, during the service in St. George's Chapel, "the gorgeous colour of the great east window, and the lovely alabaster reredos made up for the absence of episcopal vestments, and, &c., &c." How stained glass and an "alabaster reredos" could possibly be excellent substitutes for episcopal vestments is perhaps a trifle difficult to laic comprehension. But on such an occasion, far be it from the mind of even the most ordinary mortal to expect a mere prosaic narrative. It was a great day for shovel-hats, aprons (not Masonic, but episcopalian) and gaiters; smiling faces everywhere. Only three Bishops looked black: but this was their colour, a colour indyed by nature, and which they, as *Justice Shallow* observed to *Sir John Falstaff* (Knight of Windsor), "will die in." Having regard to the episcopalian costume, and remembering PHIZ'S illustrations to the immortal Dickensian work, we cannot but exclaim, "What a really typical bishop *Mr. Pickwick* would have made!" Fancy *The Right Reverend Dr. Pickwick*, Bishop of Eatanswill, attended by his apparitor, *Rev. Samuel Weller!!* Only one omission. The distinguished nobleman who ought to have received the ecclesiastical Lawn Lords should have been the Marquis of LORNE, who is not mentioned as having been present. It is to be hoped his lordship was enjoying himself in good company elsewhere, and that he was not complaining, like *Mrs. Gummidge*, of being "Lone and Lorn."

QUITE APPROPRIATE.—Where in St. Paul's ought the statue of a great naval hero to be placed? Why, in any "bay" that happens to be vacant.

AT BISLEY LAST WEEK.—Ninety-five degrees in the shade. Too hot to be Bis'ley engaged in anything.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

SCENE—*A London Cricket Match. A "Jessop" of the hour "on the slog." A scientific young cricketer and an enthusiastic old spectator exchange views.*

HAY? Wot am I a howling at? Well, if yer want ter know,
Becos I am enjying of *myself*!
You 're a young cricketer, I s'pose; may be yer veins run snow,
And I—well, I 'm a "crock," upon the shelf.
But to see that young bloke batting warms *me* up, mate, and no kid,—
Brayvo!!! I *know'd* he 'd bust that bloomin' roof.
Ought never to 'ave touched it? Well, but there, yer see, 'e *did*!
And long-field rubs his poll as if in proof.
Most unskientific cricket? Shouldn't wonder if you 're right,
But, by jinks, the bright-eyed youngster makes 'em *go*.
They mayn't go where they *ought* to, but they go nigh out o' sight,
And they can't field in the skies, mate, don'tcher know.
He 'll hit up a ketch direckly? SMUGG 'll nail him, sure as fate?—
O well, so much the luckier, then, for SMUGG.
But you 'll own that up to now he is top-scorer, seventy-eight,—
And *I* 'ope he 'll pile his cent'ry, *though* a mug.
Look at *that*! "Ought to ha' drove it, and he mowed it round to leg?"—
Lor! Isn't there no law against sech crimes?
Look at W. G. a-grinning. Ought to take BAT down a peg,
But 'e doesn't, though it 's 'appened several times.
Wot 's that! Eighteen in one hover? Ah! yer see that swells the score!
And most captains 'ave a weakness for *such* play.
Yus! To make his level hundred 'e wants only one more four.
And, by Jingo, 'ere it comes! Hi! clear the way!
And let young Hundred-Tonner's swipe go whack for all it 's worth!
Hooray! he 's done it! Scissors! don't they howl!
This here 's as good as most things they git up on this old earth.
A shout is better bizness than a growl.
Why, *you* 're howling—like a hoysterman! You 'umbug! 'Ave a drink!
That is, when you 'ave fairly done your shout!
I 'ope he 'll make a million 'ere he goes to the Pavilion,
And by Jingo, I am game to sit it out!

A SURPRISE!

TIME—*Breakfast time, Saturday, July* 17. SCENE—*The Laureate's Bower. Harp and Laurel-crown suspended. Tea and toast on table.*

Alfredo Austino (*starting, as he opens his "Times," and first catches sight of* RUDYARD KIPLING'S *poem, and then reads conclusion of leading article, where* R. K.'s *verses are extolled for their "simple grandeur"*). "'Recessional,' indeed! This is rather too progressional! (*Laying down the newspaper, and appealing to the world generally.*) Hang it! Am I the Laureate, or am I not?"

[*Meditates over cup of tea, and wishes he had thought of "Recessional."*

H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

(*With three times three for Sir Gordon Sprigg and the Cape Parliament.*)

WHERE fierce Atlantic's restless breast
Is bosomed wide from East to West,
Where Pacific of the South meets her Sister of the North,
By myriad isles of ardent glow,
By continents of constant snow,
Wherever lurks a common foe,
Ship of *Good Hope*, go forth!

Go forth! with rounds of ringing cheers,
First of the Empire's volunteers,
When the enemies of Britain with her children try to cope.
Then show them that we may not be
Coerced while we possess the Sea,
The Heritage that makes us free.
Go forth, well-named *Good Hope!*

THE SULTAN says that Nine Powers are allied against him: Five sovereigns plus FAURE.

HENLEY.—Heat *plus* heats. Scorching. Pretty to see GUY NICKALLS "stroking Leander." Leander seemed pleased.



Father Thames (*coming up for the opening of the National Gallery of British Art by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*). "BRAVO, TATE! NOW, IF ONLY THE PUBLIC CAN FIND THEIR WAY HERE, THERE 'LL BE QUITE A RUN ON MY MILLBANK!"

A SUGGESTED TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to submit to your notice a change of scene likely to be appreciated by all Londoners and their country cousins, in view of the electric lighting about to be re-established on the Thames Embankment.

Now, as it is.—Darkness made visible. Disreputable characters. Thieves, and possibly assassins. Loafers and prowlers. Pretty gardens wasted. The shade of beautiful trees neglected. Thirsty folk and no refreshments. One band.

In future, as it might be.—Bands playing. Marionette and Punch and Judy Shows. Out-door *cafés*. Plenty of chairs and little tables. A recreation ground for children. Everything bright and cheerful under the beam of Electra.

In some matters they certainly *do* manage things better in France. Why should our fine Boulevard be wasted? Why should the L.C.C. neglect a source of revenue from grub contractors? Yours obediently, A. BUTTERFLY.

Temple, E.C.

ECLIPSING HIMSELF!—"Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" as JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER pathetically inquired of the gushing lady who had said there were only two great artists, namely, the painter she was addressing *and* VELASQUEZ. Lord ROSEBERY, however, was determined to "drag in *Velasquez*" for the Eclipse Stakes last Friday at Sandown, which H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's popular *Persimmon* won by a couple of lengths, *Velasquez* being second. *Persimmon* has now won seven events, so at present it is, with him, a case of "seven to one" on him.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE ON THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE REPORT.—Drop it.



Ethel (reading from book of familiar sayings). "'A MAN AT FORTY IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN.' THAT 'S RATHER FUNNY, KATE. DADDY IS MORE THAN FORTY, AND HE 'S CERTAINLY NOT A PHYSICIAN!"

THE POLITE POST-BAG.

July 13.—Much struck by article in morning paper regretting hurried and unpolished style of modern correspondence. This, it seems, was one of the things which were managed far better in the past, "when," I read, "there was a delightful spirit in private letters, a stately formality in those concerning matters of business." Why should I not contribute towards wished-for improvement? Yes, I will.

I.—TO MY BOOTMAKER.

"To Messrs. TAG AND LACE, makers of boots, shoes, and slippers, Greeting. We by these presents do make known unto you that we require for our own personal use and adornment one pair of Boots, to be made, executed, and fashioned in the same manner as those formerly constructed at our command. And you are to take notice that the aforesaid boots are to be forwarded within fourteen days from this date, under pain of incurring our displeasure. Given under our hand this thirteenth of July, at our abode, No. 52, The Shrubberies, Putney.

(*Signed*) THOMAS JONES."

That ought to impress them, I think. Now for my tailor, who asks for the "settlement of his little account."

II.—TO THOMAS SNIPS, TAILOR.

"How now, saucy varlet! Dost think to affright me with thy foolish threats? Beshrew thee, right sore shall thy pate be if thou thus addressest me again. 'Small account,' forsooth! O, SNIPS, SNIPS, the love of money hath gotten hold of thee; ill indeed is thy craving for this world's dross, nor will I aid thee in satisfying it. Out upon thee for a scurvy rascal!"

Feel quite sure that SNIPS has never had a letter like that in all his life, and the effect upon him will be tremendous. Next comes an invitation to dinner. Yes, the modern way of answering invitations is deplorably bald. How much nobler is the Queen Anne style, which I shall henceforward adopt for letters of this kind!

III.—TO MRS. SNUPHKINS, QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON.

Madam,—Of all the delights which we poor mortals are permitted to enjoy, not least, the philosophers tell us, is the pleasure of anticipation. And that delight, O incomparably fairest of your sex, you have granted to me, the humblest of your devoted servants. How long will the days seem, how slowly will the hours pass until, at 8 P.M., on the 24th, I can obey your commands, I can hasten into your presence, I can bask in the divine sunshine of your smiles! Until which time, Madam, I would have you to know that I am, and shall continue to be for ever, your most devoted servant and admirer, THOMAS JONES."

Yes, what an improvement is that upon "Mr. JONES has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. SNUPHKINS' kind invitation for the 24th inst.!" Only one more letter this morning—to my old Aunt TABITHA. This is clearly a case for that "delightful ease and familiarity," which, the article tells me, ought to be manifest in one's letters to relatives and friends.

IV.—TO MY AUNT TABITHA.

"Well, old TABBY, how are you? Pretty fit, I hope? Have you got a new wig yet, by the way? That last one of yours was a fair terror—wouldn't deceive a cow. How are the missionary meetings getting on? I suppose you get a good commission on the tracts, don't you? Let me hear from you before Goodwood, and I 'll put you up to one or two real good things, in which you can invest the takings of your collecting-boxes. You want me to stay with you again at Puddleton, but you don't catch me at that game twice. I remember my last visit far too well to let myself in for another of the same sort. Well, so long, old girl. Keep your pecker up. Yours ever, THOMAS."

Plenty of "*esprit* and playful *badinage*" there, I think. Yes, the article is quite right—letters of this kind are a great improvement on the modern sort, with "their curt sentences, their unpolished style, their hurried manner." I shall await the replies with much interest.

P.S.—*Two days later.*—After all, I'm afraid I can't recommend my friends to follow my example. My bootmakers "must decline to take my order," and my tailor is about to take legal proceedings against me. Major SNUPHKINS proposes to call upon me with a horsewhip, alleging that I have grossly insulted his wife, and Aunt TABITHA has promptly cut me out of her will! Alas, why did I read that fatal article? Clearly the age is not ripe for reform!

THE UNIVERSAL MOTTO AT HENLEY.—Open house-boat.



"IT 'S AN ILL WIND—"

FOREIGN ARTISANS (*together, aside*). "GREAT 'LOCK-OUT' IN ENGLAND! AHA! SO MUCH THE BETTER FOR *ME!!*"



ANCIENT HISTORY.

The Frumps (who rather fancy themselves in this style). "IT 'S CALLED THE EARLY VICTORIAN BONNET."

Guileless Youth (under the impression that he is paying a graceful compliment). "OH YES. I SUPPOSE YOU WORE THEM WHEN YOU WERE *QUITE* GIRLS!"

THE "SCHARIWARY" CYCLING COSTUME.

[It is said that the Russian authorities have sent a commission over to England to study the subject of ladies' cycling dress, and that they have approved of a design known as the "Schariwary," the price of which is to be fixed at from 14 to 18 roubles.]

NADYEZHDA NIKOLAYEVNA, we met
Last year (perhaps you have by now forgotten!)
Not far from Moscow—*I* cannot forget
Your costume, as you rode your *bicyclette*—
High boots, a sort of kilt, and blouse of cotton.

Whom should I meet again the other day
But *you*, in Paris, on your airy *vélo*,
Along the Avenue La Grande Armée;
This time you had a jersey *décolleté*,
A flat straw hat, with pants and gaiters yellow!

They say the Muscovite police are shocked
At such un-Russian feminine vagaries;
Their fiat is that English *modes* be stocked,
Henceforth, and every cyclewoman frocked
In modest, unassuming "Charivaris."

This latter word one's soul with wonder fills—
Excuse me if the question over-rude is!
Is it that you may coast the Sparrow Hills,
Or thread the Kremlin with no fear of spills
In costume that resembles Punch and Judy's?

With prices fixed you 're shamefully coerced
By dull officialdom that ever meddles;



Still, NADYA, may you yet ride many a verst,
However drest! May *his* tyre promptly burst
Who would forbid you use your dainty pedals!

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

THE "disguised minstrel," believed by the public to be a peer of the realm collecting coin for a charity, but who is in reality the sentimental singer from a perambulating troop of nigger banjoists, "working on his own."

The preacher whose appreciation of the value of logic and the aspirate is on a par.

The intensely military young man whose occupation during eleven months in the year is the keeping of ledgers in a small city office.

The artist who guarantees a pleasing group of lovers for sixpence, frame included.

The band that consists of a cornet, a trombone, a clarionet, some bass, and a big drum, which is quite as effective (thanks to the trombone) when all the principals have deserted in search of coppers.

And last (and commonest of all) the cockney who, after a week's experience of the discomforts of the seaside, is weary of them, and wants to go home.

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*in so far as we learn, in concealment*).—*Q.* What plant reminds one at the same time of Christmas festivities and a summer carouse with German students? *A.* The hollyhock.



SHERMAN, THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

A FANCY PORTRAIT.

REFLECTIONS ON A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

HER REFLECTIONS. (*See p.* 12.)

"WE parted!" Yes, I saw your verse,
Which, though (thank heaven) so far true,
Has only made me think the worse,
If that is possible, of you.
I think you positively base
To tell the public how we parted,
I think you might have had the grace
To be a *little* broken-hearted!

I think, to give you answer back,
I'd sooner wed an utter scamp
Than any virtuous maniac,
Whose soul is centred in—a stamp!
I think a girl, to be your wife,
Should be, what I am not, ambitious
To share one lofty aim in life—
A green or blue (surcharged) Mauritius!

I think my conscience is unpricked
By any of your falsehoods black,
I think you ought to be well kicked—
And so do "BOB," and "DICK," and "JACK"!
I think I've put you to the rout;
Let me return to where you started—
"We parted—cheerfully." No doubt.
To me the main point is—we parted!

At the Hyperion Club.

(*After the Jubilee.*)

First Member. Going to Goodwood, old chappie?

Second Member. I'm not quite sure, but my gov'nor's *trying* to get me a shop as race-card seller. You see, being in the Upper House, he's got a little influence.

First Member. That's where you fellows get the pull. My dad's only a parson, and he doesn't know the Bishop of CHICHESTER!

THE CARETAKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What do you consider your duties?

Answer. To keep in the house in which I am placed, and make myself comfortable.

Q. Is your comfort your first consideration?

A. Certainly; as that would be the wish of my employer.

Q. If you occupy an unfurnished house, and have to show over a possible tenant, what do you do?

A. I take care that the possible tenant shall know that the basement is damp, and the shape of the reception rooms awkward.

Q. Then you point out the defects?

A. Very freely; as it would never do to make a false impression.

Q. When you are in an unfurnished house, how long can you remain?

A. As long as I please, for visitors usually adopt the opinions of the resident guide.

Q. Do you take charge of furnished residences during the absence of their owners at the seaside or on the continent?

A. Of course; and then I turn the best drawing-room into my boudoir, while using the pantry as a resting-place.

Q. Can you answer the questions of callers?

A. Only by saying, "I am sure I don't know where they have gone."

Q. Can you give any further information?

A. Yes; I can say, "I don't know when any of them are coming back."

Q. But surely that might create an impression that the owners were ruined and sold up?

A. May be; but that is their business, and not mine.

Q. And do you give satisfaction to your employers?

A. I suppose so, as I am engaged by them year after year, and time after time.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gentleman of the Town gently reproves a lady with whom he has dallied, for circulating false reports with regard to himself and a damsel.

I CAN enjoy a diatribe
Without the anger boiling
That makes one hate a jeer or jibe
When there's no chance of foiling
The enemy who plumes his dart
With just enough of scandal
To pierce the hapless victim's heart—
A shaft that others handle!

The thunder in the air, may be,
Has soured your milk of kindness;
Or is it that you cannot see
From momentary blindness?
Something is wrong, or you would not,
O'erfilled with wrathful flurry,
Write letters venomous and hot—
Forgetting LINDLEY MURRAY.

I did not mean your charms to slight—
How could I? They're entrancing!
Does not your presence give delight?
Do I not love your dancing?
You trip the light fantastic toe
Like some fleet, flitting fairy;
You have the rare and mystic "go"
That makes a waltz seem airy.

Why letters so absurd inscribe
To me about Miss—you know?
No Venus could my judgment bribe;
Athene fail with Juno.
But this at least I may confess,
To stop sweet Mrs. Grundy,
I put a query; she said, "Yes";
And we'll be one on Monday!

SARA'S LATEST SCENE.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT went to play *La Tosca* at Portsmouth. Great preparations. Mayor, with Corporation, ready to receive her. She came, she saw, and, according to the *Daily Mail*, noticing that there were many steps up to the town-hall, where the dignitaries awaited her, she refused to ascend, and instead, she, like *Mr. Box* when he had made all his preparations for committing suicide, "walked off in the opposite direction"—that is, drove off, leaving Mr. Mayor *planté là*.

Our inspired poet, remembering the old chorus of "*Sally, come up,*" still popular with niggers on the sands in summer-time, says:—

"SALLY, come up!" But SALLY did frown,
Staring at Mayor in chain and gown;
Then SALLY drove off to inn in town.
Now who can read the riddle?

Soon after this *contretemps*, Mr. MAYER, of BERNHARDT staff, called on Mr. Mayor of Portsmouth, and explained why S. B. would not take those steps up to the town-hall, and why she took the step she did. No doubt the explanation was satisfactory.

The Swooper at Bisley.

Friend (*to Private* BUTTS *of the Mumbleton Fallbacks*). Are you going in for the QUEEN'S Prize?

Private B. QUEEN'S Prize be hanged! I always enter for the *useful* competitions. Already I've won a sewing machine, three dozen of Scotch whiskey, a package of sardines in oil, a miniature organ, and box of compressed soups. And I've a very good chance of getting a case of champagne and a revolver to-morrow, old boy!



Cockney. "GOOD 'EVINS! THERE 'S A PHEASANT!" *Country Friend.* "WELL, WHAT OF IT!"
Cockney. "WHY, IT AIN'T THE FUST OF HOCTOBER!"

A PRIVATE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

Question. What is the difference between a Circumlocution Office and a Committee of Inquiry?

Answer. One objects to questions and the other to answers.

Q. How do you mean?

A. The one objects to "fellows who want to know, don'tcher know," the other to fellows who are ready to tell, "don'tcher see."

Q. Does an Inquiry Committee, then, object to inquiry—which would seem to be the reason of its existence?

A. Not exactly. It only objects to inquiry which is likely to elicit anything definite, or disagreeable—often the same thing.

Q. What, then, is the *use* of a Committee of Inquiry?

A. Well—ahem!—it might be necessary to appoint another Committee of Inquiry to—ahem!—*inquire* into that.

Q. But would it find out?

A. Most certainly *not*.

Q. What, then, *would* it do?

A. Issue a report—perhaps several.

Q. What would they contain?

A. Nothing—to the purpose.

Q. I think, perhaps, we may as well close *this* inquiry.

A. So do I! Though I *could* tell you a good deal more, mind you!

Q. Ah! yes—but——

A. Quite so!

[*Exeunt severally, musing gravely.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 12.—Of all places in the world, House of Lords to-day narrowly escaped becoming scene of deplorable scandal. Danger skirted in connection with discussion on the question of County *versus* Diocesan Associations for administration of Voluntary Schools Act. WANTAGE, V.C., complains that in the county I have the honour to represent in the Commons, the Oxford Diocesan Conference have jockeyed the managers of the schools. Managers elected representatives to choose two delegates for each rural deanery in Berkshire, such delegates to be the governing body, for educational purposes, of the County Association. The Oxford Diocesan Conference, backed up by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, got at the representatives, and when the business was concluded, the school managers, who are all in favour of a County Association, found to their pious horror that their men had voted for a Diocesan Association!

What the school managers said when they heard of the success of this archi-episcopal plot probably is not translatable into Parliamentary language. Anyhow, WANTAGE, V.C., who never served with our army in Flanders, refrained from quoting it, depending for effect upon the simple narrative of Diocesan Episcopal perfidy here summarised.

Speech brought up Bishop of OXFORD, who strongly objected to having the little performance "put forward as an attempted fraud." WANTAGE, V.C., disclaimed such intention. Bishop accepted disclaimer, but, turning upon the hero of Alma and Inkerman, said in plaintive tones, "But why, my dear Lord, did you kick me downstairs?"

This sudden inquiry added infinitely to growing horror of situation. Lord SPENCER made haste to change subject by disclosing similar clerical plot in Northamptonshire. In the end, rising passion soothed by speech from Duke of DEVONSHIRE, whose yawn (it being a sultry afternoon) was so contagious that the Primate, who looked like fighting, dozed off.

SARK hopes the incident will escape the notice of the gentlemen who draw up contents-bills for evening papers. He remembers case in early history of evening journalism, where the town was startled by reading in largest type on the bill, "CHARGE OF INDECENCY AGAINST THE BISHOP OF OXFORD." It was in Dr. WILBERFORCE'S time. SARK, humbled and horrified, bought a paper. After diligent search, found in Parliamentary report that somebody (he thinks it was the Duke of ARGYLL) had in course of debate spoken of "the almost indecent warmth" of the Bishop's advocacy of some small matter. Here is a double chance for the lively contents-bill. "CHARGE OF FRAUD AGAINST THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY!" "THE BISHOP OF LONDON KICKED DOWNSTAIRS!!"

Happily, the passage escaped notice in dangerous quarters. But SARK still shivers at thought of peril passed.

Business done.—Commons grubbing away at Workmen's Compensation Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Report current that, before going into Committee on Foreign Prison-made Goods, RITCHIE bargained with HOWARD VINCENT that he was to refrain from taking part in debate. "We've risked enough," President of Board of Trade is reported to have said, "by taking up this precious idea of yours, and really can't stand you prancing round whilst I'm trying to shove the thing through."

Probably no truth in the story. Certainly the gallant Colonel refrained from speaking, that is, from delivering ordered speech. Through frequent divisions, his voice was heard like rolling drums that beat to battle where he stands. Once he cried out, "No! no!" when PARKER SMITH proposed to withdraw an amendment. In the main, he found relief for overcharged feelings in muttered commentary. Also, after the manner of the alderman at the city banquet who stimulated a jaded appetite by taking a fresh chair, the Colonel was observed at various stages of the engagement reconnoitring the enemy from divers benches.

Had the satisfaction of seeing RITCHIE, lacking his assistance, get into fearful muddle with Bill. Debate throughout disclosed curious state of irritation.



Gwyllym ap Harcordd, the Bard.
(In training for the Eisteddfod.)

Chairman constantly on his feet calling to order. JOHN BURNS had a round with DON JOSE. HALDANE, lapsing from ordinary judicial manner, publicly expressed his regret that he was "not able to get an idea into the head of TOMLINSON." CALDWELL, proposing to supplement innumerable speeches by LOUGH, was incontinently howled down. The WEARISOME WEIR expressed a wish that RITCHIE "would confine himself within the four walls of the prison, especially in relation to the manufacture of locks." What that meant the Committee had not the remotest idea. Supposed in some quarters that it was a guarded reference to the disease of LOUGH-jaw, from which the Committee to-night suffered in exceptional degree. Everyone grateful when the Chairman ruled the observation out of order. Seemed that at least he understood it. Towards midnight, PRINCE ARTHUR mercifully attempted to cut tangled skein by the Closure. But that did not carry Bill through Committee.

"I hope RITCHIE likes his arrangements," said HOWARD VINCENT, with a gleam of malice in his eyes. "If he'd left the Bill in my charge, I would not only have got it through Committee to-night, but would have persuaded House to read it a third time."

Business done.—Workmen's Compensation Bill reported.

Thursday.—End of session in sight. PRINCE ARTHUR made customary declaration of Ministerial intention with respect to Bills still standing on Orders. Amount of work that must be done does not promise undue prolongation of Session.

"And a very good thing, too," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "I've got a little business on hand in the autumn, and want time for study. It's the part of the Bard. You know I promised to attend the National Eisteddfod of my countrymen, to be held at Newport, Mon. When I say my countrymen, I of course speak in the Gladstonian or Homeric sense. The Plantagenets did not come from Wales. But I happen to represent Monmouthshire. In fact, I'm not at all sure whether, if I gave my mind to it, I might not, with LOULU's help (lovely Bardic name, LOULU), trace back my descent on the distaff side from TALIESEN. Not going as far back as the sixth century, pausing in the purlieus of the tenth, we have HOWEL DHU. TOM ELLIS, M.A., a Welshman first and a Whip afterwards, tells me that a literal translation of that name, dear in Bardic circles, is the Black Harcourt."

"But," I ventured to remark, "you're not so black as you are sometimes painted."

"I hope not," said the SQUIRE, with a far-away look in his eyes. "I *Dhu* hope not. I confess I'm looking forward with some interest to my new part. Am told I didn't look bad at Devonshire House the other night in my forbear Chancellor HARCOURT's gown. But for a man of noble mien and commanding figure, there is more scope in the habiliments of a Bard."

As I left the room, the SQUIRE, posing in weird majesty, murmured the music of a memorable Ode:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless PRINCE!
Boast not thy great majori-tee.
Though buoyed on Conquest's crimson wing,
My ARTHUR, seen it shall not be."

Business done.—Workmen's Compensation Bill read a third time.

Friday.—YERBURGH tells me no chance of getting Government to do anything this Session in direction of national granaries. YERBURGH agrees with R. B. MARSTON that we are hastening to a condition of starvation. The whole case forcibly, lucidly, if not convincingly, set forth by R. B. in his book, "*War, Famine, and our Food Supply*," just issued from St. Dunstan's House. Not often a publisher permits himself the luxury of publishing one of his own books. R. B. M. gives himself and the public this pleasure. A terrible prospect, calculated to cloud the sunlight of Jubilee days.



The future Lord Granaries.
(Mr. Y-rb-gh.)

We are, it seems, dependent on North America and Russia for our daily bread. United States and Russia go to war with us; stop supplies; in a week stock of corn and flour in Great Britain exhausted; famine stalks through the land; supply of plump young children grows scarce; the sun of England sets.

YERBURGH, M.P., and MARSTON, publisher, want ST. MICHAEL to fork out £30,000,000 to buy corn, store it up against the day when iniquitous designs of Russia and the United States shall be accomplished. ST. MICHAEL swears by All Angels he will have nothing to do with the scheme, and on we go to our doom!

SARK says he once knew an estimable gentleman who could not sleep o' nights, apprehensive that the Gulf Stream would cease to circulate round the British Isles. In such case we should become even as Iceland. That danger still exists. Now, *pour comble de malheur*, famine stares us in the mouth, so to speak. Life seems hardly worth living.

Business done.—Supply in Committee.

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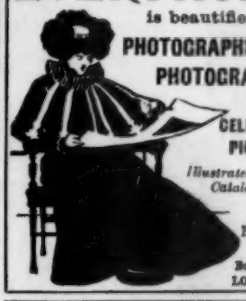
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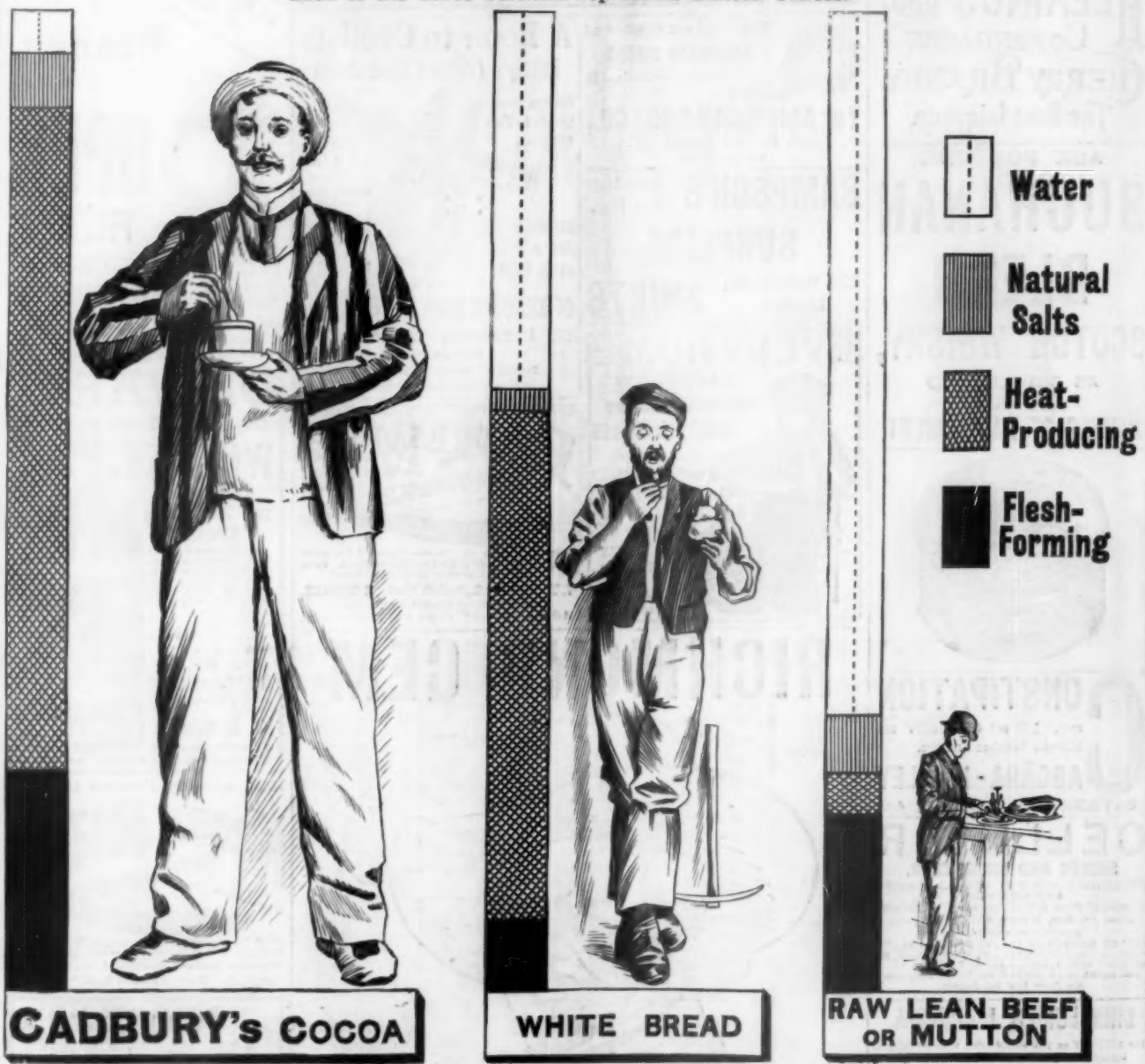
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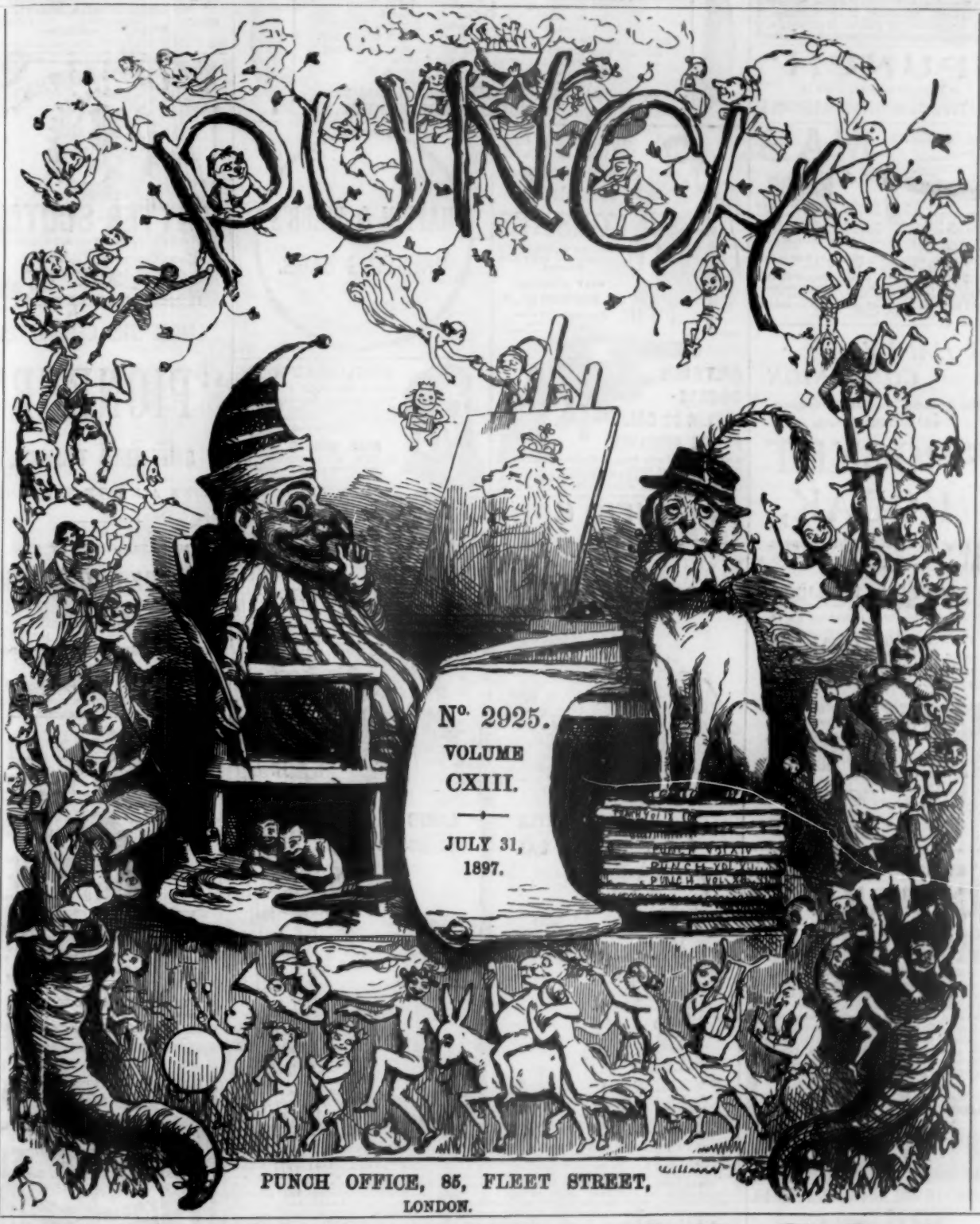
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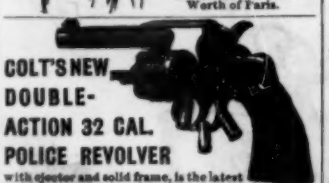
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LEMON SYRUP
Old Refinery Bristol



AT HENLEY. "IPSE DIXIT."

["For a mile and a half the river was covered with elegant craft, in which youth was always at the prow and pleasure always at the helm."—*Daily Paper.*]

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Bournemouth.—The beautiful bay is studded with pleasure boats, and the beach strown with bathing machines. Six thousand excursionists visited the Winter Gardens to-day, and the price of whiskey has risen. Among the latest arrivals are the Earl and Countess of FLOUNDER and Ladies SOLE, Sir REGINALD RAPPER, and Baron BUNCO of New York.

Brighton.—A fresh breeze is blowing off the land, and in the midst of lovely sunshine the pleasure yachts are doing a handsome trade. An interesting accident very nearly occurred this morning to Miss PENELOPE LIPNECK, youngest daughter of Alderman Sir ULYSSES LIPNECK, Kt. The young lady in question was fishing off the West Pier for crabs, when an enormous crustacean, presumably a mammoth lobster, seized the bait, and would infallibly have dragged the fair votary of ISAAC WALTON into a submarine grave, had not Lieutenant SPARKLETON, of the 23rd City of London Volunteers (the Empress of CHINA's Own Fallbacks), gallantly cut the tackle. Miss LIPNECK happily suffered no injury beyond the loss of her *gants de suède*, which were swept into the water. The musical attractions of this Queen of watering places have been materially increased during the past few days by many vocal and instrumental artists of both sexes, now on their way to the Ducal groves of Goodwood. Shrimps are cheaper.

Cromer.—With considerable right, certain of the most influential towns-folk have resolved to bestow the title of Queen-Empress of the East Coast upon this favoured resort. The influx of visitors is not altogether dissimilar from the descent of the Huns on the sunny plains of Italy, and like the progression of the barbarians of old, it never ceases. Last night a bagatelle board was converted into a bedstead by a lady, who receives paying guests. The bands are numerous and harmonious, and the popular airs appear to be "*Sweet Marie*" and "*Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer!*" Several large butterflies have been caught on the cliffs. The second cousin once removed of the Rajah of BANDICOOT is expected here next week.

Douglas (Isle of Man).—As usual in the land of the Deemster, the Liverpudlians are flocking to recruit their jaded appetites with plenty of bracing pick-me-ups compounded of sea-air and sea-bathing in equal proportions. Some capital negro minstrels help the general gaiety of the scene. It is scarcely necessary to add that Sir WALTER SCOTT derived most of the inspiration which pervades *Peveril of the Peak* from this hardy little island, enjoying the benefit of Home Rule denied to her larger, but not more important, neighbours.

Dover.—Nothing can be more interesting for a visitor to watch than the rapid progress now being made on the new Harbour Works. The driving of piles, with the concomitant bustle, is as exciting as the cinematographe, while the arrivals at and departures from the Admiralty Pier constitute a veritable kaleidoscope of International indisposition on the narrow way. The Duchess of GORGONZOLA and suite passed through here on her way to Switzerland. There have been several expeditions by road to St. Margaret's Bay, whence the secrets of empires are whirled over the bed of the ocean. An officer of one of the Belgian steam packets has been seen to order some stout bottled in England. Naturally great excitement prevails.

Eastbourne.—The trees are now in full leaf, thanks to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, and what visitor in the romantic park named after his grace would fail to maintain that lawn tennis is the birthright of every Eastbournian? Picnics on Beachy Head are of daily occurrence, and it is said that a London glass merchant has made a contract for collecting the disused and abandoned bottles. At this time of year the coastguards are always in prime condition, and old salts with smuggling tales are at a premium. Owing to the influence of the aristocracy, the sale of winkles is not what it might be, though liberally supported by the Salvation Army.

Folkestone.—A curious incident occurred here last night. As a gentleman was walking on the Lees, an enormous poodle dog obstructed his path, and but for the courage of its owner, Colonel WALTER WAGTAIL, would no doubt have left its mark upon the unfortunate visitor. Happily, the catastrophe was averted, and supper at the Pavilion was the sequel of what might have been a lamentable *contretemps*. The boats to Boulogne run with remarkable regularity, and the pleasure of seeing passengers land has been distinctly discounted by the fact that the sea has been remarkably smooth. The Vicomte de NERON, direct descendant of the Emperors of ROME, has organised a picnic at Cæsar's Camp.

(To be continued in our next.)

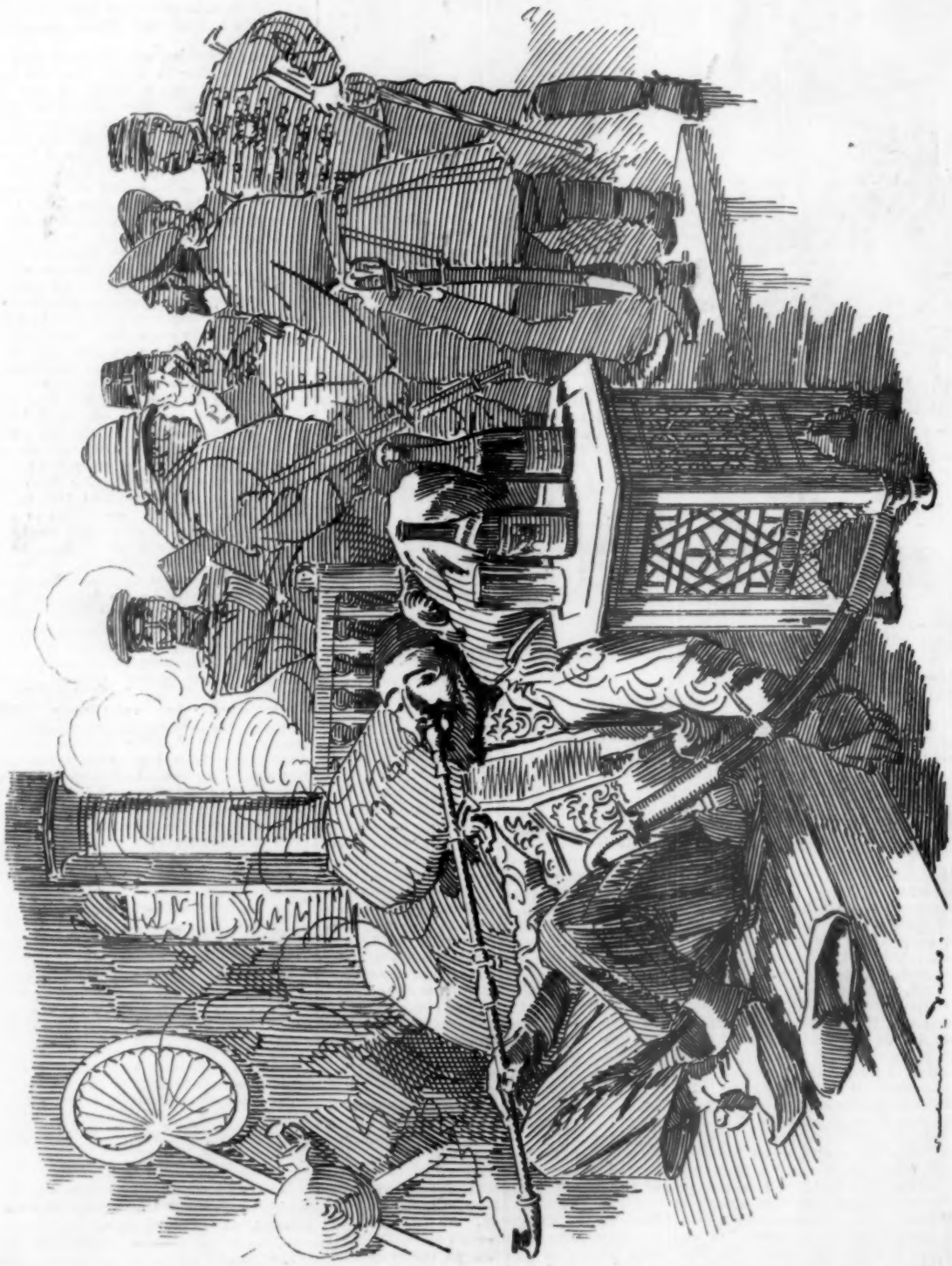
FIGS.

A FIG? No thanks! Yet I will swear
That never yet on any twig
Hung half so juicy, rich and rare
A fig.

'Twould simply be a shame to dig
One's teeth into a thing so fair—
Besides, it 's really *far* too big!
[The reason, frankly, I forbear
Is not lest I should seem a pig,
But that for figs I do not care
A fig.]

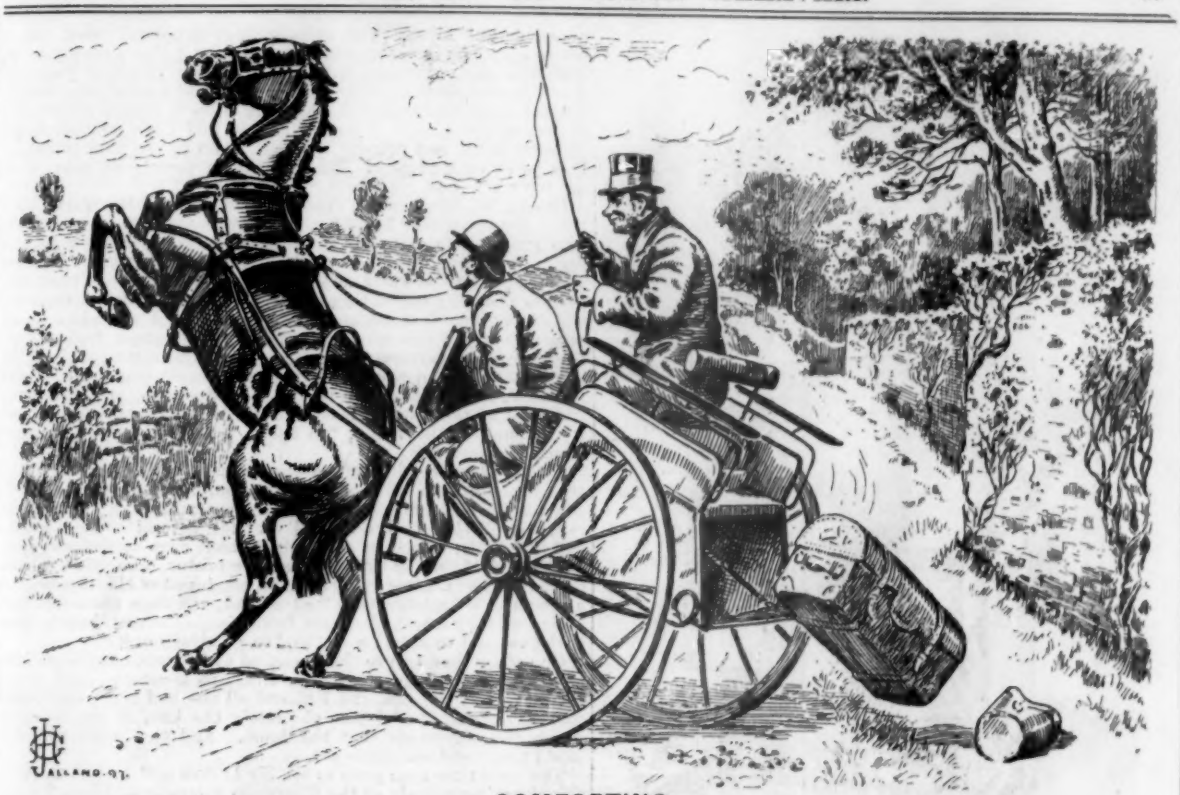
NOT THE SORT OF FARE WHICH AN EMINENT SURREY CRICKETER IS ABLE TO DIGEST.—A couple of ducks.

"SENDING THEM AWAY WITH A FLEA IN THEIR EAR."—The crowding-out of the Woman's Suffrage Bill by the Verminous Persons.



NO HURRY!

The Sultan. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THEY DO DAWDLE! SUCH A TIME IN COMING TO A DECISION!"



COMFORTING.

Driver of hired turn-out (to Nervous Passenger). "ALL RIGHT, SIR! YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID. SHE DON'T OFTEN COME OVER BACKWARDS!"

AFTER THE PASSAGE IS OVER.

SCENE—*An apartment. Inmate discovered arranging a scientific apparatus.*

Inmate. And now I think everything is ready, and it's time to begin. (*A knock.*) Pray enter. (*Two travellers appear.*) Will you be so kind as to say whether you have any cigars about you?

First Trav. (*promptly*). Certainly not.

In. (*politely*). Pardon me, but I think you are mistaken. Allow me. (*Produces a bundle from the inside pocket of the First Traveller's overcoat.*) And in this parcel I fancy we shall find six pounds of cigars!

First Trav. (*astonished*). Yes, you are quite right!

Second Trav. (*in amazement*). How wonderful!

In. (*turning to Second Trav.*). And now, Madam, will you be so good as to disclose whether you have any lace concealed about you?

Second Trav. (*indignantly*). Of course not!

In. (*smiling*). You are quite sure? Now I think, in spite of your assurance, that I shall be able to discover some. With the assistance of this apparatus I turn on a ray of light—(*does so*)—and hi! presto! there is the lace pinned to your underskirt!

Second Trav. (*deeply impressed*). Marvellous!

First Trav. It is certainly very ingenious. I suppose you discovered the cigars and the lace with the help of the Röntgen rays?

In. I did; and can now tell you that in the other inside pocket you have a bottle of Benedictine, and a parcel containing five thousand cigarettes.

First Trav. Quite right. Wonderful!

Second Trav. Marvellous! Are you a conjurer?

In. (*sternly*). No, Madam, someone more terrible—a Custom House officer! [*Scene closes in upon the discovery.*

AQUATIC AND NEGROLOGIC.—It seems fitting that the Wingfield Sculls should now have a Black-staffe fitted to them.

LUGGAGE À LA SHAKSPEARE.

First Stage. Bottle, cradle, and christening robe.
Second Stage. Satchel, marbles, and pound of toffy.
Third Stage. Guitar, short pipe, pound of tobacco.
Fourth Stage. Sword-cover, and regulation uniform-case.
Fifth Stage. Bag and wig-case.
Sixth Stage. Slippers and dressing-gown.
Seventh Stage. Railway-ticket to Woking—not return.

CIVIC INTERNATIONAL CIVILITIES.—Hope the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are enjoying themselves at Brussels,—"where the sprouts come from," as Mr. PENLEY observed, in *Charley's Aunt*. In case anything should be wanting at the Burgomaster's table (which is improbable), they take with them their own "Savory," and nothing else, that is, "Knill" besides. From the "historical pageant" they may get a hint or two for the next Lord Mayor's show,—in which, however, Sir FAUDEL will take only a modified interest.

The Brutality of Man.

Miss Emily (*aged forty, or thereabouts, to* Lord HARRY SHAVER). Oh! how I should love to be a Jubilee bride!

Lord Harry. Well, cheer up! You won't have to wait very long!

"DECLINED—WITH THANKS."—Lord WANTAGE has returned the decoration recently conferred on him by the SULTAN for Red Cross Society services. The SULTAN will remember this nobleman's title as "Lord Don't-Wantage." His Lordship did not consider the possession of the Order as peculiarly advantageous to himself.

SONG OF OMNIBUS PROPRIETORS (*as they left the Court after the sensible magisterial decision last Friday, July* 23).—"We're leaving thee in SORTOW, HANNAY!"



"I 'EAR THAT THOLOMON ARONS 'AS 'AD 'IS SHOP BURNT OUT!"

"WELL, 'E 'TH A VERY GOOD FELLER, ARONTH ITH. 'E DETHERVES IT!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT THE THEATRE.

DEAR MISTER,—I recall to me my first visit to an english theatre. In that time there I spoke at pain a hundred of words, and by consequence I carried alldays a dictionary of pocket in the which I searched the translation of the french phrases. Happily I had heard to say that the English go to the theatre in great holding, *en grande tenue*, and I carried my habit, all to fact as he must. I am gone to a theatre where they played an operette. If I could not to comprehend the words, I could to hear the music and to regard the dances.

I part in handsome cab, and I arrive to the theatre. Since that time there I have learnt that one should alldays to retain a place in the principal theatres, as at Paris, and that, not as at Paris, the location costs not more dear. Eh well, I mount the *perron*, and, having found the word *fauteuil* in my dictionary, I demand at the *guichet*, "one armchair of orchestra." The employed responds, "One stol." *Une stalle, ah non!* "One armchair of balcony," I say. And him of to respond, *et lui de répondre*, "Dreseukl." What is this that this is that that? *Pas de fauteuil d'orchestre, pas de fauteuil de balcon.* "Can one to have one place in a lodge?" I demand to him. "A lodging," says he. "Yes," I respond to him, "a lodging." *Sans aucun doute ça veut dire une petite loge.* "No, Maounsiah," responds he, "not here, you must go to-morrow to a haoussaigentt." "To-morrow," I say; "but I desire to see the operette this evening! Give to me then any place, even a stall, if you have of her."

Then I pay ten shillings six pennys—*quel prix énorme!*—and I resign myself to pass the evening very squeezed, *serré*, on a bench all to fact in arrear under the balcony. But a pretty little female opener, *ouvreuse*, indicates to me an excellent *fauteuil d'orchestre*, absolutely at the centre, large and comfortable, where I install myself between two charming ladys in toilets of evening of the most elegants. I regard around and I see *partout* some adorable ladys, and not one sole hat. And all the men in habit. It is an evening of gala! Ten shillings six pennys for that, it is not too much dear, by blue!

During the between-act, *l'entr'acte*, at Paris all the world goes out. That he makes hot, that he makes cold, what that may be who arrives, one quits his place, and one walks himself in the *foyer*, or in the *couloirs*, or in the street, or one drinks a *bock* or a lemon with some water of seltz in a *café* at side. As that one escapes from the suffocating atmosphere of the parisian theatre, but at the fine that becomes fatiguing, and if the piece is in several acts and the between-acts drag in longness, *traînent en longueur*, one traverses some *kilomètres* in marching of long in large. At London one can to repose himself tranquilly in his armchair, if he wishes not to smoke a cigarette, or to drink a "wisky" at the english mode, in the refreshments-room, that which one calls in french, "*le bar.*" I find that more commodious, *plus commode.*

At the fine, in going out of the theatre, he falls of the rain, that which arrives often at London, sometimes at Paris. *Ciel, est-on bousculé!* I arrest myself at the entry, seeking a handsome cab, and all these ladys, several very fat, several of high waist, *de haute taille*, march on my foots without even to demand pardon. And of time in time he arrives a mister, who cries, "Now then, here he is, come along!" or an employed of the theatre, or a groom in a "mackintosch" all wetted, and then the ladys run after, and they march all on my foots, *jusqu'à ce que*, just to this that I succeed to obtain a cab, and to go myself of it.

One other time I go to the Opera, so bad situated at the middle of those villain little streets, so dirty, so miserable, and there also he falls of the rain, and I attend all one half hour, still more shoved, *bousculé*, and I part absolutely the last, at the moment where the employeds shut the doors. And that after to have paid twenty and one shillings!

The third time I am gone to see Sir IRVING and Lady TERRY in this charming comedy of the illustrious SHACKSPIR, *Much To Do About Nothing*. I had read her in advance in french, and thus I hoped to comprehend of her a small little, aided by the jests, *gestes*, of these artists so celebrated. The comedy is admirable. And what put in scene, *quelle mise en scène! Superbe!* I admire much Lady TERRY. She plays of a fashion truly ravishing, and one can not more gracious. Sir IRVING is a great artist, but I comprehend not one sole word that he says, for he pronounces not the english as the most part of your compatriots. And what of lively applauding! I have heard to say that the *claqueur* exists not in England. That comprehends himself when all the assistance applauds so vigourously. At the fine there is so much of noise that Sir IRVING is forced of to make a little discourse. I comprehend not one word, but I suppose that he prays the spectators of to go themselves of it tranquilly. More late one tells me that Sir IRVING thanked the assistance and that it is him who inaugurated this mode of speaking at the theatre. What droll of idea! Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, a french actor making a discourse on the scene! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

JEAN INGELOW.

Born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 1820. *Died at Kensington*, 1897.

SWEET is the perfume of a perfect life!
Dear is the incense of a noble name;
Happy the ear removed from worldly strife,
That only hears the echo of the voice's fame.
JEAN INGELOW! these attributes were yours,
Sweet songstress! gifted mistress of the pen!
You sang of Hope that still for us endures,
And weaved your lyrics from the lives of Men.

You told of what has been, and what, perchance, might be,
You held the banner of the Great Good Right,
And so across the unknown silent Silver Sea
We bid "Good morn" in faith to your "Good night."

At Goodwood.

He. Did you say, put a fiver on *Ugly* for the Cup?

She. Yes; but please be sure and see that Sir HENRY HAWKINS isn't in the ring, or we may be committed for contempt of court!

THERE AND BACK WITH A CARD.

DURING a delightfully refreshing Saturday-to-Monday outing at our dear (in one sense, but reasonable in an argumentum-ad-pocketum sense) old friend Boulogne-sur-Mer, there came into our possession a card directing our attention to the South Eastern Hotel, formerly Hôtel Zeeland, where, judging from the truly *al fresco* Parisian style and appearance of its Restauration in full view of everything that is going on, including the easy travelling trams, in Boulogne, it ought to be all that any traveller's fancy could paint it in two coats of paint, inside and out, especially as its manager is Monsieur G. FABESCH, late of the Hôtel Continental, Paris, whom, personally, the present deponent knoweth not from Mons. ADAM du Jardin de Paradis, —which is simply Paris "writ large,"—though he has a pleasant recollection of the aforesaid Parisian Hotel. But it is Manager FABESCH'S card that will delight the idler who has absolutely nothing to do, after a quite perfect "breakfast at the fork," or, as this can't be provided for a mere song let us term it "breakfast at the fork-out," in the airy little "*Café Restaurant Garnier, Parc aux huitres*," on the *Jetée*, except to lazily smoke the soothing cigar, dawdle with the fragrant coffee and its accompanying *chasse*, and, when not gazing on the merry bathers, to peruse the literature provided by the aforementioned card. It speaks as excellent English as THACKERAY'S English hero did French, when, in answer to the inquiry "*Qui va là?*" he, "knowing the language" answered "*Je!*" The card announces how "*The S. E. Hotel Co., L. D., London, has purchased a grand site opposite the Casino and the sea for the purpose of building a Magnificent Hotel* (400 *Rooms*), *but during this Season* (1897) *they ave decided to open the existing buildings, which will a commodate about* 100 *guets.*"

May we be among those future "*guets*" whom this hotel is to "*a commodate.*" To culinary connoisseurs there are just two places on the Continong that may rival each other in a reputation for *cuisine*, namely, the Restauration at the Gare Maritime, Calais, and this "Parc aux huitres," B'logne, which is not to be excelled, go where you will, except, perhaps—but that it is a bit too far from England merely for a breakfast—at Monte Carlo.

Mr. Punch's special traveller in the Déjeûnering business always likes to do a good turn to all who deserve to benefit by a brief holiday, and *now*, when the weather is tropical, and the sea absolutely calm, being fearful of moving violently lest it should get too hot, *now* is the time for the *aller et retour!* to Calais and back, to Boulogne and back! *et voilà tout!*

EXPERIENCES OF AN EARL'S-COURTIER.

So hot and fine to-day that I feel disinclined to work at my *History of English Civilisation*. Happy thought; why not visit the "Victorian Era" Show at Earl's Court? I shall doubtless collect valuable material there for my book, especially if I go not in the frivolous spirit of a mere holiday-maker, but in the reverent mood of the anxious seeker after knowledge. Having provided myself with a large note-book, I start.

Numbers of people passing through turnstiles; it is delightful to see how widespread is the desire to learn as much as possible about our national progress. First of all I meet some steam-engines and a large number of curious contrivances which are not, as I at first supposed, gigantic sewing-machines, but are electrical appliances of some kind. Wish I knew more about them; note them down for special study at a future date. Pass on, and discover women making tin match-boxes. Strange, I never realised before how much the greatness of England depended upon the manufacture of these articles. Mustn't forget to mention tin match-boxes in my chapter on commercial progress. Other people are cooking sweets and polishing imitation diamonds. This last exhibit is doubtless a satire upon modern hypocrisy. But I notice they are called "Parisian Diamonds," and wonder vaguely how they illustrate the progress of the British nation. Now, as it is very hot here, I will sit down in the garden and write down the results of my observations thus far. Having done so, turn towards the Panorama, where I doubtless shall find a vivid presentment of some eventful scene in our national history. . . . Rather to my surprise, it proves to be an excellent picture of Ancient Rome. Am not quite certain at present what it has to do with the Victorian Era, but doubtless this is owing to my own stupidity. Next visit the "Living Photographs." Having waited about quarter of an hour in solemn silence, the showman takes pity on us at last. Must work the pictures of ballet-dancers into my chapter on "National Recreations." But I don't quite see how I am to deal with the circus and the marionettes, so I won't visit those attractions at present. Might connect the great wheel, somehow, in a footnote, with the Revolution of Time. Doubtless those people who are going up and down on the switchback find that this helps them to realise the greatness of England, especially as the switchback is an American invention.

Passing again into the building, I find myself in a model hospital ward. Very interesting. Pathetic wax dolls repose in cots, and are supposed to be suffering from various unpleasant diseases. And their beautiful complexions, which no doubt are exactly copied from life, testify in a very striking way to the progress of medical science. I feel sure that sixty years ago sufferers from diphtheria hadn't such rosy cheeks. By the side of one of the cots is a splendid model of a nurse, really most life-like. I wonder if the wax it is made of is very hard. Pinch its cheek to see, when, to my astonishment and horror, it proves to be *not* a wax model like the rest, but a real, live, and justly indignant hospital nurse. I endeavour to explain my mistake, and retreat hastily. Visit the "Sporting Section," which seems to be very popular. Crowds of people are gazing with intense reverence at a row of shapeless cricket-balls, which, it seems, have been used in important matches.

Proceed through many other galleries, and inspect an excellent collection of pictures. Then I return to the garden, sit and listen to the band, and drink tea. The buns which accompany it are interesting relics, and were evidently baked (though the official guide omits to mention this) at the time of Her MAJESTY'S accession. Afterwards, feel disinclined for exertion, and refuse to join the unhappy-looking gentlemen who, clad in top-hats and frock-coats, are being jolted round on elephants. I visit "Old London," and learn, for the first time, that, sixty years ago, it was paved entirely with cobble-stones.

Altogether, an excellent show, but somehow I have not learnt quite as much as I had expected from it about the national progress of England during the last sixty years!



AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

Polite Little Girl (*suddenly*). "THIS IS MY MAMMA, SIR. WILL YOU PLEASE SING HER, '*IT'S THE SEASONING WOT DOES IT!*'"

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*dodging*).—*Q.* What is the meaning of the United States bawl? *A.* Bounce!



Friend (to Minor R.ilway Official at Provincial Station). "'ULLO, COCKY, WHERE 'AVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME!"

Minor R. O. (with dignity). "OH, I 'AD TO GO UP ON DUTY FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPIT'EAD, I 'AD." *Friend (impressed).* "AH! FINE SIGHT I EXPECT IT WUR?"

Minor R. O. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I SAW *MUCH* OF IT. *I WAR A TAKING THE TICKETS AT VAUX'ALL!*"

THE DELIVERANCE OF DOROTHEA.

(A Fragment of an Up-to-date Romance.)

CHAPTER XL.

FAIR shone the evening sun upon the lists of Bunkum Castle, fairest upon the noble features of Sir HUBERT DE MONTMORENCY, as, with a deft movement of the lever, he caused his gallant motor-car to caracole nimbly in the midst of the arena. Throughout the afternoon had he ridden in the gymkhana, and with such success that towards the close not one of the onlookers had dared to venture a ducat against his chances, partly because his victory seemed assured, and partly because it was doubtful whether the lists of Bunkum were not a "place" within the meaning of the Act, and the rumour was freely bruited that more than one member of the Anti-Gambling League was present in disguise.

Skilfully did Sir HUBERT apply the brake and bring his car to a standstill before the Marquis of BUNKUM's seat.

"Sir," he said, his features glistening with petroleum and the glow of victory, "having conquered in all the motor-car contests, I come, in accord with the best precedents, to claim the hand of your daughter, the lovely Lady DOROTHEA FLAPDOODLE."

"Gadzooks!" answered the Marquis, angrily, "you may claim as much as you please, but you're not going to have her."

"*What?*" cried Sir HUBERT.

"Sir," answered the other, "you told me the other day to buy shares in the Abracadabra Gold Mines. And by this evening's paper I see that the company is in liquidation!"

"'Tis false!" shouted Sir HUBERT. "That paragraph is the work of that sorry scoundrel, Sir MIDAS PLUTOCRAT——"

"Who is about to become my son-in-law," said the Marquis of BUNKUM, with a cruel smile. "I have already despatched the Lady DOROTHEA to London, and she is to marry him to-morrow!"

"But—but," said Sir HUBERT, aghast, "he is already married!"

"What of that? This very evening he is to entice his present wife into the lethal chamber at Battersea, and to-morrow he will marry——"

But Sir HUBERT had turned the lever of his motor-car to full speed a-head.

"Stop him!" cried the Marquis, "stop him! Prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law! He is exceeding the rate of 80 miles an hour!"

But the gallant young knight had disappeared in the distance.

CHAPTER XLI.

Alas! Sir HUBERT had been too impatient in his flight. Scarcely had he travelled ten miles on his way, when his supply of oil gave out, and his motor-car came to a standstill. Leaping down from his engine, he knocked at the door of the nearest cottage, to see whether he could borrow some petroleum. The door was opened, and, to his amazement, before him stood the Lady DOROTHEA!

"My HUBERT!" she exclaimed; and rushed into his arms. Then she explained that, suspecting her father's design in sending her to London, she had quitted the train on the first opportunity, and had taken refuge in this cottage.

"Then we will fly together, my love!" said HUBERT.

"Hark!" quoth DOROTHEA, growing deadly pale. "What is that?"

They listened in silence, and heard the dreadful baying of bloodhounds!

"Alack!" said DOROTHEA; "my father has taken a hint from one of Dr. CONAN DOYLE's romances, and means to destroy us by these fearsome beasts!"

Scarcely had she spoken, when two enormous hounds came bounding round the corner. But a stalwart figure stepped in the road, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and—crack! crack!—the beasts lay dead almost at their feet!

"Noble hero!" exclaimed Sir HUBERT, rapturously, to the stranger. "How can I thank you?"

"County Council's orders," explained the unknown, who proved, indeed, to be the village policeman. "No dogs allowed without muzzles nowadays."

"Heaven reward the County Council!" exclaimed Sir HUBERT. "Having got some more petroleum, let us fly to my own castle."

Hardly had they started when the shriek of a steam whistle sounded close at hand, and both turned in terror.

"'Tis my father!" cried Lady DOROTHEA. "'Tis my father pursuing us on his steam motor-car! Full speed a-head, my HUBERT!"

And by this time they could clearly see the Marquis of BUNKUM, as, seated tightly upon the safety-valve of his engine, he drew nearer and nearer.

But Sir HUBERT's gallant motor-car was not beaten yet. Indeed, it flew like lightning, leaping, rather than running, along the road at a fearful speed. Yet the steam-engine still gained upon them until——

Suddenly there was a fearful explosion! Fragments of iron, wood, and the Marquis of BUNKUM, darkened the air! His boiler had exploded.

Sir HUBERT folded the sobbing DOROTHEA in his arms.

"Weep not," he said. "We are safe, and your father is dead. So perish all those who sit upon the safety-valve! Now will we go and be married."

And he pointed the head of his motor-car straight for St. George's, Hanover Square.



THE "TRICKSY SPIRIT"!

Ferdinand . . . . L-RD S-L-SB-RY. *Ariel* . . . . RT. HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N.

FERDINAND (*L-rd S-l-sb-ry*). "WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? * * * * * I HAVE FOLLOW'D IT, OR IT HATH DRAWN ME—RATHER."

The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.



Mrs. Newwealth. "AND HOW IS MY DAUGHTER GETTING ON WITH HER MUSIC, PROFESSOR?"
Professor Da Capo. "REMARKABLY WELL. THE ONLY DIFFICULTY I FIND IS IN MAKING HER OBSERVE THE RESTS!"
Mrs. Newwealth. "OH, BUT SHE *MUST*. SHE HAS PLENTY OF TIME!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cricketer, repulsed in his advances to a Widow—relict of a wine-bibber—retorts in forcible tones.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!"
That is the moral of your plan.
"Old Time is on the wing," you sing;
You only need but one—the Man
Who, thinking you the Queen of Earth,
All beatific and all sweet,
Will gown you as a dame of Worth,
And doglike Yapp about your feet.

This slave, of course, you may not love,
But judge his sense by welcome deeds,
And coo like any turtle dove
Amid the desert of your weeds.
You'd test his ardour, did he own
The wherewithal to make a match;
But, failing that, you'd field alone,
No "butter-fingers" at a catch!

Your innings first was all too short—
A little over one long year—
Your Late Lamented, bowled by port,
Enjoys another atmosphere.
He, knowing not the joyous shout
That would his disappearance greet,
Left you with thousands still "not out,"
Another partner here to meet.

I wished that partner I could be,
Before you sold yourself for pelf;
I had not got the £ *s. d.*,
You only batted for yourself!
And now "not out" you will not wear
The colours that you sadly lack.
Keep up your wicket! I don't care
If your life-score is framed in black!

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

WE all know, honoured Sir, the rapturous, not to say frivolous, feelings with which the Troubadour was inspired as he returned after his trip (doubtless under the conduct of the antique COOK or GAZE) to Jerusalem and Joppa, carrying the banjo of the period. In similar temperament, the Bard and *Vates* combined journeys to the resplendent Park, wherein, for a considerable consideration, his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON permits the members of the General Public ("our Pollies," as I once heard a Greek scholar describe them) to assemble on that upland course which contributes so richly to the prosperity of the lowlanders of Chichester. I look upon the Goodwood Meeting, Sir, as the final picnic of the London season, where wearied Duchesses and fatigued Countesses can regale themselves under the trees on viands not to be despised by those Sybarites of whom we read at Free Libraries, in works descriptive of classic times. I know nothing so pleasant as a lunch beneath those beeches. I believe them to be of that order of trees which in fair sunshine convert the hillside into an aristocratic Rosherville Gardens. The mayonnaise, be it of salmon, lobster, or the more modest crab, gathered from the tanks of Hamble by Southampton Water, seems to have a succulence denied to the crustaceans to be found in the shell-fish marts of our Great Metropolis, while the vintage of champagne cools the gullet with an extra sparkle of satisfaction.

Perhaps this jubilation of Food may be accounted for by the brilliant costumes with which it is surrounded. Lovely indeed is this *parterre* (I trust I have spelt the word right) of fair women arrayed in garments which even the Queen of SHEBA, on her celebrated visit to the Emperor of ISRAEL, could not have rivalled. A Lovely Lady whom I once knew used to regret that her sex was not, like the jockeys, accommodated with an apartment wherein to change apparel. She assured me that if any great milliner could contract for such a room, the metamorphoses would exceed in one day at Goodwood those chronicled by the Poet OVID. I quite believe her, and so, no doubt, do you, Sir.

At the same time, it is only right to record that, despite Royal and Ducal surroundings, Goodwood is frequented by bands of the most unscrupulous brigands ever permitted to exercise an illegitimate calling. I am not squeamish, and am well-known at Scotland Yard, but I do aver, and with feeling (for was I not three years ago relieved, *nolens volens* (Latin Dictionary again), of thirty-two glittering spondulicks in a canvas bag just opposite the Grand Stand?), that the modest Waterbury watch is not free from molestation either on the Ducal drives or in the High Street of the Cathedral Town.

But away with melancholy! Let us to the top of the cue. Your tipster sings, after depriving him of declaring that certainty which he wired you for the Stewards' Cup*:—

Look out for the *Caps* that owns a *Saint*,
Look out for the *Martian Field*,
Don't think of another *Sister's* faint
With a MILLER, who cannot yield.
A DUKE and an EARL will surely score,
And the HEIR APPARENT shine;
While the Upper Crust is brought to *Rust*,
And Pretty Miss Fanny is mine!

Trusting to meet you amid the Blaze of Rank and Fashion with which you corruscate, I am, as always,

Your humble henchman,
DARBY JONES.

[We never received any message from D. J.—ED.]

A LONDON ROUNDEL.

IN summer set, the meadows gay
Will smile for you a little yet,
While suns with glorious westering ray
In summer set.

The joys which sunlit fields beget,
The hay-making, half toil, half play,
The music made when scythes are whet,
The scented swathes of new-mown hay,
Inspire in me one fond regret—
I would that I were down to-day
In Somerset!

A VULGAR TONIC.—Gent-ian.



Lizzy. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU OPEN THE GATE FOR ME?"
Short-sighted Old Gent. "WHY, MY LITTLE GIRL, YOU CAN OPEN IT FOR YOURSELF!"
Lizzy. "OH, PLEASE SIR, *DO* OPEN IT."



Short-sighted Old Gent. "VERY WELL. THERE! NOW TELL ME WHY YOU COULDN'T OPEN IT FOR YOURSELF."
Lizzy. "PLEASE, SIR, 'CAUSE THE PAINT 'S WET!"

CONFESSIONS.

For you my cudgelled brains have made
  Not unreluctant album-rhymes,
For you Dumb Crambo I have played—
  Grotesque impromptu pantomimes.
Blindfold for you the unerring pig
  I've drawn with eminent success—
My latest task is just as big,
    I must confess!

You come to me with book in hand,
  And first upon the open page,
Obedient to your command,
  I meekly write my name and age.
Next, answer all these questions, eh?
  By Jove, I'm in a pretty mess!
My inmost thoughts and tastes, you say,
    I must confess!

What are my favourite Christian names?
  At any rate, I'll answer that;
Though Rhyme, perhaps, might point to JAMES,
  Reason approves JEHOSHAPHAT.
And as for girls—sweet names abound,
  As SARAH, JANE, JEMIMA, BESS,
Yet 'LIZER has a winsome sound,
    I must confess!

My favourite book? That 's rather hard.
  One might put first some three or four—
Old FROISSART, or the Immortal Bard,
  Or *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.*
But since there 's only in the pack
  One ace of trumps, the claims I press
Of WHITAKER, his Almanack,
    I must confess!

The colour I love best—is blue,
  The colour of your eyes, I think—
Which leads appropriately to
  The question next, my favourite drink?
'Tis not distilled from vine or hops,
  I drink, I trust without excess,
The mild, exhilarating "Kops,"
    I must confess!

My favourite game—is grouse. You scoff,
  How greedy of me? Ah, I see!
The other sort of game—say, golf.
  And sport? Well, ratting does for me!
What quality I most admire?
  In lovely woman—fickleness,
In man—for wealth a high desire,
    I must confess!

Pet hobby? That should be a hawk—
  I speak but as a naturalist—
What nonsense, do you say, I talk?
  Well, there, it 's—stamps, if you insist.
One last confession now for you,
  What I have written, more or less,
Is not conspicuously true,
    I must confess!

THE STALL MENDICANT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not a Stall Mendicant a lady who stands with a money box at street corners petitioning for alms?

Answer. Certainly; but the accessories to her calling—a rug, a chair, a table, and a placard—must not be overlooked in the full description.

Q. What is the object of the Stall Mendicant in rattling her money box?

A. To attract the attention of the busily employed to the claims of the charity displayed on her placard.

Q. Is the character of the charity thus displayed of any great importance?

A. It is not, if care is taken that it bears reference to either the sick or the young.

Q. What is the customary age of the Stall Mendicant?

A. Usually that classified "uncertain," because it is certain to be in the neighbourhood of forty.

Q. But is not the Stall Mendicant sometimes of tender years?

A. Occasionally; and this species is particularly irritating to old gentlemen hurrying to catch a train.

Q. Then the Stall Mendicant can cause irritation?

A. Assuredly; for her importunities are frequently unwelcomely familiar, and chronically out of place.

Q. Are the Stall Mendicants of comely appearance?

A. Rarely. As a rule the Stall Mendicant is a spinster who has long ceased to attract by either charm of manner or beauty of form or face.

Q. What is the excuse for the Stall Mendicant's importunities?

A. Charity, which in her case is required to cover, if not a sin, at least a nuisance.

Q. Can you think of any benefit that springs from the existence of Stall Mendicants?

A. It is possible they may be a blessing in disguise to the editors of daily papers.

Q. In what way?

A. By causing the infuriated public to write letters of complaint adapted for insertion during the silly season.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 19.—Often heard of "dragging red herring across path." Never before to-night witnessed performance. Proceeding most effective. It was a Scotch herring, and the draughtsman was the WEARISOME WEIR.

House in Committee of Supply; Foreign vote on; for weeks and months the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reminiscent of an earlier statesman, had been publicly "longing to be at 'em!" PRINCE ARTHUR, with his sword drawn, stood waiting for the man of brawn. Now the lists were open; trumpets brayed; swords flashed; the tourney had commenced. Proved an exceedingly tame affair. SQUIRE seemed to have exhausted all his ardour in anticipation. Mindful of one of highest traditions of British statesmanship, he would not embarrass Her MAJESTY'S Government on questions of Foreign policy. Only wanted to know, you know, just as much as it would be convenient to tell.

GEORGE CURZON told as little as possible in speech of half hour's duration. Then Members went off at a tangent all over world from Madagascar to the Mediterranean, from Cephalonia to Cyprus, from Trichinopoly to the Transvaal. ERNEST BECKETT, dropping in on the Sandwich Islands, told interesting story of missionary enterprise. These good men, hailing from United States, have, he averred, deposed QUEEN; established a standing army; compelled everyone to go to church; made sleepiness through the sermon a high crime and misdemeanour; denounced dancing as the unpardonable sin.

BECKETT'S weird story illustrated by uncanny effects. As he spoke the lightning flashed; the thunder rolled; the lashing rain was heard through open windows falling on the courtyard outside. The startled House, attuned to solemn mood,



The Wearisome One. "Man, it's gettin' pairfeckly awfu'! I merely rrise tae ventillate the Scottish herrrin', when, ye'll harrdly believe it, but up gits yon Bolfour and cllosurrres me!!!"

not to be lightened by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE denouncing Government as meanest in motive, lowest in action of any he had known since, in the prime of youth, he joined the diplomatic service.



THE MODERN HAT. (A STUDY IN SHADOWS.)

When SAGE sat down, the WEARISOME ONE discovered on his legs, looking more than usually wise. What would be his subject? Autonomy in Crete? the Peace negotiations? the Soudan advance? the Behring Sea imbroglio? There was a rumbling sound. Members thought the thunder had begun again. It was only premonition of movement of the hydraulic machinery whereby, in moments of intense emotion, the WEARISOME ONE draws his voice from remote recesses of his boots.

"Mr. LOWTHER," the voice said, in curdling tones, "I desire to call the attention of the Committee to a question affecting Scotch herrings."

In a moment the House threw off the sombre mood born of a sultry night. A peal of merry laughter broke forth. Before it had subsided PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure. The WEARISOME ONE, his herring and his string, were hustled off the pathway, along which public business moved with merrier pace.

Business done.—MR. WEIR draws a Scotch herring across the path, and what came of it.

Tuesday.—A nice frank way about LONDONDERRY. No difficulty when he speaks in knowing exactly what he wants. In Lords, to-night, Workmen's Compensation Bill down for second reading. BELPER understood to have moved that stage in the course of a private conversation with himself conducted with head drooping over bundle of manuscript on the table. WEMYSS had intended to move rejection. In deference to recommendation of Miners' Association, he magnanimously withheld his speech. This was LONDONDERRY'S opportunity. Seized it to run amuck at Bill, and thrust viciously at the meek figure standing behind it, which he alluded to as that of Mr. "CHAMBERLIN." Too much reason to fear he does not view DON JOSE and his works with the loyal satisfaction that becomes a leading Member of the Unionist Party. Almost pathetic to see him holding out trembling hands to the MARKISS, begging him to save sound Conservative principles from malign Radical influence.

A touch of genius was the creation of the one-armed miner. Having drawn painful picture of the ruined mine-owner, LONDONDERRY, with quick, unexpected movement, dragged in the one-armed man. Short and simple are his annals. With constitutional tendency to place himself in the way of compensation for accident, he lost an arm whilst engaged upon his daily avocation. A compassionate employer found work for him in the mines. But when a Bill, foisted upon a Conservative Cabinet by a former Radical, becomes part of the law of England, that one-armed labourer must go. No employer



Lord L-nd-nd-rry introduces his Marvellous One-armed Miner to the House of Lords.

harrassed by such legislation could afford to find work for a man whose early predisposition to get into the way of things resulted in disablement calculated to make him more than ever liable to accident.



THE TWO BOWLES'S—THE MAJOR AND THE "CAP'EN."

Tommy. "*Really*, Mr. Lowther, SIR! To call on a mere land-lubber like him before ME; and merely because he bears MY name! Really, SIR, well—shiver my timbers!!"

With only one arm and a large family he must be cast out.

Great literary geniuses have ere this made effective use of partial dismemberment. LOUIS STEVENSON knew how to make terrible the beat on the pavement of a wooden leg. An older master, CHARLES DICKENS, added a wooden leg to the pathos and effect of the reading of *Mr. Silas Wegg*. It is reserved for the Marquis of LONDONDERRY to lead into House of Lords a one-armed man, slowly walking him through the ranks of a tearful assembly. That anonymous one-armed man has struck a blow at the Workmen's Compensation Bill, under which it still reels.

Business done.—In spite of LONDONDERRY'S one-armed friend, Lords read a second time Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Friday.—A quiet night with Army Estimates in Committee of Supply. SARK finding time to scan outer sheet of *Times*, comes upon pretty line in marriage announcements. "FAREWELL—WINTER." Then follows prosaic announcement of how a Mr. FAREWELL has married a Miss WINTER. But these details cannot, for a poetic mind like SARK'S, spoil the matchless effect of the single line "*Farewell, Winter!*" Henceforth all is sweet spring, lush summer-time.

Never since poets began to sing has there been such a perfect epithalium. Of course SHAKSPEARE forestalled it, as he was before everything. The same idea, applied to other circumstances, is expressed in those lines said to be written in gold on an inner chamber at White Lodge, Richmond:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

That counts fifteen words. It may be all said in two. "*Farewell, Winter!*"

Business done.—Voted millions.

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Pass to the editorial rooms of all the leading London dailies and weeklies.

Free admission to the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum on a Students' Day.

And—as a unique distinction—right to travel in a railway compartment not overcrowded in any excursion-train started on a bank holiday.

A LAY OF THE G. P. O.

WE live in a whimsical age,
'Twixt you and myself and the *Post;*
'Tis the ways of the latter supply me with matter
For marvel—they have me on toast!

It constantly has me on toast
(Of course, it is only in play!)
Though its tricks are so num'rous, not the least hum'rous,
Is surely the theme of my lay.

The particular theme of my lay
Is what recently moved me to mirth,
In a place where they traffic in things telegraphic,
And wire to the ends of the earth.

'Twas not to the ends of the earth
That I wired, but to towns near at hand—
The rule of addresses, each one will confess is
The joke of St. Martin's-le-Grand!

I wired from St. Martin's-le-Grand
To New-Cross and Newcastle-on-Tyne;
Each address had a hyphen or two to enliven
Its look—'tis a habit of mine!

I laughed (an old habit of mine)
At the Postmaster-General's fun;—
While New-Cross amounted to *two* words, he counted
Newcastle-on-Tyne as but *one!*

This simple example 's but one
Of the freaks of the Post-Office sage,
Whose fancy created this system belated,
That lasts in our whimsical age!

THE N. P. BY PIGEON POST.

First Wing. Got well over the snow. Going strong. Can see a lot of bears in a sort of inland sea.

Second Wing. Still on the move. Came across the moon. A portion of it seems to be made of green cheese.

Third Wing. Balloon still on the move. Quite a fashionable watering-place within sight of the Pole. Ice baths splendid institution. Bathing so bracing.

Fourth Wing. French idea of North Pole quite right. It is a sort of dancing-garden—just like the place in Paris.

Fifth Wing. Just over the North Pole. The advertisers have been there. See distinctly an announcement about somebody's soap.

Sixth Wing. On the road home. Everything a great success. Please give to HARRY—who will apply for it—half-a-crown.

P.S.—*Extract from a private letter.* So, my dear old man, I sent off all the pigeons myself, and I only hope they will like them. Applications for half-crown so far unsuccessful.

DE ERRORE CORRIGENDO.—"Burges *v.* Bruges." In last week's issue, in mentioning the monument of Admiral BURGES, the name was spelt "Bruges," and on this false foundation a monumental joke was erected. Finding too late that "Burges" was the correct card, our monumentally-affected "Defendant in error" at once confessed and apologised, and Mr. Justice PUNCH, in his own Court of Uncommon Pleas, now quashes the writ.

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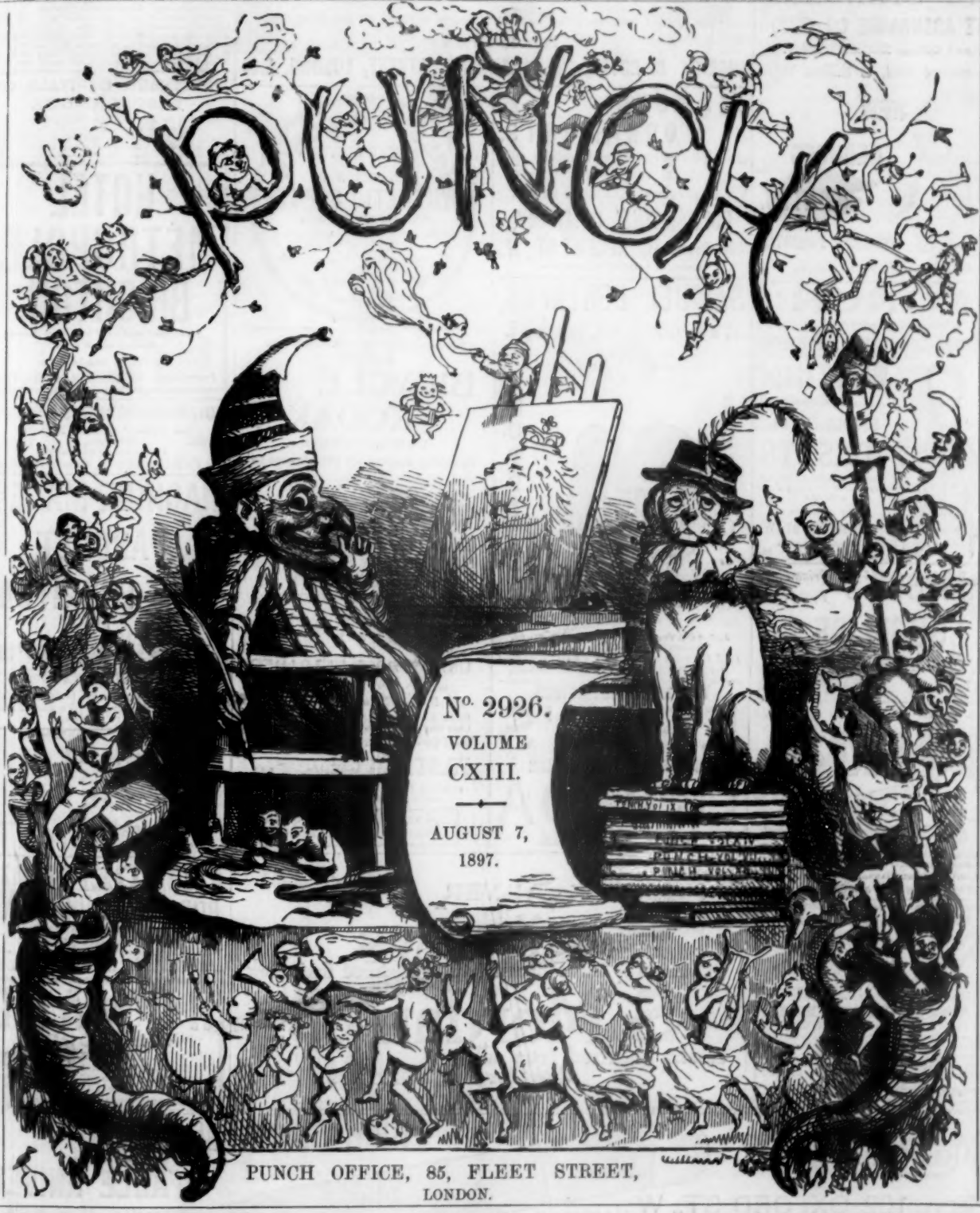
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ANXIETY OF MR. PUNCH LEST HIS MAJESTY, KING KHOULALONKORN, OF SIAM, SHOULD DESIRE TO PRESENT HIM WITH A "WHITE ELEPHANT."

TO H.R.H.

["The Prince of WALES is going to Marienbad for a course of the waters." *Pall Mall Gazette.*]

THIS joyous time, Sir, you have stood the test
Of never-ending trouble and turmoil,
You 've worked with ardour and unflagging zest
To make a real pleasure of your toil;
You 've made the show a genuine success,
You 've made us proud that you 're VICTORIA'S son,
By courtesy and tact and deft address
You 've made the Empire more than ever One!
You 've earned your holiday, and at Marienbad
May you refreshed be by its healing cure;
But at the 'Bad remember for your good the cad
That neither Prince nor peasant can endure!

OUR ARCHÆOLOGICAL OUTING.

London, July 28, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For real, downright giddiness you can't do better than take a day with the archæologists, and I therefore venture to give your readers the benefit of some experiences.

We started—a party of two, in company with other members of the Society—about ten o'clock yesterday morning, from the terminus of one of the Southern lines, and duly arrived, not more than a quarter of an hour late, at Six Elms, a pretty country town some twenty miles from London. Here we were met by some local fellow-workers and other enthusiasts who had flocked from all parts of the country, to the number of about three hundred. The first item of the programme was a paper by the rector on the Parish Church, whither we proceeded, in order to hear it read. The reverend gentleman, however, was unavoidably absent, and his dissertation was delivered from the pulpit, to the accompaniment of a thunderstorm, by a clerical substitute. The congregation—I mean audience—were much impressed by the novel way with which the preacher presented the architectural details of the address. He generally said "North" when he meant "South," and told us that the church was 175 feet long by 56 inches wide, and that the pulpit (meaning the gallery) ran all round the edifice, and altogether he kept us in a state of pleased and expectant attention. After learning that the pulpit had been captured from a neighbouring parish, "the dear rector having, with his own loving hands, scraped off the paint," we made for the "Sceptre Hotel."

Here we had a hasty stand-up lunch on sponge-cakes and similar etceteras, and then took our places in the eighteen breaks, which were drawn up in the High Street outside, waiting to take us to Six Elms Park, a distance of about a mile. We sat for an hour before the order to start was given, time apparently being no object with archæologists. When the parson in charge had found the last lost sheep, and counted us over for the fifteenth time, the signal was given by dog-whistle, and, like GALILEO'S world, we moved after all. The rustics stood, one-deep, wondering what sort of beanfeasters we were anyway, especially as we had no concertinas, and were forbidden to blow a horn. For fear of being too modern we pulled up at the slightest descent to apply the skids, which mostly refused to catch. However, we eventually reached the Tudor mansion without mishap, and a further wait occurred before we were admitted.

After we had been sufficiently reminded of our presumption in intruding, we were somewhat reluctantly let in through a wicket-gate by a prehistoric menial. Like a pit-door crowd, we streamed into the second court, where we stood in the sun, while a learned professor discoursed on the history of the place. Of this I remember nothing, except that some antiquarian was called the "Perambulator" of the county—a delightful designation which may be recommended to political organisations when they are tired present titles. Our jaws collectively fell when the announcement was made that we could only view the inside in parties of twenty-five, as the floors were *unsafe*. This was in spite of the county ball, which had been given there shortly before. The majority of us therefore waited another two hours in the back-yard and the garden while the first two or three parties were being taken through the three hundred odd rooms. Some, I regret to say, never saw the bedchamber at all where JAMES THE FIRST was to have slept but didn't, or the owner's peer's robes, or any of the other attractions. We had to content ourselves with a sight of the governess at tea. Then our personal conductor hurried us off to the country seat of the Society's noble President.

Arriving famished, an hour late, we hastily partook of his hospitality, and then skidded back to the "Sceptre." Here we had dinner, followed by loyal and local toasts, and much patting on the back. We wound up the evening in the Public Hall, where a lecture by an unconscious humourist was in progress, on "Palæolithic Kitchen Middens." Slide after slide of split bones, and what the lecturer termed ovall-headed flint implements, were exhibited on the screen, and were loudly cheered. Too much of this excitement after dinner might have been bad for the digestion, so we departed apologetically for the station, missing the final paper on "Old Six Elms." It was truly a day to be remembered. Not the least interesting of the antiques were the occupants of some of the carriages in the procession. Our van-load included three dreadfully proper young ladies, a married woman, who cooed forth platitudes to her husband in a drawling baby-voice, as if each word were worth a bank-note, four fat men, and a centenarian.

Yours dissipatedly, Z. Y. X.

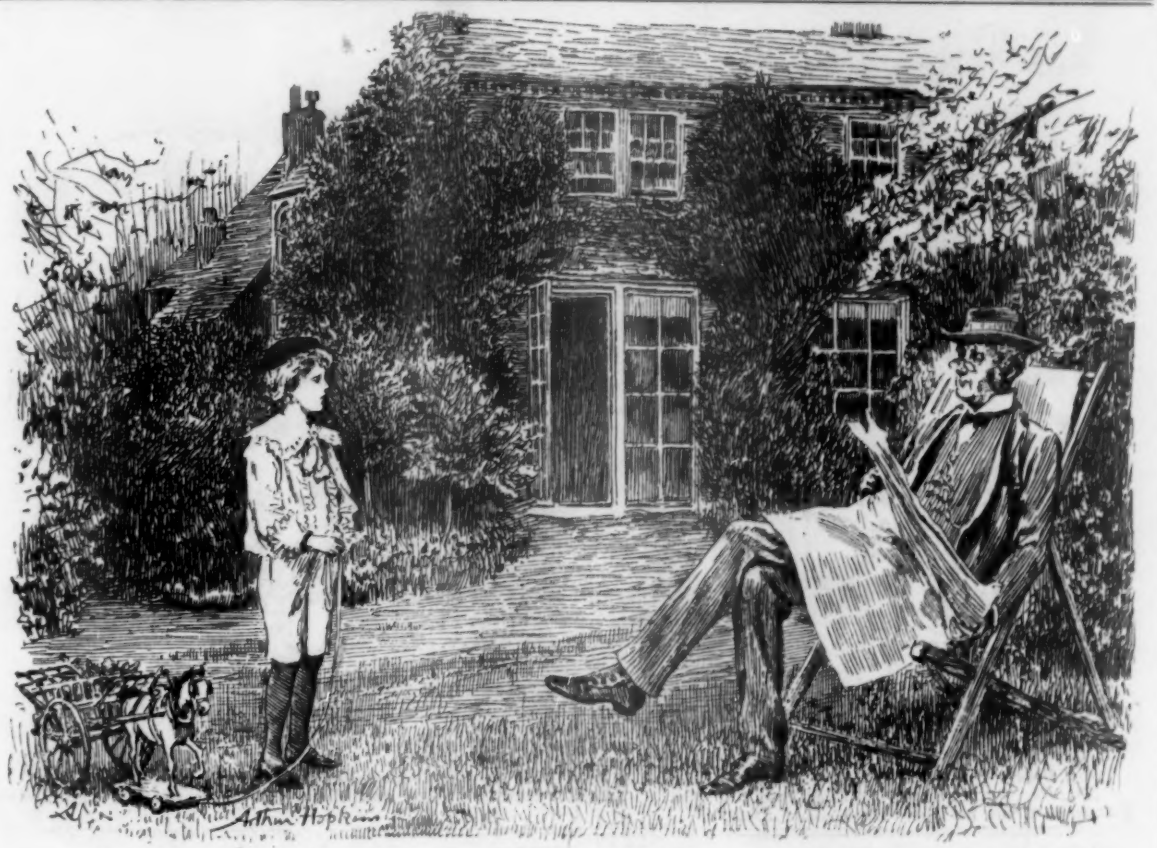


Some of the Antiques.



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INSINUATING.

Uncle Nicholas. "So your Aunt Mary gave you that nice Horse and Cart. Do all your Aunts make you such nice Presents?"

Freddy. "No; but then, you know, Aunt Mary is my Godmother." *Uncle Nicholas.* "Ah, I had forgotten that!"

Freddy. "And I am afraid you have forgotten that you are my Godfather!"

SHOPPING A CENTURY HENCE.

(A Sequel to the recent discoveries in British Columbia.)

Scene—*Stores of the period.* Assistant *discovered polishing fancy articles of yellow metal. To him enter* Customer.

Customer. Rather pretty, those knick-knacks.

Assistant. Yes, Sir, we have just received them by the Electric Waggon Post. They are becoming very popular.

Cust. Were they made in England?

Assist. No, Sir, in Canada. Nothing is made in England nowadays. Since the last strike the country can't stand the expense.

Cust. I see; and what are they made of? Tin, I suppose.

Assist. Well, no, Sir. They are cheap, and tin is expensive.

Cust. Then I suppose silver, or, rather, silver-gilt?

Assist. Well, no, Sir, we couldn't afford silver. For this sort of line we go in for the showy combined with the cheap.

Cust. How do you secure it?

Assist. By using the most plentiful metal in the world—gold.

Cust. I see. Well, I will have a shilling's worth. In the meanwhile, can you oblige me with change for an ounce of coal?

Assist. Certainly, Sir.

[*Opens cash-box and produces bank-notes.*

Our Irrepressible One writes to inquire whether many of the statements made by the disloyal Press of India may not be fitly described as "Brahmin Bulls."

Correct Definition of the Little Englanders.—The mites of a Mighty Imperial cheese.

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT.

Scene—*Editor's Sanctum.* Time—*The Eve of Publication.* Present—*Editor and Sub.*

Editor. Now, have we got in everything of importance?

Sub. I think so. The races are fully reported, including the betting at the post.

Ed. That's right. Pedigree of the winners given in every case?

Sub. Certainly; that is one of our strong points.

Ed. And the cricket—is that all right?

Sub. Quite. Careful analysis of the bowling, and four columns given to consideration of the Slogger's second innings.

Ed. Could not be better. Have we our usual amount of golf and polo?

Sub. Assuredly. Specials at Ranelagh and Wimbledon have reported fully.

Ed. Billiard match provided for?

Sub. Quite. Column and a half devoted to Bob's last break.

Ed. Well, is there anything else?

Sub (after consideration). No. I think not. Stay! We have some foreign intelligence, a report of the proceedings in Parliament, an account of the doings in the County Council, a long case in the Chancery Division, and a forecast of the harvest.

Ed. I see. Well, you could dispose of all that sort of thing in a ten-line paragraph! [*Scene closes in on the suggestion.*

At Scarborough.

Miss Araminta Dove. Why do they call this the Spa?

Mr. Rhino-Ceros. Oh! I believe the place was once devoted to boxing exhibitions. [Miss A. D. *as wise as ever.*



Mrs. Brown. "MIGHT I ASK HOW MUCH YOU GAVE THAT NIGGER?" *Mr. Brown (first day down).* "SIXPENCE."
Mrs. B. "OH, INDEED! PERHAPS, SIR, YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY HAVE LISTENED TO THOSE SAME NIGGERS FOR THE LAST TEN DAYS FOR A *PENNY!*"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE COFFEE CONCERTS OF LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—The stranger finds at London so many of parks, so many of gardens, so many of squares, that he would believe himself of aboard, *d'abord*, in the city the best arranged for to amuse himself in full air the evening. But no! *Partout* some parks, some gardens, but as *restaurant*, as coffee concert, there is but two—the Exhibition at Earl Court and the Imperial Institution.

One time I am gone to visit this last. What sad place! I march by some innumerable gallerys, filled of announces, and of time in time I demand, "Where finds himself the garden?" As that I arrive in fine to a court of the most lugubrious, absolutely that which you call the "backyard" of a house, surrounded of high walls, where I perceive a crowd of persons, very squeezed, essaying of to sit themselves on some chairs not enough numerous. At the middle a "band's stand," where Mister STRAUSS and his orchestra play some dances of a ravishing fashion. But what garden! A garden in brick, shut up, absolutely without air. And these amiable Londonians, who pay some taxes enough great for to maintain the magnificent Hide Park and the delicious Kensington Garden, at two steps from there, sit themselves all tranquilly in this "backyard" without to desire other thing!

One other time I am gone to Earl Court. A friend invites me to dine at the "Wellcome Club" in the garden of the Exhibition at eight of clock. That should to be very agreeable by a such heat. I put myself in habit, I mount in handsome cab, and I say to the coacher, "The Exhibition." "Erlskt," says he, "ouitchentrinss." I comprehend not, and therefore I say, "Earl Court." "Raïtcha, Maounsiah!" responds he, and we part.

After a course enormously long we arrive, I pay to him three shillings six pennys, and I enter by a narrow door. That astonishes me not, for I recall to myself the entry of the national Museum of South Kensington. He makes very hot and I march very far until to this that I arrive to a staircase. I find there an employed, and I say to him, "Is it that I shall arrive soon to the Exhibition?" "Nottir," responds to me he, "other side, stationir." *Sapristi!* He is already eight of clock, he must to retrace road, *rebrousser chemin*, immediately. I march very quick all the long of the corridor, I traverse the street, I pass a *tourniquet*, I go all right, *tout droit*, and I arrive to a lake. I see an employed. I demand to him, "It is here, the Wellcome Club?" He responds that no, and he explicates to me that I must to traverse the bridge at side. I traverse him. I encounter another employed. Him also indicates to me the road. I engage myself in a labyrinth of gallerys, I go to right and to left, and in fine I arrive to another bridge. *A la bonne heure, encore un pont!* Some bridges, some staircases, as Venise. I regard my watch; he is eight of clock and a quarter. He must to hasten the step. I traverse this new bridge and I arrive to the entry from where I am parted. *Que diable!*

Of new I demand by where he must to go, of new I traverse the bridge, and in fine I arrive to one other bridge still more long, entirely covered of reclaims, *réclames*. It is enormous, and at the end finds himself a staircase of the most steeps. I descend him with care, and, as I see not any employed, I go to left. I find myself in a species of tunnel, and I arrive to another entry. The employeds say to me that I must to return. *Sapristi, encore!* And at present he is eight of clock and half. By blue, he must to run!

At step of course I go out of the tunnel, I pass the staircase so steep, and I arrive to another "band's stand," surrounded of *cafés*. Ah, without any doubt it is here! I demand again. But no, not yet! Another staircase, another bridge! *Mon Dieu*, what of bridges! By a such heat, it is one can not more fatiguing. I mount the staircase very quick and I find myself in a bazaar, filled of world, where the air is still more hot. Impossible of to run. All slowly I advance, and I arrive to another staircase and to another garden. There I perceive the words, "Wellcome Club." In fine!

My friends are very, very amiable. They have attended three quarters of hour, but all of same they complain not themselves of it. I demand thousand pardons, and I express all my regrets. Then we dine, we are all very gay, there is some charming misses among the inviteds, and I pass an evening of the most agreeables. But I shall forget never the staircases and the bridges of Earl Court. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.



VIDE UT SUPRA.—'ARRY BY THE SEA.

COME FROM THE DOGS—A PROTEST.

My Dear Mr. Punch,—We all of us look upon you as our friend, and if our representative on your establishment used, in days gone by, to bite your nose, he now is entirely respectable. And if he did bite your nose in those distant times, it was not from malice, but only in the day's work, or, rather, play.

Well, my dear Sir, as our friend, we ask you to call the powers that be to attention. For the last two or three years we have been chivied and worried as if we had strayed on to the Derby course, and were taking, amidst hooting, a preliminary canter. We have been muzzled and unmuzzled, put under restrictions here, and left free there. Like the gentleman in the song, "We don't know where we are."

And now comes a crowning annoyance. If we leave England, to follow our people on the Continent, we are to be put in quarantine before we are permitted to return!

I see that some of our friends are declaring that at the next election they will turn the Ministry out if the Ministry don't get us in! Quite right! Love me, love my dog. They had better be warned in time or else there will be what I have the honour to sign myself, A Nice Bow-wow.

THE USE OF USURY.

(Supplementary Letters.)

Post-mark—St. James's.

Sir,—I think the money-lender should not only be prevented from taking more than three per cent. (on the model of the old interest for Consols) for his money, but should also be required to give substantial security to the borrower. If some such regulation as this were put in force I should not have to sign myself,

One in sad Need of a Paltry Fiver.

Post-mark—Boulogne.

Sir,—It is obvious that money-lenders should be forced to pay not only the principal but the interest of the money advanced. A person who requires cash, and applies to a usurer, is nearly always as innocent as a lamb, and quite unable to cope with the arts of the wily dealer. He requires the protection of the law. Why not make loans unrecoverable? That would simplify matters considerably. Yours truly, A Major in Retreat.

Post-mark—Mayfair.

Sir,—I have run through three fortunes, and for more than a quarter of a century have been a child of nature. How can I bother about the repayment of cash advanced? As my sire used to say, "Dem it!" Yours truly, Mantalini the Younger.

Post-mark—Regent's Park.

Sir,—I want money, and I am very frivolous. Well, when I want money, I will sign anything. Now, isn't it a shame that when I do get money I should be asked to repay it? It is most provoking! And I growl about it. Yes, I do! But, in spite of my frivolity, I have my head screwed on more or less the right way, and know what I am about. So when I am asked to repay money borrowed at thirty or forty per cent., I promise to create a rumpus, and after having a loan, am left alone. See the joke? They don't. Yours sincerely, Quite a Clever Little Thing.

Post-mark—Fleet Street.

Sir,—Of course usury is detestable, but those who borrow are not all saints, and consequently there may be something to be said on the other side. Yours sincerely, Common Sense.

THE VAC. AND ITS VACUUM.

Mr. Punch, Sir,—As the acknowledged organ of the legal profession, will you permit me to address you? I notice that the question of the duration of the Long Vacation recently attracted the attention of the solicitors. It seems to me that the initiative should have emanated from the Bar. And it is to mend this fault that I am writing to you.

I have thought the matter over very carefully, and have come to the conclusion that the proposed curtailment of the vacation would be of little service to the class I have the honour to represent. Taking myself as a type of a class, I can say that the premature commencement of the Term would have no appreciable effect upon my finances. I have read my fee-book (my admirable and excellent clerk, Portington, checking the entries), and for the last twenty years I find the average precisely the same. So by no means curtail the vacation on our account.

(Signed) A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court, July, 1897.



Pretty Cousin. "Bobby, how dare you? Give me a kiss!"
Bobby (unabashed). "Well, if you don't like it, you can give it me back again!"

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(*Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.*)

Harrogate.—His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Trans-Caucasia is taking the waters. He finds them slightly bitter. The Night Porter at the principal hotel is getting accustomed to being called up for whiskies and sodas.

Harwich.—This ever advancing port is greatly indebted to the Great Eastern Railway Company for the supply of fish which comes from Holland and Belgium. Last Friday one of the largest skates ever seen was captured by a local trawler. It is suggested that the bones of this magnificent fish should be made into a Diamond Jubilee comb.

Guernsey.—Weather magnificent. More tourists than sheep. Tobacco, brandy and whiskey under cost price. Militia-men in grand order.

Hastings.—If there be one place where the electric lighting arrangement has caught on, it is at this favoured spot in Sussex. It quite eclipses the sunshine elsewhere. Mr. William Lucas Shadwell is M.P. for the borough, but he is a diffident man at St. Stephen's. Mussels are now in first-rate condition. It is always well to remember that St. Leonard's is "on-Sea."

Newquay.—Most of our artist friends are back again painting Cornish lobsters with that accuracy which we imagined had expired with Leighton and Millais. The lizards in the adjacent fields are more plentiful than ever. Professor Gingertop, R.M.A., is staying at the chief hotel. He is collecting beetles for the next International Exhibition at the Imperial Institute.

Ilfracombe.—"Why languish in London, when a little run of 225 miles and a quarter from Waterloo will land you 'mid the foamy breezes of Ilfracombe?" Such was the query put by an American Doctor of Civil Law last night, and no one attempted to answer his question, while he picked his teeth with a fork. The sea-gulls are on the wing, and promise rare sport.

Lynton.—Never has the Valley of Rocks looked more pleasant. The celebrated line of railway from Lynmouth is in grand going condition, and the coaches to and from Barnstaple and Minehead have never been more crowded. As usual, we are saturated with *Lorna Doone*. She rivals Plymouth gin, and quite copes with such natural beauties as Watersmeet, Ragged Jack, and the Devil's Cheese Wring. Sir George Newnes going strong.

Lowestoft.—Some folk object to the breeze which crosses direct from Scandinavia across the North Sea, by others termed the German Ocean; but it must candidly be confessed that the mannikins and womanikins who paddle and make sand castles about this delightful beach return to Mayfair, Pimlico and Bloomsbury with less colour in their hat ribbons and more in their cheeks. A strong gale last week considerably disturbed one of our most prominent townsmen, whose name must be sacred. He was about to place a penny in the slot of a medium for supplying sweets, when an extraordinary bit of breeze wafted his bronze coin into the ocean. Shortly afterwards a grand halibut was captured by one of our fishermen, and in its intestines was found a token of precisely similar value. Bathing machines are in ready demand at the usual prices.

A STRANGE DECISION.

(*By Our Not-to-be-believed Interviewer.*)

Ignoring your instructions, I called upon the potentate, and asked him if it were true. He said it was.

"You see," he explained, "I am more or less a king in my own country."

"What, have power of life and death, and that sort of thing?"

"Well, yes; there or there about."

"And I suppose," I suggested, "when you go out for a walk, they turn out the guard, and fire a salute of guns?"

"Yes," he admitted; "that's the idea."

"And I suppose you can wear robes of diamonds instead of flannels."

"Quite so; in my own country I would have to exchange this flannel cap for a turban encrusted with precious stones."

"And yet, in spite of all this nuisance, you have determined, with your great position in the field, to give up the game?"

"Yes," he said; "I have."

He sobbed for some moments, and then wiped away his tears, and added, "But it's only for a time!!"

And when this last item became known, to adopt an Eastern phrase, the cricket ball of hope lowered the stumps of despair.

At Cowes!

Lady Miraflor (to American Lady). The Cowes air always does me such a deal of good!

American Lady. So it does me. It makes me quite *Royalist* to think that the Queen and I are imbibing the same atmosphere!



"STUMPS DRAWN."

S-L-SB-RY. "PHEW! . . . NOT A BAD INNINGS, JOE?"

CH-MB-RL-N. "GLAD YOU THINK SO! BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE BACKED ME UP BETTER AT THE FINISH!"



RESIGNATION.

He (Third-Class). "COME AWA'! D'YE NO SEE THAT 'S A FIRST-CLASS?"
She (ditto). "AWEEL, ON A BUSY DAY LIKE THIS, WE MAUN JUST PUT UP WI' *ONY ACCOMMODATION WE CAN GET!*"

CHANNEL CHATTER.

(As arranged by H.M. Customs for the Night Service.)

ALTHOUGH the journey from Paris to Calais was extremely tedious, a stormy night on the sea, such as one looming before us, is not suggestive of relief.

In spite of the rain and wind it is better to sit on the upper deck mid ships, in rear of the funnel.

It is a matter of congratulation that, thanks to the excellent fleet of the L. C. and D. R. the crossing is timed only to last eighty minutes.

It is fortunate that there is no one who can disturb us.

Thank you, but I am *not* in a mood for conversation.

You may be a Custom House officer, but I really am not in a position to give you my attention.

No, I have nothing to declare, save that I shall greatly appreciate your instant departure.

This is not the time to speak of spirits and cigars.

Take my hand baggage, and do what you please with it.

I am glad you have found nothing contraband and subject to duty, but if you had you might have thrown it overboard, and —if it becomes much rougher—me after it.

Yes, I have some registered luggage, but I cannot be worried at a moment such as this about it.

What! you wish to examine *that* on board?

It is impossible to discover my small Gladstone bag under that huge pile of baggage.

Yes; and if I did, my feelings would not allow me to assist at the examination.

You ask for my keys, but I cannot get them. How can I get at my pockets when every wave breaks over me?

It is disgraceful that the luggage is not examined on arrival.

It may not be your fault, but the Customs deserve the heartiest imprecations.

What! Have to wait until 11 A.M. at Victoria because I can't see to it at once! Disgraceful!

I shall miss my train to the Midlands, and be subjected to the greatest inconvenience. Oh, law! Oh, law! Cuss—the—Customs!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here are some of mine.

1. A discussion on the probability of reaching the North Pole by a Northern light railway.
2. Correspondence with regard to New Zealand mutton being conveyed to London by balloon post.
3. Political cartoons of Salisbury plain and Salisbury coloured.
4. Sketches by Mr. GL-DST-NE without the convenience of a post-card.
5. Descriptive article on President KR-G-R being drawn through the streets of Pretoria by Uitlanders attached to his new State coach.
6. Portraits of Mr. L-B-CH-RE, Mr. C-RTN-Y, and Hon. PH-L-P ST-NH-PE (with names affixed) exhibited at, say, the Tivoli Music Hall or Palace Theatre of Varieties.
7. Correct details of the Treaty between Spain and Japan.
8. Pictures *in camerâ* of the bathing costumes adopted by many virtuous ladies of England as compared with those worn by numerous vicious females of France.
9. The latest idea of the G-RM-N EMP-R-R, with possible developments.
10. How to cash a cheque on Bank Holiday.
11. A treatise on the best way of draining the Thames and converting it into a boulevard from London to Oxford. References to the water companies permitted.
12. The fair price to pay for a bed at Cowes, and the fair wage to give a boatman for sculling one half a mile.
13. How to meet Diamond Jubilee expenses?

I am, Your obedient servant,
Tiptop Club, N. REGINALD RATTLEBRAYNE.



Clerk. "RETURN?"
Pat. "PHWAT FOR 'UD OI BE WANTIN' A RETURRN TICKUT WHEN OI 'M HERE ALREADY?"

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

(*A Legend of the School Board, founded on fact.*)

THERE was great excitement. The Inspecting Official had discovered the imperfection. The Head of the Department was ready with an explanation.

"They had come undone."

"I see," said the Inspecting Official. "And now they are useless?"

An admission was made to that effect.

"Then they should be replaced," was the decisive rejoinder.

"It may take some time. It will be necessary to apply for others."

"Have you no forms?"

"Certainly. But the cost of the printing, the price of the postage, the time of weary waiting?"

"Are nought," was the prompt response. "You have your orders."

And then the Inspecting Official took his departure to perform his duties elsewhere.

And so the necessary application was made, and after a while—a rather long while—the new ones were received, and work was resumed with the former vigour.

But the matter was not to rest there. If there was one thing abhorrent to the Board, it was waste, and that this severed pair, useless in their present condition, should be left on the premises, perhaps to rust, perchance to be mislaid, was not to be tolerated for a moment. So the proper machinery was called to the assistance of the Board, and all went as merrily as a marriage bell.

After the others had been in use for some time, a waggon harnessed to a pair of horses appeared in front of the temporary resting-place of the discarded ones.

"Are they ready?"

Yes, they were; and without the assistance of a single supplementary porter the damaged articles were carried carefully into the waggon, the horses started off, and the equipage with its valuable burden disappeared.

Then there were congratulations all round, for every one connected with the Board considered that all had been done that should have been accomplished.

"But what has the fuss been about?" asked a ratepayer, who from the first had taken an interest in the complicated proceedings.

Then came the explanation. A pair of scissors having been discovered to be damaged, new ones had replaced them, and the original piece of cutlery had been returned into store.

SEX *VERSUS* SEX.

(*By a New Woman.*)

["At the present time a girl's education is effeminate, whereas it should be feminine."—*Dr. Clement Dukes on "Hygiene of Youth."*]

Good gracious! Our girls' education *effeminate?*
This makes it most hard to be clement to DUKES.
This is prejudice—sheer,—which is what all we women hate,
Just as, in games, we hate cheating and flukes.
Effeminate? Lawks! Look at togs and lawn-tennis!
At "bikes," and at fashions bifurcate in—bags!
How awfully jealous the judgment of men is!
In true up-to-dateness how slowly man lags!
What *is* effeminate? Mollyish? Mawkish?
The girl of the period, some years ago,
Was soft, sentimental, shy, blushful and squawkish;
But can DUKES imagine that *now* she is so?
To squeal at a mouse, or to flush at a flattery
Once was the "note" of a young English girl,
Now she fears not battle, banter, or battery,
Hunting-field cropper, or bicycle "purl."
Ingénues, all crumpled muslin and cackle,
LEECH had to picture; but girls of to-day
Calculus, cricket, or cleft-skirts will tackle,
Equally "manly" in dress, work or play.
Swift on the Wheel, or successful as Wrangler,
Woman fast stealeth a march on poor Man.
Woman *effeminate?* Many a dangler
Is left "in the cart" while she goes to the van.
Men *are* effeminate, now, but too often.
Soon, though, there 'll be small distinction of sex,
Unless women harden still more as men soften,
And *then* interposition the grumblers may vex.
Fancy how Mrs. LYNN LINTON will flutter,
How "OUIDA" will wail, how BUCHANAN will skirl;
When, owing to changes too awful to utter,
The true type of manhood is found—in a girl!

A WAITER'S PAY.—The cork-screw.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A young Yachtsman in difficulties responds to his Inamorata from Cowes.)

You ask me to sing of the Sea,
To tell of the joys of the Solent,
When I'm pestered with grim £ *s. d.*,
And the bills on which money Abe Mo lent.
A capital fellow, Abe Mo,
With a rare understanding for whiskey;
His percentage is—well, I don't know
If *I* 'd truckle with matters so risky.

Yet *he* does it—and so I've a yacht
(Abe Mo is the dear ducat finder),
But somehow I wish he would not
Ship a passenger known as a "Minder,"
For he 's one of those curses of trade,
When it comes to a matter of dealing,
Who are stubborn, and must be obeyed,
And don't reckon with friendship and feeling.

I'm the owner, and fly the burgee
Of a club with an Admiralty warrant;
But the "Minder" has eyes that can see
And a manner that 's grossly abhorrent.
He insists on his right to behave
In a way that is most democratic;
Why, the skipper he 'd treat as a slave
And a salt, who is far from the Attic!

But the skipper is one of the sort
That perk up at a land-lubber's bawling,
And whether it 's "starboard" or "port,"
He can weather the breeze without "hauling."
You will laugh at this pitiful tale
Of a pitiful picnic at sea, dear,
But I 'd rather be struck by a gale
Than have Abe Mo's "Minder" with me, dear.

There must come an end to endurance,
A finish to bluster and bluff,
And even a "Minder's" assurance
Isn't proof against waves that are rough.
Of course, I was simply a fool
To attempt to look big to the many,
And the "Minder" 's but one of the school
Who at Cowes *make a pound for a penny!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 26.—"Yes," Sark whispered, looking across at Courtney, clothed in indignation and a buff waistcoat, bemoaning the shortcomings of the South Africa Committee, lamenting that Squire of Malwood should have overlooked main point of attack, protesting his unreserved belief in Don Jose's innocence, but warning him of the possible consequences of doing it again; "yes, I believe in the transmigration of souls. Diogenes has been dead these two thousand years and more. But he lives in London to-day, dwells in Chelsea instead of a tub, and in place of a coarse cloak, sometimes indulges in the luxury of a blue coat with brass buttons. On the whole, he 's not more acceptable to easy-going brother to-day than he was in Athens of old. He has a way of telling inconvenient truths at unwelcome moments, and does not make the lesson more palatable by courtly phrase or grace of manner."

Diogenes Courtney truly in fine form to-night. Worst of him from some points of view is, that he goes straight to heart of question, tears off tinsel of sophism, tawdry dress of sentiment, leaves the facts naked, and some one ashamed. The long-pending attack on South Africa Committee in full cry. Why didn't they insist on production of cables withheld by Hawksley? (*a*) Because there was nothing in them. (*b*) Because there was not time to pursue inquiry and report this Session. (*c*) Because it was not Hawksley, but Cecil Rhodes, who ought to have been proceeded against. (*d*) Because Cecil Rhodes was in South Africa. (*e*) Because—because they didn't.

Don Jose magnificent as usual when his back is to the wall. "He 's like the walrus as described by the French poet," said Cawmell-Bannerman, looking across the table admiringly:

> "Cet animal est très-méchant;
> Quand on l'attaque il se défend."

Squire of Malwood grandly, pathetically reproving. "I hope at least," he said, with Cardinal-Wolsey-come-to-lay-my-bones-among-you voice and mien, "I shall not live to see the day when the House of Commons is prepared to declare by a majority that it does not trust the word of its statesmen, and that it has no reliance or confidence in the good faith of its Committees."

Diogenes smote this glittering bubble with his staff. "There is," he thundered, "no question of the honour of the Committee, but of their wisdom."

It was well Diogenes had so safe a place as his tub for retreat after this speech. Otherwise Don Jose would have shrivelled him up with bitter rejoinder. Even canny Cawmell-Bannerman girded at the philosopher, whilst the Ministerialists amongst whom he sat shouted themselves hoarse in angered reproof.

"You remember," said Sark, "what Diogenes said when, uninvited, he looked in to lunch with Antisthenes, and that grave philosopher so far forgot himself as to fetch him a wonner with his stick? 'Strike me, Antisthenes,' remarked the then young man, 'but never shall you find a stick hard enough to drive me from your presence whilst there is anything to be learned, any information to be gained, from my conversation and acquaintance.'"

"Excuse me," I said, "but if I remember the quotation right, it runs, 'any information to be gained from *your* conversation and acquaintance.'"

"Quite so," said Sark. "But you are thinking of Diogenes of Sinope. I have in my mind Diogenes of Bodmin."



"Diogenes Courtney."

Business done.—House decides by 304 votes against 77 that the South Africa Committee could do no wrong.

Tuesday.—Comfort of Caldwell to an overworked Minister is incalculable. To-night question suddenly sprung upon Prince Arthur as to order of precedence of Scotch Bills. As Leader of House he, of course, ought to have known all about it. Frankly admitted he didn't; looked round hurriedly for Lord Advocate. Graham Murray not in his place. Has of late sat up through some fearful nights with Scotch Public Health Bill. Said to be at this moment in bed in darkened room, with damp sheet of amendments to Bill bound round his aching brow. In his temporary absence Prince Arthur obliged to admit he knew nothing of the matter.

"I know I ought to have made myself acquainted with it," he timidly observed, "but I confess I have not."

Cameron suggested that Public Health Bill should be taken first. Prince Arthur, fancying he had heard mention of such a measure, bowed acquiescence. Buchanan agreeing, he felt the ground grow firmer under his tottering legs. Then it was Caldwell came to aid of belated Leader.

"I believe the Public Health Bill will be taken first," he said, nodding, with reassuring friendliness, towards stricken Leader of the House. That, Prince Arthur gratefully remarked, left nothing more to be said.

Beyond the gratification of the moment, stretched the desire for permanence of the system. Why should Ministers be worried with questions of the order of business? They crop up every night, particularly at this period of the Session. They lead to bickering and the parting of friends. Why not leave it all to the Conversational Caldwell. The promptness, the ease, the authority with which he settled the knotty question suddenly presenting itself to-night promises the dawn of Elysium when the whole arrangement of Government business shall be left to him. As Ovid somewhere represents Caldwell saying, with the pleasant accent of the Scotch Lowlands,

"Me duce, damnosas, homines, compescite curas."

Business done.—Navy estimates. Jokim, envious of Jubilee generosity of the Cape, proposes to present his sovereign with a new yacht at the cost of a quarter of a million sterling. Taxpayers will, of course, find the money. But that (to Jokim) a trifling consideration.

Thursday.—Whips' rooms swiftly emptied on startling news going round that Tom Ellis was up. No reason why a Whip shouldn't take part in debate. He is a



Buttresses of the Church!

"A very able family Triumvirate."
Sir W. H-re-rt, July 29.

representative of the people like the rest of us. As Shakspeare pointedly puts it, Hath not a Whip eyes? Hath not a Whip tongue, ears, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Wherefore, then, should a Whip not join in debate? He may; but as a rule he doesn't. So the incursion of Tom Ellis, M.A., in debate on Education question stirred the sluggish current of



Fighting Capacity!

A Battleship and two Cruisers. Mr. G-sb-n, Mr. M-c-rtn-y, Mr. A. Ch-mb-rl-n.

what Prince Arthur, following the Squire of Malwood in discussion, pointedly alluded to as "a hot night."

Walrond and Anstruther, rare visitants to Treasury Bench, sat huddled together at Gangway end in amaze. It wasn't one of your snippetty speeches in Committee. Rather it was a well-informed, clearly thought out, forcibly argued, admirably delivered, denunciation of the Bishops and all their works in relation to education. Once Tomlinson, thinking that, whilst a Whip was omnipotent in the Lobby, he was of no account in the House, interposed a contradiction. Before Member for Preston quite knew where he was, he was prone on his back, and kicked aside so that he might not impede progress. All done in a minute. No one more astonished than Tomlinson.

"This won't do, you know," said Walrond, gloomily regarding the Opposition Whip. "These fellows mustn't have it all their own way. Tell you what, Bob: instead of going up to Scotland for the 12th, you must go into training: come out next Session as a first-class debater; take all the shine out of Tom Ellis. What do you think?"

"It would be very nice," said Anstruther, successfully repressing enthusiasm at the prospect. "But don't you think that degree has something to do with it? You know he sneaked off up to Oxford the other Saturday, and took his M.A."

"Very well, Bob," said the Ministerial Whip to his esteemed junior, "you shall do the same. We're not going to be beat for a trifle like that. So just arrange it."

Business done.—Oyster divided between Elementary Schools. Voluntary Schools get the oyster (£619,000); Board Schools the shell (£91,000).

Friday.—Best thing about Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill is Wallace's speech in moving rejection on third reading. Almost boisterously humorous, with some flashes of wit, and much solid argument.

"And to think," Sark says, "that at one time Wallace wanted to get an appointment as a coroner! He wouldn't be safe in such a position. Any corpse in which remained the slightest sense of humour would be sure to get up and laugh as he charged the jury. And that, you know, would never do."

House grateful to Member who in these closing days of long Session can keep up his spirits. But outburst had no effect on fortunes of Bill. House listened, laughed, and, by majority of more than two to one, read the Bill a third time.

Business done.—Everything the Government put forward.

THE LAY OF THE GREAT AUK'S EGG.

[A slightly cracked specimen was sold, on July 27, to Mr. Middlebrook for 160 guineas—"a ridiculous price for such an egg as this," as the auctioneer observed.]

Oh! talk not to me of Klondyke,
Coolgardie, Peru, or the Rand;
As investments they're failures alike,
Compared with the latest to hand!

But give me the egg of the auk,
The great auk—I ask for no more;
When it's cracked, they can fill it with chalk
Till it fetches its weight in gold ore.

There are only just threescore and ten
Of such eggs in existence to-day,
And no longer a live specimen
Of the fowl any further to lay!

Each egg has a long pedigree
Drawn up from the date of its birth;
They'll be smashed, till at last there will be
But one on the face of the earth.

Ah! then, if that egg were but mine,
My treasure at once I would float
In the City—the chance would be fine
An unlimited boom to promote!

I would turn myself into a Trust
With a Board and the rest of the Tribe;
The market we'd nicely adjust,
While the public would rush to subscribe.

The world, I am sure, would take shares
In my single and marvellous egg;
I'd buy up the arch-millionaires,
And reduce them to work or to beg!

Alas! it is merely a dream—
For I haven't the guineas to spend
At these auk-tions (ahem!), and my scheme,
With my Lay of the Egg, 's at an end!

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.



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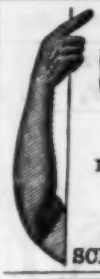
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A SAD FACT.

Impudent Choir-boy (to our Vicar, who is "teaching himself"). "HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON!"

ON THE RIVER.

(*Page from the Diary of a Sweet Girl Clubbist.*)

Monday.—Very pleased I have been chosen for the boat. So glad to have been taken before AMY and BLANCHE. I am sure I shall look better than either of them. They needn't have been so disagreeable about it. AMY asking for her racquet back, and BLANCHE refusing to lend me her cloak with the feather trimmings. FANNY should make a first-rate stroke, and KATE a model coach.

Tuesday.—We were to have practice to-day, but postponed it to decide on our colours. Blouses are to be left optional, but we are all to wear the same caps. We had a terrible fight over it. FANNY, ROSE and I are blonde, so naturally we want light blue. HENRIETTA is a brunette, and (selfish thing!) stood out for yellow! However, we settled it amicably at last by choosing—as a compromise—pink. Then I made a capital suggestion, which pleased everybody immensely. Instead of caps we are to wear picture-hats.

Wednesday.—Went out in our boat for the first time. Such a fight for places! I managed to secure bow, which is the long way the best seat, as you lead the procession. Everybody sees you first, and it is most important that the crew should create a good impression. HENRIETTA wanted the position, and said that her brother had told her that the lightest girl should always be bow. I replied "quite right, and as I had lighter hair than hers, and my eyes were blue and hers brown, of course it should be me." FANNY and ROSE agreed with me, and KATE (who was annoyed at not being consulted enough) placed her five. HENRIETTA was in such a rage!

Thursday.—We are in training! Think it rather nonsense. Why should we give up *meringues* and sponge-cakes? And as to cigarettes, that isn't really a privation, as none of us really like them. A mile's run isn't bad, but it wears out one's shoes terribly. KATE wanted us all to drink stout, but we refused. We have compromised it by taking *fleur d'orange* mixed with soda-water instead. The Turkish bath is rather long, but you can read a novel after the douche. Take it altogether, perhaps training is rather fun. Still, I think it, as I have already said, nonsense, especially in regard to sponge-cakes and *meringues*.

Friday.—Spent the whole of the morning in practising starts. Everybody disagreeable—KATE absolutely rude. Fancy wanting me to put down my parasol! And then HENRIETTA (spiteful creature!) declaring that I didn't keep my eye on the steering (we have lost our coxswain—had to pay a visit to some people in the country) because I *would* look at the people on the banks! And KATE backing her up! I was very angry indeed. So I didn't come to practice in the afternoon, saying I had a bad headache, and went instead to FLORA's five o'clock tea.

Saturday.—The day of the race! Everybody in great spirits, and looking their best. Even HENRIETTA was nice. Our picture-hats were perfectly beautiful. FANNY came out with additional feathers, which wasn't quite fair. But she said, as she was "stroke" she ought to be different from the rest. And as it was too late to have the hat altered we submitted. We started, and got on beautifully. I saw lots of people I knew on the towing-path, and waved to them. And just because I dropped hold of my oar as we got within ten yards of the winning-post they all said it was *my* fault we lost! Who ever heard the like? The crew are a spiteful set of ugly frumps, and on my solemn word I won't row any more! Yes, it's no use asking me, as I say I won't, and I will stick to it. There!

CONSTANTINOPLE WITH A "NO" AND A "YES."

(*Pages from a Turkish Diary—last week's date.*)

Monday.—Received a suggestion that the frontier should be fixed as arranged by the military experts. The ambassadors most desirous that I should consent to the arrangement. Plans capitally executed, and descriptive matter very good indeed. Most delighted to look over it. Understand I am expected to give a reply. Certainly, most reasonable. Only too pleased. Would do so at once, but unfortunately promised to inspect a set of ivory chessmen, so must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Tuesday.—Pressing invitation from the ambassadors to settle up. Certainly, only too pleased. Have again inspected plans and letterpress. Most interesting. Quite like a second reading. Very reasonable to ask for my decision. And the invitation polite in every respect. Would certainly decide at once, but, unluckily, promised to take a boat on the Bosphorus. Friend of mine desires to see the sun shining on the water. Don't like to disappoint him. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Wednesday.—The ambassadors still urgent. They must have very little to do to make such a fuss about a trifle. However, from their point of view they are right. And I am so willing to oblige them. Only too rejoiced to oblige anyone, especially the ambassadors. Would do it at once, but, to tell the truth, fancy I arranged to see someone or other. So cannot be rude. Must attend to him or her as the case may be. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Thursday.—The ambassadors are becoming quite an institution. Still anxious about their maps and plans. Had a good look at them. So very nicely done. And so easily understood. Of course, glad to oblige representatives of fellow sovereigns. Would write at once, but rather an inclination to a headache. Never can attend to business when this happens. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Friday.—As I expected, another communication from the ambassadors. They are distinctly pushing. Still, they are right. Of course, it would be better if we could arrive at a settlement. And everything so simple. Maps and letterpress as clear as crystal. Admirable scheme. Nothing objectionable. Would certainly agree to it if I had not a prior engagement. Truth to tell, I have got a toothache—or, rather, what may become a toothache if I am not careful. So must postpone the frontier matter to another occasion.

Saturday.—Customary call of the ambassadors. Actually saw them this time. Most delightful people, every one of them. Seized the opportunity of their visit to offer them orders in brilliants. Fully discussed the scheme. Most reasonable. Most excellent! Would certainly have settled it on the spot had I not remembered I had an important fixture. Must have my hair cut.

Sunday.—Change of front. Had a most amusing game for the last three weeks or a month. Foreign papers always talking of "to-morrow." Well, all will be ready by "to-morrow"—when "to-morrow" comes. In the meanwhile, settled everything, or nearly. With the emphasis on the *nearly!*

THE REAL DIFFICULTY OVER THE BEHRING SEA BUSINESS.—The Seals of Office.

THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.—"A penny a box."



THE END OF IT!

German Emperor (to poor Greece). "HAND OVER ALL YOU 'VE GOT, AND WE 'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN FOR YOU!"



Customer. "Pity you didn't 'ave another Apple, ain't it?"
Landlady (*whose Cider is not of the strongest*). "What d'ye mean?"
Customer. "Well, you *might* 'a made another Barrel."

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

The Sunday at London.

Dear Mister,—See there that which is absolutely the black beast of the stranger in an hotel of London! However, I find that the sunday is not so terrible if one knows the *Ropes*, as one says in english. I ignore the origin of this saying, but I suppose that this is the name of some family, and that this wishes to say that he must to have some friends. Even the sunday at London is supportable when one has some acquaintances in the town. By blue, the stranger must not to walk himself in the Fleet Street or in the Strand Street! There in effect one sees but a town of closed magazines of same in the "Westend." At the month of may he must to go to the Hide Park, where the beautiful misses and the very correct misters walk themselves under the trees.

But in summer, when he makes hot, he must to quit the great town the sunday. See there the occasion of to accompany the family Rope on the Thames. Not at London, ah but no! Nor in descending the river towards Southend or Gravend. He must to go in amount, *en amont*, to make a walk in boat at Coockham, at Maidenhed, or at Henly. There what charming places for to make "*un pique-nique*," french word that one may to translate in english, a repast in full air at the country—in italian, *una merenda al fresco*. In verity at London at the month of july one desires much to repose himself at the fresh, *au frais*. And on the Thames the invited stranger finds that which is most agreeable in summer, *eau fraîche au frais aux frais de—de la famille* Rope, *par exemple*.

In effect a sojourn at the border of the Thames costs enough dear. The millionnaire sole can to possess a palace and a park. For those who are less rich, there is all sorts of houses, the house of country, the cottage, and the "bungallo." Also, floating on the river, the boat-house. Others, who inhabit London, have but a boat of agreement, *bateau d'agrément*—a canoe, *canot*, by example—and amuse themselves to pass some hours therein the sunday.

One sunday of the last month me I am gone as that with some friends. I traverse the streets all desert and I arrive to the station of Paddingtown about ten of clock twenty. What of world! *Partout* some misses in clear robes, *robes claires*, and some misters, each one dressed of one trouser of flannel, *vêtu d'un pantalon de flanelle*. *Partout* some hats of straw; not one sole hat high of form. And this at London the sunday!

My friends and me we go to the station of Burn End. It is a name enough interesting. I have heard to speak of the ancient legend of to put the fire to the Thames. Evidently it is here that the incendy of the river is finished, at Burn End. But, though the name is ancient, the village is all beating new, *tout battant neuf*—some little modern houses at the middle of some lands to sell. What drolls of little houses! From the station we go direct at, *chez*, the boater to seek the canoe of my friends. We are six. The two English love much the exercises of the body and are great *amateurs du canotage*. Me by this great heat I repose myself of preference. Thus, the canoe being ready, we embark ourselves all the six, my two male friends putting themselves to row with great vigour, the three ladys sitting themselves, and me reposing myself at the stern. I am a little incommoded by the *paniers du pique-nique*, but I think not to it when we are in road, the air being so fresh, the sky almost blue, and my friends so gay, so amiable. As that we go to some distance at the beyond of Marlow and in fine we arrest ourselves for the lunch.

We eat at our ease at the shelter of the foliage, and after that the men smoke. By pleasantery I offer a cigarette to one of the ladys. *Sapristi*, she accepts her! An english miss who smokes a cigarette even at the country! More late I find that she is "new-woman," young enthusiast of the "*mouvement féministe*" in England. *Tiens, c'est drôle!*

Then we descend the river. The canoe of my friends is also a boat to sails; as they that serve themselves of the wind of the west, and we make a walk to the sail of the most agreeables just to Coockham. After the "fivocklock" we remount the river, and in fine we render ourselves to London, very content of a *pique-nique* truly charming.

Agree, my dear Mister, with my considerations the most distinguished,

Auguste.

Those who don't know Write from Wrong.—Certain native Indian editors.



Big Scotchman. "Confound these Midges!"
Little Cockney. "Why, they 'aven't touched Me!"
Big Scotchman. "Maybe they havena noticed ye yet!"

A FINAL FAREWELL.

(Personal to the Last.

He was distinctly alone. The streets were empty, the country depopulated. There was not a sign of living being on sea or land beneath the sky. There were records, though, of the race that had disappeared.

"Yes," said the man, taking up a few magazines and glancing at their contents. "Here are the customary articles. An illustrated interview—and another, and another! Nothing but illustrated interviews! I am weary of them!"

And he threw down the pile of ephemeral literature with a gesture of distaste.

But the idea haunted him. It made him search the more diligently for the missing man. He was to be his companion, his friend, his benefactor. But no, the quest was made in vain. He was gone from the towns, the trains, the seaside, the continent. There was no trace of his presence anywhere.

"But it must be done," murmured the survivor. "Ah! I have an idea!"

And then he procured pens, ink and paper, and set to work. He wrote for a long time, rising now and again to take pot-shots at his surroundings with his pocket camera. At length his task was accomplished.

"I am in the fashion," he exclaimed, with pride. "My life is at length revealed. I have fallen back upon autobiography."

And the author glanced at his MS. approvingly. It bore the title, "The Last Man on this World, by Himself—an Illustrated Interview."

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A Dialogue Story in Seven Parts.

PART I.

Scene—*The garden at "Sunny Bank," Trimbledon, the residence of* Miss Camilla Lyde, *author of "Fettered to a Fool," "In the Sight of Heaven," and other popular novels.* Miss Lyde *(age about thirty-five, tall, handsome, with a somewhat high-strung and sensitive expression) is in a wicker-chair on the lawn, engaged in answering a reply-telegram which her parlour-maid,* Kezia Stilwell, *has just brought out. Her niece,* Nora Vyvian, *an exceedingly pretty girl of about twenty-four, is seated near.*

Miss Lyde (as she writes). I suppose I ought to ask him to lunch. (*Handing reply-form to* Kezia, *a pale, sandy-haired girl, who has been waiting in dignified abstraction.*) There, Kezia, just see if you can make it out.

Kezia. It 's perfectly legible, Miss. (*Reading aloud.*) "Bowater, Lebanon Lodge, Starbiton. Yes. Delighted to see you; but do come to lunch at two, if possible. Lyde."

Miss Lyde. Make the telegraph-boy read it, too. And, Kezia, get out my bicycle, please, I shall want it directly.

Kezia. If you were thinking of going to Fitcham, Miss, I went over before breakfast myself, and there was nothing for you.

Miss Lyde. There may be an answer by midday; at all events, I can go over and see.

Kezia. I could easily go again, Miss, and save you the trouble. And I could tell the post-office people to forward anything that came.

Miss Lyde. I thought I told you I didn't wish that done. And I can't spare you this morning. I shall go to Fitcham myself.

Kezia. Oh, very good, Miss.

[*She departs, with an expression of lofty displeasure.*

Miss Vyvian. You spoil that girl, Camilla. Her head 's completely turned ever since you 've allowed her to disport herself on your bicycle. She has actually gone off in the sulks because you preferred to ride it yourself, for once!

Camilla. You don't understand Kezia, my dear Nora. She is most willing to make herself useful, and it 's an advantage to have a maid who can bicycle. I rather wish Mr. Bowater hadn't asked himself here to-day. I wonder why he was so anxious to make sure of finding me at home. I told him I couldn't promise to let him have my next novel at present. He really might have a little more patience!

Nora. I fancy he wants you to promise him something more important still. Ah, Camilla, don't pretend not to understand. You *must* have noticed!

Camilla (with a slight flush). I *have* sometimes fancied—— But I hope it isn't *that* that brings him here to-day.

Nora. But if it should be—— You don't dislike him, Camilla?

Camilla. No; but as yet I don't feel that we have enough in common to—— You know my views about marriage, Nora. No artist, above all, no *literary* artist, should marry anyone who is not in entire sympathy with his or her Art. I am perfectly certain that I should be a miserable woman if I married a man who had no genuine appreciation of my work.

Nora. If Mr. Bowater didn't appreciate your work, he wouldn't be so eager to publish your next novel.

Camilla. It doesn't follow. He might, for all I can tell, be merely anxious to please me.

Nora. But wouldn't that show how deeply devoted he was to you?

Camilla. I shouldn't care for a devotion which showed itself in deceiving me. Besides, I should learn the truth sooner or later, and then it would be all the worse. No, before I could ever bring myself to think of Jason Bowater as—in that way, he must convince me that he values my work for its own sake, that it appeals to his intellect, and satisfies his taste.

Nora. But, my dear Camilla, if you 're determined not to believe a word he says, I don't quite see how he is going to convince you.

Camilla. There is a way by which he might—— I wonder if I can trust you, Nora?

Nora (hurt). Camilla! Don't you know by this time that I 'm an absolute *well?*

Camilla. I will trust you. You remember my telling you that I had finished a novel and sent it to be typed some time ago?

Nora. The one you wrote while I was away. I forget what you said it was called.

Camilla. Stolen Sweets. You must read it when I get the proofs. I really think it is far the best work I have ever done. Well, I sent it to Mr. Bowater with a note to say that the

author preferred to remain anonymous for the present, and requesting that any communications might be addressed to M.N., the Post Office, Fitcham.

Nora. So *that*'s why KEZIA has been making these mysterious expeditions to Fitcham!

Camilla. KEZIA is very goodnatured about it. She *likes* going. You see, I was compelled to take her into confidence, to some extent.

Nora. I don't think I should have done that. *Why* were you?

Camilla. Because, as Mr. BOWATER knows my handwriting, I had to get somebody to write the letter for me, and you were away—so I dictated it to KEZIA. She writes a really excellent hand, and is altogether unusually well-educated for her station in life.

Nora. But there was the novel itself. Oh, but of course, you had that type-written!

Camilla. Yes, that would tell him nothing. And I gave the address at the Post Office, Fitcham, instead of Trimbledon, as a further precaution.

Nora. Well, provided KEZIA holds her tongue about it——

Camilla. Of course, I didn't let her know that it was *my* story I was sending. I—I gave her to understand that I was acting on behalf of a friend, and that I couldn't write myself that day because my hand was too stiff.

Nora. She must have thought so much mystery a little odd, to say the least of it.

Camilla. Oh, KEZIA has the vaguest notions of how such things are managed. She evidently supposed it was the ordinary way of addressing a publisher. And besides, it's of no consequence *what* she thinks.

Nora. No, I suppose not. And so far, then, there's been no answer from Mr. BOWATER.

Camilla. Not a line. And that makes it so very awkward his coming here to-day. Because, you see, whether it's the novel he wishes to see me about or—or something else, I can't possibly decide yet. Unless, of course, there's a letter for me at Fitcham. I shall just have time to bicycle over and ask. You don't feel inclined to come too?

Nora. It's so hot. I think I'll stay where I am, thanks. But tell me, suppose you find a letter saying that *Stolen Sweets* is simply the most extraordinary work of genius Mr. BOWATER has ever read (as I'm sure it is!), what will you do then?

Camilla. I shall know that I have found my ideal—publisher.

Nora. Only that, CAMILLA?

Camilla. Anything more will depend upon—circumstances. I don't even know yet whether Mr. BOWATER will stand such a test at all.

Nora. I'm sure he will if he reads the manuscript. He prides himself on his success in discovering unknown geniuses.

Camilla. I know he makes a point of reading everything that is sent him. (*Rising.*) Well, we shall see. By the bye, NORA did I tell you I asked GERALD ALABASTER to come in to lunch to-day if he can get away from the Treasury in time?

Nora. Oh, CAMILLA. He's *always* here!

Camilla. He hasn't been here for more than a week. I thought you'd be pleased. You're such old friends, and he's devoted to you—though you *do* snub him so unmercifully.

Nora. Oh, that's good for him, he's much too conceited. But GERALD isn't a bad sort of boy in his way, and I daresay I can manage to put up with him for one afternoon.

Camilla. Poor GERALD! . . . . Well, I must be off, my dear, if I am to get to Fitcham this morning. [*She leaves the garden.*

Nora (*alone, to herself*). I wonder whether CAMILLA really—— But I'm afraid she cares a great deal more about her work than for poor Mr. BOWATER. It is a pity, for he's such a dear, and it would be such a good thing for both of them. . . . If she had been *quite* indifferent, though, I suppose she would hardly have taken the trouble to test him like this, and yet—CAMILLA never does things like anybody else. . . . But I really believe he has a chance, if only he doesn't—— CAMILLA would never, never forgive *that*. . . . However, it isn't very likely; CAMILLA's books are so clever, and she thinks herself that this is her very best. Mr. BOWATER can't help recognising how good it is, and then—oh, it's sure to come right.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Mrs. Griddleton. What are those square things, coachman, you put over the poor horse's eyes?

Driver. Blinkers, Ma'am.

Mrs. G. Why do you put them on, coachman?

Driver. To prevent the 'orse from blinking, Ma'am.

[*Inquiry closed*

FIE!

(*A Holiday Shock.*)

PRAY, why are you reading, studious maid,
This sultry noon in a woodland glade,
A print of decided crimson shade?

It isn't the *Sporting Times*, I think
(From such a male paper perhaps you'd shrink),
And the *Sun* and the *Globe* are not so pink.



Since ev'rything comes to him who 'll wait,
I'll not intrude, for I hesitate
To disturb a wood-nymph so up-to-date!

All the same, it whets my interest
To discover what journal you read with zest—
Whoever's the Editor's highly blest.

It has pictures (I see them well from here)
Of murder and burglary, all too clear,
And scenes from very low life, I fear.

Ah, here is the chance my doubts to ease!
Borne hither upon the fav'ring breeze
Is the blush-red sheet that I haste to seize.

Good-bye! Excuse me, I've got the blues
To think that in weather like this you choose
To peruse the gruesome *Police Court News!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Elementary Jane, by RICHARD PRYCE (HUTCHINSON), is a story of the life of the curious crowd my Baronite, driving Westward from Waterloo Station, sees every Monday grouped outside a public house at the corner of York Road. Women and girls in hats and frocks of boldest colour; clean-shaven men in gorgeous waistcoats; stout women seated in the minutest of gigs drawn by the tiniest of ponies, covered by the most brilliant of horse-cloths. Rather a vulgar crowd the passer-by may think, a people apart from his respectable walk in life. Mr. PRYCE knows them intimately; how they live, and where; how they act, drink, and eat; how they make love and (sometimes) marry. He paints them on his canvas with a free hand, not too bold, whilst the innate vulgarity of the surroundings is chastened by the pure, unselfish, if elementary (why elementary?) JANE. To the art of the story-teller Mr. PRYCE adds an admirable literary style.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

Solved at Last.

Jawkins. Why do they always call sailors "tars"?

Pawkins. Because they're so accustomed to the pitching of the ship.

THE FARE WHICH A CERTAIN COUNTY COURT JUDGE SERVES UP.—Bacon with beans.



DISCOURAGING.

Nervous Philanthropist (on a Slumming excursion). "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS LITTLE EREBUS STREET, MY MAN?" *Suspicious-looking Party.* "YUS."

Nervous P. "ER—RATHER A ROUGH SORT OF THOROUGHFARE, ISN'T IT?"

Suspicious-looking P. "YUS; IT IS A BIT THICK. THE FURTHER YER GOWS DAOWN, THE THICKER IT GITS. I LIVES IN THE LAST 'AOUSE."

[Exit Philanthropist hurriedly in the opposite direction.

WEALTH *v.* HEALTH.

(Page from the Diary of a Child of Fortune.)

["The sufferer is the man who cannot stand prosperity."—*Daily Paper.*]

Monday.—Cannot make it out. Received a letter telling me that I had come in for £10,000 a year. Could eat no breakfast, lunch or dinner. Generally out of sorts. If this kind of thing continues, must send for a doctor.

Tuesday.—Was getting better, when completely upset by the post. Solicitor's letter (delayed in transmission) brought me the news that the family Chancery suit had been decided in my favour. This will double my income. Lost all interest in my surroundings, and had a bad headache for the rest of the day.

Wednesday.—Distinctly better, until a letter came from my publisher saying that my latest book had gone into its twentieth edition, and had been admirably reviewed by all the press. Most annoyed; told my publisher never to worry me about these matters. Sudden shock of success caused me to succumb. Prostrate for the day.

Thursday.—Getting over my ailment, when my eldest daughter—who is rather plain and in the thirties—told me that she had received an offer of marriage from the Duke. She had accepted him. Upset me for the day. Never felt worse in my life. If not better to-morrow, must see my doctor.

Friday.—On the mend, when, looking through the morning paper, found my son had won the V.C. As I never expected him to do anything useful or ornamental, knocked all of a heap. Terribly ill, and went to bed early.

Saturday.—Better. In fact, getting on famously, when, looking at my paper, I found that the shares in the mine I had purchased at sixpence a-piece, had sprung up to a thousand premium. Why, this makes me a millionaire. Terribly ill. Fortunately, doctor looked in at the moment, and after hearing my symptoms, declared I was suffering from a severe attack of the new disease, "nervous prosperity." As I close my diary, he is writing a prescription for me. From what he says, I think it will have something to do with a week in a workhouse! That would be nice, after this wearying week of monotonous luck. The reaction would be absolutely delightful!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A County Guy, displeased with his lady love's desire to dwell in London, breaks off his engagement, apparently fearless of the damages which she may recover from a metropolitan jury.

SOME glory of the rivers
That run on with crushing crash,
With a force that breaks and shivers
In a pent-up power of smash!
But give me the gentler twining
Of a rivulet obscure,
That 'mid meadows ever shining
Sings the song of water pure!

Some hail the doughty scaling
Of a peak that 's long defied
All the mountaineers, who, failing,
Leave their bones to deck its side.
But for me the hill—say, Harrow—
Where there stands a goodly inn,
And the climber's weary marrow
Is refreshed by ale within!

Some greet the might of London,
And extol its pomp and pride!
'Mid its majesty I 'm undone,
And its Beadledom deride.
For I 'm nothing in its traffic
But a fly expecting death,
And each "Bobby" seems seraphic
When he 's saved my parting breath.

No! I cannot like the bustle
Of what *you* folk call "Town";
There 's a rustle and a hustle
That turn *me* upside down.
The flat you talk of taking
May be fit for any "toff,"
But no ginger-beer-like shaking
Will make me "fizz up"—I 'm off!

Don't mistake me! If your mother
Would supply the rent and rooms,
I wish you 'd find another
Who would buy the chairs and brooms.
Yes! It 's simply this. I love you—
That means worship and adore;
But with that flat above you,
It 's—Farewell for evermore!

WHY THE HUMANE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW OBJECTS TO CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—Because he was once Assistant Executioner at the block.

THE PLACE WHERE THE GOOD DIGGERS GO, GO, GO.—Klondyke.

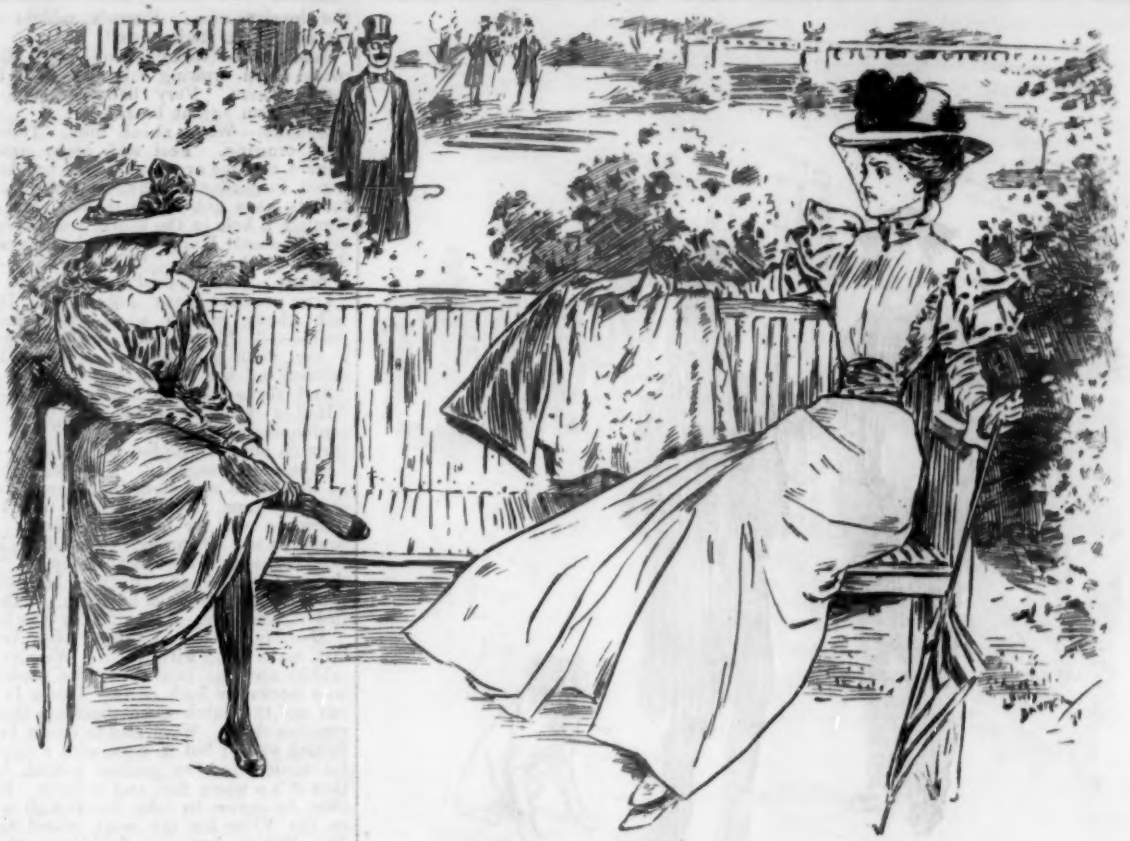


WANTING TO KNOW.

Mr. Punch. "SORRY YOUR MAJESTY WAS SO LATE IN COMING. EVERYBODY'S OUT OF TOWN!"

King of Siam. "BUT WHEN DO *THOSE* GO *OUT OF TOWN?*"

["The total of the Children's Country Holiday Fund for this year is £2,000 short of last year's contribution."—*Daily Paper.*]



A HARD BARGAIN.

Young Sister. "Mabel, here comes Captain Goldmore! Now, decide quickly. Either you give me your new Sash, or I stick to this Seat like a Limpet!"

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

The following list of charming places wherein to spend the holidays has been sent us by Messrs. Dofore and Diddlum, the well-known agents. By some accident, we seem to have received an annotated copy reserved for the firm's private use, which we therefore publish with a great deal of pleasure.

"*Shingleford-on-Sea.*—This delightful spot is rapidly winning its way to the first rank of favourite sea-side resorts. Its splendid pier, its charming Aquarium, its delightful Assembly-rooms will (N.B.—They are not built yet) afford visitors a never-failing round of amusement. *Al fresco* concerts are given daily (two hurdy-gurdies, one bagpipes, one concertina with monkey), and splendid sea-fishing may be had (by those who bring a boat of their own; there are none for hire). We can recommend to those who propose to visit this favoured spot the attractive residence known as 2, Marine Place, which we have received instructions to let at a very moderate rental. Conveniently removed from the town (three miles) it commands a delightful view of the ocean (from the roof, with a telescope). Its sanitary arrangements have been recently put into complete order (the last tenant died from typhoid). As Shingleford is certain to be crowded by the nobility and gentry during this season—in fact, every room at the Hotel Red Lion is full at the time of writing—(quite true; Sanger's circus is spending a night there)—an early application should be made.

"*De Courcy Hall.*—This magnificent mansion is to be let for six weeks. It stands in its own park-like grounds, and is within easy distance of a station (six miles). It contains noble reception rooms, furnished in true mediæval fashion (*i.e.*, trestle tables, forms, and no carpets), and about forty guests could be entertained in it with ease. (Might almost say fifty—in term-time Dr. Birchum puts twelve boys in each of the four large dormitories.) To any wishing for a holiday of real country-house life, this mansion may be confidently recommended. Attached to it is a private chapel, a cricket ground, and gravel court-yard. (*Query.*—Would it not be better to strike out the last sentence? Mustn't let it be known that after six weeks De Courcy Hall will again become Swishington College.)

"To lovers of boating.—We are instructed to let for a short term the charming bijou residence known as Waterside Cottage. While comparatively close to London, it offers all the attractions of Venice (especially when the river comes in at the dining-room windows). It stands in the midst of delightful scenery; there is a charming lawn, and the river is at the bottom of the garden (except when the garden is at the bottom of the river, which it usually is). Fishing rights are included in the lease, and as many as one hundred and fifty fish have been taken by a former tenant in one day (minnows). For permission to view, application must be made to us. (N.B.—Be careful only to allow people to view when the place isn't flooded.) We can confidently recommend this as a holiday seat. The tenant will have the use of a large boat free of charge. (This is kept in the hall in case the river rises suddenly.)

"*Tumbleton Towers.*—This historic house, close to the lofty cliffs of Sandiford, is to be let. It possesses the charm of an antique castle, together with the conveniences of a modern residence. To all those who really love a picturesque and mediæval home, it should offer special attractions. (N.B.—It was built, as a matter of fact, ten years ago, by Messrs. Jerrybuilder, but it's a really splendid imitation of a mediæval ruin.) Very prompt application should be made by intending tenants. (The place may come down with a run any day!)."

Election Intelligence.—Mr. Fitzalan Hope, the defeated of Sheffield by a diminished majority, looks on the Bright-side of the contest. Although unsuccessful, he is not a forlorn Hope.



"I 'M SURPRISED TO FIND THAT YOU KEEP A DOG, TOMKINS! WHY, YOU CAN BARELY KEEP YOUR WIFE! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

"WELL, I GIVES 'IM CAT'S-MEAT. AND WHEN I CAN'T AFFORD THAT, WHY, 'E 'AS TO 'AVE WOT WE 'AVE."

SMALL CULTURE.

Tuesday.—Have just read Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at Hawarden. Admirable as usual. "The nearer an egg is laid to the place where it is consumed the better it will be." Of course. No more foreign eggs for me. In this garden, fifty yards away from the dining-room, I will have a poultry run. Must get it put up at once. Hurry out to carpenter, and at the garden gate run against SMITH, my neighbour. Capital fellow, SMITH. We think alike in most things. Says he is just off to the carpenter. Find he has also read the speech. Gets all his eggs from his father's place in the country. But likes rabbits very much, and will stand no more foreign ones. Excellent idea! "Why consume rabbits," he exclaims, "laid—that is, hatched—I mean, reared, at Ostend?" Why, indeed? So he is going to start rabbit hutches. Begin to think we should not stop at eggs. SMITH agrees. Why eat bread made of American or Russian corn? Can't grow wheat in ordinary back gardens. But might grow potatoes, which suit our fellow countrymen in Ireland. Do this next year. Meanwhile, buy English potatoes, and eat my own lettuces, now in excellent condition. And why have things "made in Germany"? Hate the Germans. So does SMITH. But how about hock, such a capital drink? And all the real French clarets made in Hamburg? Never mind. Give them up, and all other foreign wines. Go on to grocer, and order in supply of British wines. SMITH does the same.

Friday.—Poultry runs finished. Cocks and hens arrived to-day. Shall be glad to get some home-grown eggs at last. Begin to feel quite unwell, no doubt from eating the foreign ones. SMITH's rabbits also arrived. Hear he is unwell.

Saturday.—Wake about five. Those cocks begin crowing rather early. Feel rather worse. Very little appetite for home-grown egg at breakfast.

Sunday.—Wake about four. Tremendous crowing. Feel still more unwell. Cannot manage even one egg at breakfast. Stroll in garden. Why, SMITH's beastly rabbits have got out somehow, and got through a hole in the fence, and eaten all my lettuces! Hurry out, and run against SMITH at the gate. "Your rabbits——" I begin. "Your poultry——" cries he. "Your rabbits have got——" "Don't talk about rabbits when your beastly fowls——" "Have eaten all the lettuces; I say your rabbits——" "Have been crowing all the whole blessed night——" "And there isn't a single lettuce——" "Had a wink of sleep——" "It's a confounded nuisance——" "And all through your idiotic fad for new-laid——" "Rabbits be hanged!" With this, retreat to the house and slam the door. SMITH does the same. Feel so unwell that I am forced to send for JONES, my doctor. He comes in the afternoon. Says I have been drinking something unwholesome. "On the contrary," I say, "nothing but British wines." He bursts out laughing. "That's just it," he says. "Poor SMITH's as bad."

Monday.—Wake at three. After breakfast, make it up with SMITH. We give the rabbits and the poultry to the gardener, who works for both of us. Throw in the run and the hutches, on condition that he removes them. Want also to throw in the British wines; but he says, with a respectful smile, that he prefers British beer, that it's a warm day, and so forth. However, he agrees to take the British wines to the Vicar for the next school treat. The British boy can doubtless manage them. So at last peace reigns in our back gardens; SMITH will let me have some of his fresh eggs; I will shoot some rabbits for him when I go to see my people in the country, and we will make no more attempts to follow Mr. GLADSTONE's advice, excellent though it was.

THE ECONOMICAL DRAMA.

(Recommended to Managers as useful during the Dead Season.)

Manager. And now, have you cut down everything to the lowest possible?

Factotum. I think so. We are only going to have half a limelight, and the scenery and machinery are going to be worked single handed by the wardrobe keeper, who also takes care of the properties.

Man. Quite so! And we have reduced the cast of the new piece by half?

Fact. Certainly. Our leading man is a ventriloquist and "quick-change artist," and now that most of the characters are supposed to be in hiding in cupboards, he says their words for them.

Man. First rate! And now that we have cut off the gas, and are taking the money at the doors on the pay-in-the-slot system, we have only to sell the triangle and pledge the drum-sticks.

Fact. I have already arranged that, and told the musical director that as we can't afford a *bâton* he must conduct with his fingers.

Man. Quite! So now we shall lose as little as possible! [*Curtain.*

"IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—WIGS!"

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

Sir,—To use the customary formula—one that tradition, combining truth with justice, has sanctioned—"you, as the representative of the profession of the law," are bound to protect its interests. I have no wish to complain of the decisions of the Lord Chief Justice, for they have invariably been of the highest excellence. Still, I am forced, in the cause of the dignity of the Bench and Bar, to protest against a ruling in a case which was heard by his Lordship as recently as the 5th instant. I can do this with the less hesitation, as my objection in no way affects the rights of parties. It will be remembered that the Thursday to which I call attention was remarkable for the extreme sultriness of the temperature. According to the reporters the thermometer marked from eighty to ninety in the shade, and no doubt such a heat was very trying. Influenced by these atmospheric considerations, the Lord Chief Justice not only invited the counsel practising before him to remove their wigs, but set the example of dispensing with his own headgear.

Now, I can make every excuse for such a proceeding, but surely anything that deprives the Bench and Bar of a cherished privilege is to be deprecated? It is common knowledge that for many years past there has been a movement to put the two branches of the profession on an equality. A great distinction between the barrister and the solicitor has been the wearing of the one-time honoured horse-hair. The gown has been adopted when the junior branch has pleaded in the minor Courts, but the wig has been sacred. I would consequently ask, Is it quite judicious to permit an innovation which may be followed up by others even more dangerous?

That I write unselfishly will be believed by all my friends to whom my name is known. But as others may be more critical, will you permit me to add that the new departure, if allowed to become a regulation, would practically lead to my reappearance as an advocate. In evidence of this I would explain that, from a regrettable oversight on the part of my excellent and admirable clerk, Portington, my own wig has been mislaid for the last six years.

(*Signed*) A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court, August 7, 1897.

Joseph and his (late) Brethren.

(Comment by an Admirer.)

Although clever Joe has his foes, there 's small doubt
When they swore he was "in it," they found they were *out!*
And they 'll certainly learn they will need all their wit
To put *him*, like his namesake of old, "in a pit."

Go a-head!

Piffler (*to* Riffler). Where are you going to spend your holiday?

Riffler. At Spitzbergen!

Piffler. Spitzbergen! Is there any hotel there?

Riffler. No, you fool; but I shall have one in full swing by the time the Andrée Rescue Expeditions have started!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 2.—Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill reached Lords to-night. General opinion is that it 's a poor thing; Ritchie, with all his passion for quotation, cannot be got to add, "but mine own." Has been contemptuously treated since its birth. Its avowed friends say as little as possible about it, whilst its enemies comfort themselves against action of irresistible majority by declaring it will be impotent even to do harm. Thus Kimberley to-night. "A trivial and paltry Bill," said he; "fortunately will have no practical effect, though it may prove pleasing to a certain number of ignorant people." Farrer more seriously opposed measure. Nothing if not logical; slew the slain with irrefragable syllogism. This speech tempted the Markiss into the lists. Found irresistible temptation to give Farrer one.



Rusticus Expectans!

"The stream of time," said the Markiss, "has gone past the noble lord, who now finds himself a somewhat belated advocate of a rather outworn doctrine, preaching in the wilderness."

"A little mixed, don't you think, Toby?" said Farrer, coming across to the steps of the throne, where sons of peers and Privy Councillors are privileged to stand. "It 's plainly an echo of memories of *Rusticus expectans*, the countryman who, ever since the days of Horace, has been watching and waiting until the river shall cease to flow. But the Markiss forgot how the passage runs:—

at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

It is the Markiss who (regarded, of course, strictly from the point of view of politics) is the gaping rustic on the river bank, waiting, as he has waited all his life, for the flood of social progress and political freedom to dry up. But the river, 'still it glides on, and will glide on for all time to come,' in spite of all the Cecils."



George Nathaniel in his Element!

King of Siam. "Why are you not Prime Minister?"

Mr. C-rz-n. "That, your Majesty, is one of the mysteries of English Politics!!"

Business done.—Committee of Supply closed in the Commons.

Tuesday.—"Of all Monarchs I Have Met," says Sark, "and the record exceeds Beatty Kingston's, His Majesty of Siam is by far the merriest."

King came down this afternoon to call on Lords and Commons; hopped about like a sparrow pecking corn. What he pecked was information; wanted to know everything and all about everybody. Our old King George of precious memory, with his "What? what?" nothing to King of Siam. Wonderfully bright face; bubbles of humour always breaking through his eyes.

Delightful to see how swiftly he spotted Halsbury in House of Lords. Chair placed for him on steps of throne immediately behind Woolsack. Up got Lord Chancellor, nothing if not polite, and did courtly obeisance. King looked curiously at the *svelte* figure; smiled; nodded; gave his attention to Tweedmouth's exposition of points in Scottish Parish Councils Bill. Presently Lord Chancellor, running a Bill through various stages, performed customary paces; bobbed up and down, putting question of first and second reading; stepped aside from Woolsack when House got into Committee;



By a piece of great good fortune, our artist has obtained a peep into the Royal Sketch Book! This is manifestly a hurried and furtive note in the House of Commons!

back like a shot to Woolsack when Committee concluded.

King sitting immediately behind the wigged-and-gowned figure, almost crowed with delight. With arm outstretched and eager forefinger, he pointed it out to Lord HARRIS; followed each movement with boyish glee. When Bill read a third time, Lord Chancellor subsided. King leaned over to HARRIS and eagerly asked, "Who put the penny in the slot?"

Evidently thought the Lord Chancellor was a figure automatically worked on penny-in-the-slot principles.

Business done. — Appropriation Bill brought in in Commons.

Thursday.—Colonel JOHN HAY, United States Minister at the Court of St. James's, looked down for a moment from the Diplomatic Gallery on the desolate scene of the closing hours of the Session. Except in war time, the Colonel is constitutionally of retiring habits. Has scarcely had time, certainly has not sought opportunity, of making himself known to British public. But he is an old friend who needs no formal introduction. He comes along leaning on the arm of *Jim Bludso* of the *Prairie Belle*, with *Little Breeches* toddling on the other side.

By happy chance, there have just issued from the "Bodley Head" two neat volumes enshrining his new Excellency's poems and his charming records of Castilian Days. This last is comparatively little known in England. It is an acquaintance worth making; the home letters of a keen-eyed, shrewd-headed man of genial humour, temporarily a sojourner in a foreign country. As to the poems, whilst everybody knows *Jim Bludso* and *Little Breeches*, here is much more in varied style that has, for the English reader, the charm of novelty. In the small, but precious collection of *Pike County Ballads*, there is one that has not found wide currency with us. Yet for graphic touch, for grim humour, for terrible intenseness of effect compressed into a line, *The Mystery of Gilgal* has no rival, whether in Colonel HAY's book or another.

Business done.—Indian Budget passed.

Friday.—Prorogation.

WIRES AND WORK.

(*Fragment from a Telegraph Romance—more than less imaginary.*)

IT was certainly of the greatest importance that the despatch should be conveyed to its destination, and at once. The millionaire looked in all directions for a cab, but none could be found. Then he sought for a messenger, but again his luck failed him.

"But it must, it shall go!" he murmured; and then he added, after a moment's hesitation, "It's a desperate course, but I will pursue it. I will wire!"

So he hurried to the telegraph office. He rushed in and filled in the form. Then he passed the little paper through the grille.

"And so we all went down to Herne Bay and had a shrimp tea," said a young lady behind the counter.

"Now, did you, dear?" responded a colleague. "Well, for my part, I prefer the Crystal Palace."

"Will you kindly send this telegram?"

"Yes; Sydenham is all very well in its way, but there's nothing really like a whiff of the briny."

"Will you please to send this telegram?"

The young lady behind the counter regarded the millionaire with astonishment.

"Yes," said he. "I am addressing you, and when you have done chatting over your domestic affairs, perhaps you will attend to me."

"Do you want postage stamps?"

"No; I want this telegram despatched."

"Well, I can't attend to that," replied the maiden, turning again to her colleague. "Yes; I like Herne Bay; and now, with these afternoon excursions, it's so convenient."

"Can't I send a telegram?" cried the millionaire.

"No; you can't," returned the young lady, tartly. "The operators have temporarily resigned. And what an idea! Only so far! Why don't you take it yourself?"

"Eureka!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Why not?"

So the would-be sender carried the manuscript to its destination himself, and discovered later on that there was a saving of time by the proceeding.

"Yes," said the temporarily resigned one, on learning the fact. "But *that* was not what I wanted to teach the Public. I wanted them to find out that they couldn't do without us."

But they didn't.

THE SEASON-ENJOYER'S VADE MECUM.

(*To be considered at the Sea-side.*)

Question. What is your first step to secure enjoyment for yourself and surroundings during the London season?

Answer. To take a house or flat in town.

Q. Which of the two residences is preferable?

A. The house is more dignified, and the flat more compact. The first with its larger staff of servants is more expensive, while the last, with its neighbours to the right, to the left, overhead, and underneath, is scarcely as private as may be desirable.

Q. Settled in town, what should you do?

A. Give a crush to your friends, and expect crushes in return.

Q. When may a crush be considered successful?

A. When so many guests arrive that the last-comers cannot get beyond the doorstep.

Q. What are the customary incidents of an ordinary crush?

A. A crowd on the staircase; a hand-squeeze at the door; a muffled conversation to the sound of music in the distance, and the lightest of light refreshments in the hottest of dining-rooms.

Q. Can any other pleasure be extracted from such a function?

A. Some satisfaction may be obtained by the appearance of one's name in the list of invited published in the smart newspapers.

Q. Are there any distractions other than those you have indicated?

A. Plenty. Dinners, visits to the play, with supper afterwards, and of course any number of dances.

Q. What is a dinner?

A. From a Society point of view, a solemn function for the wiping off of old scores, and the creation of new claims.

Q. Is it necessary that a dinner should be eatable?

A. Not absolutely; but it is better that at least one course, exclusive of the soup, should be possible for even a *malade imaginaire*.

Q. Should the wine be unimpeachable?

A. It should be of a character that it could be drunk without fear and spoken of subsequently without reproach.

Q. You have mentioned visits to the play—do they lead to gaiety?

A. If the visitors are fairly cheerful.

Q. But surely the action of the stage prevents conversation — lively or the reverse—in the auditorium?

A. Not at all. In fact, the dialogue on the stage is rather a help than otherwise to a chat in the stalls.

Q. Are there any other pleasures which you have not mentioned connected with the London Season?

A. Any number. The Park, the Opera, and a hundred other distractions.

Q. And then bicycling is an out-door feature with the revellers?

A. Not quite so much as formerly. To sum up, all May, June, and July are passed in a continuous whirl of excitement.

Q. Quite so. And what is the greatest pleasure of the Season?

A. To find oneself at the end of it.

LIQUEURS OF THE
ORDE CHARTREUSE.
These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. HOWLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

By Special Appointment — To Her Majesty the Queen.

VITALI'S CHIANTI.
"THE FINEST"—UNEQUALLED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

See Wine Carte CORDON HOTELS.
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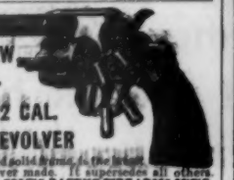
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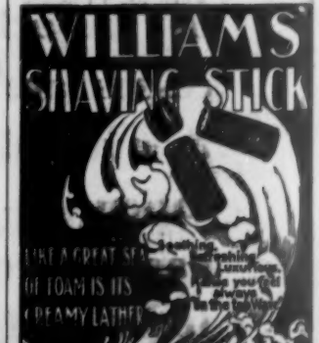
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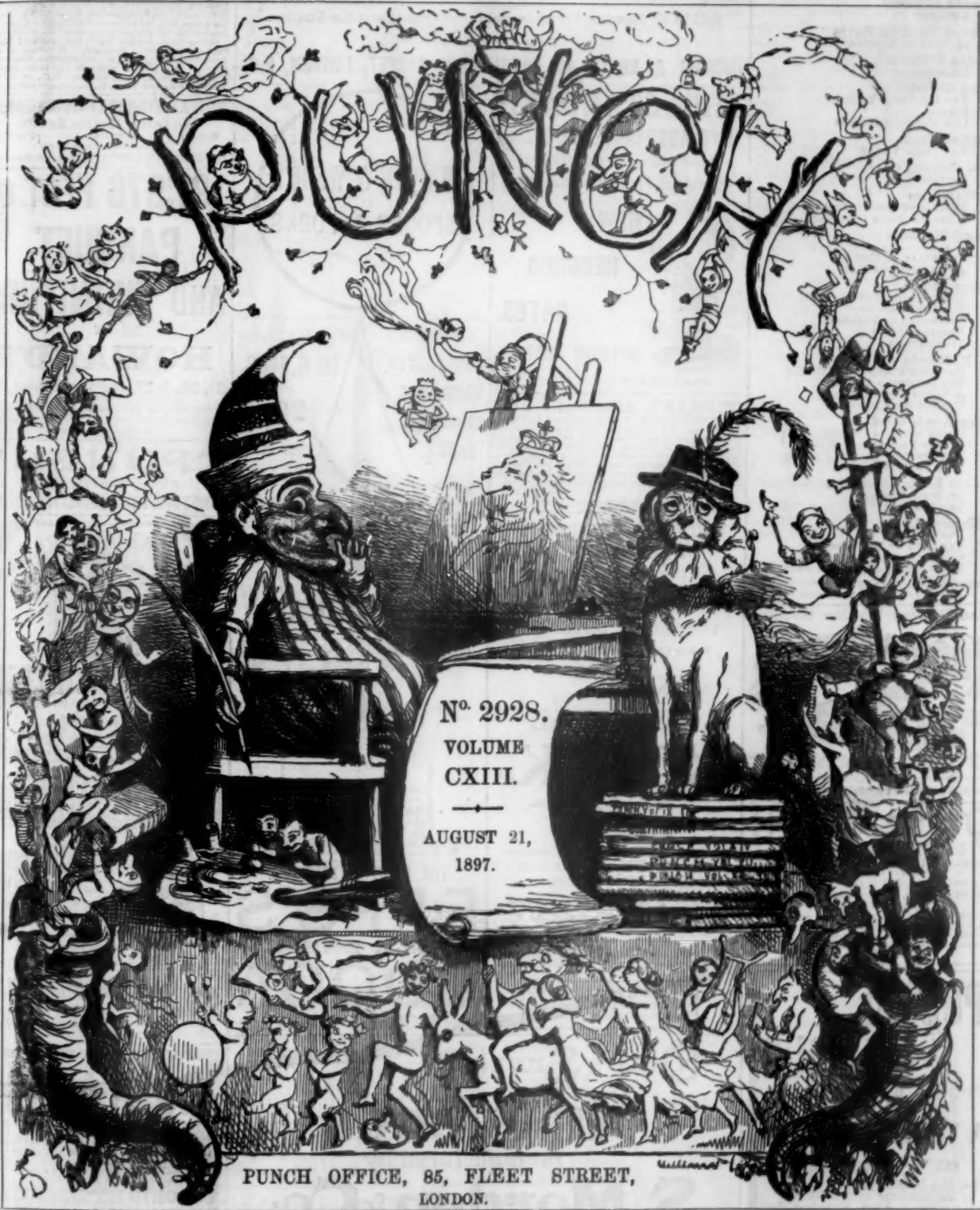
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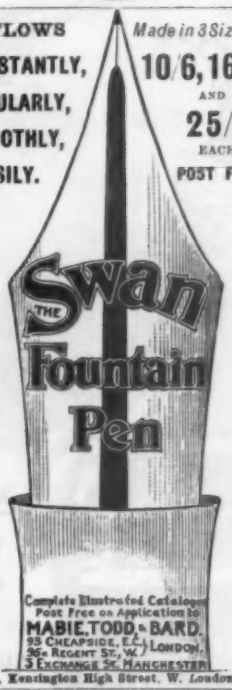
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"R. J. WILLIAMS.
"Kingswinford, near Dudley, Dec 27."

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Ask Chemists for Rowlands' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London. Sent free by post on receipt of postal order.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

"THERE, MARIA, LOOK AT THEM BOYS! NOW I CALL THAT DOWNRIGHT CRUELTY!"

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

[As *Mr. Punch's* Principal Official Translator is away for his holiday, the following important communication from St. Petersburg has been translated by a young German subordinate in a rather unsatisfactory manner.]

Saturday.—We come to-day after a happy Voyage to the beautiful Peterhofish Palace at. During the Voyage have I some russian Words learnt. It rejoices me that we before the Voyage of FAURE come are. What Voyages concerns am I without Doubt absolute the First, "*facile princeps.*" So must no to the first Time out of France travelling President me rival. The Russians are very friendly. Now have I again a Title, and again a Uniform. Admiral *à la suite.* FAURE cannot Admiral to become. Ha, ha! Peterhof is wonderfine. All is wonderfine. After the Dinner speak I very friendly and say the russian Words which I learnt have. NICHOLAS speaks ever very coldblooded, but he is a good Fellow. So live he! High, high, high!

Sunday.—To-day to Petersburg. Absolute no Arch! And man says they will when FAURE comes five or six beautifullest Triumpharches erect! That rejoices me not. Only few Flags, and their stupid Bread and Salt! Even those will they to FAURE on a much eleganter Presenterplate offer. Towards Krasnoe Selo journey we therefore very willing forth. Again Soldiers. Ah so! That is much pleasanter. I love ever the Soldier, much more than the Burgessman. Stupidhead! FAURE is Burgessman. And also with the Soldiers have I ever a new Uniform. Ah, the beautiful Uniforms! FAURE has no Uniform. Poor Man! Mornings, Afternoons, Evenings, wears he ever a black Coat. After the Review play they my "*Song to Ægir.*" The Russians have a very fine Taste. In Music are they very learned, and play ever the beautifullest Masterpieces. If I only to-day sooner arrived were had I to them one of my Sermons to read to be able. FAURE is no Musician, no Preacher. Never has he a Song composed. To Bed much happier.

Monday.—A great Review. Ah, the fine Cavalry- Artillery- Infantry- and Sea-Uniforms which I worn have! After the Middayeating return we to Peterhof back. After the Dinner go we in the Theatre in the free Air. Ah, if I only to Paris to go could, so would I in the Jardin des Ambassadeurs a happy Evening pass. FAURE can every Evening in the Summer therein go! Yes well! Happy Man!

Tuesday.—To-day has man to me said that FAURE the new Nevabridge inaugurate will. Thunderweather! Why not I, as I here am? It is shameful. She will not the Williambridge be, but probably the Felixbridge. Felix—happy! That am I not! To-morrow happilywise depart we. To-day remain I to House and see nobody.

Wednesday.—I go. Live you well, ungrateful People. Now can you the Decorationpreparations for FAURE begin. Live you well! I go to Germany back. Live Germany! Live I! High, high, high!

OBJECTIONS TO PLACES.

(*By a Stay-at-Home Cynic.*)

Antwerp.—Too many pictures.

Boulogne.—Too many English.

Calais.—Barred by the Channel passage.

Dieppe.—Journey there literally a "toss-up."

Ems.—In the sere and yellow leaf.

Florence.—Paintings anticipated by photography.

Geneva.—Can get watches nowadays elsewhere.

Heidelberg.—Castle too "personally conducted."

Interlaken.—Jungfrau monotonous.

Jerusalem.—Looks better on paper.

Kissingen.—Fallen off since SHERIDAN's days.

Lucerne.—Lion in stone too irritating.

Madrid.—Bull-fights can be supplied by bicograph.

Naples.—No longer an *ante mortem* necessity.

Paris.—Used up.

Quebec.—After the Jubilee, too Colonial.

Rouen.—Preliminary journey impossible.

Saumur.—Not to be tempted by the vintage.

Turin.—Out of date more than a quarter of a century.

Utrecht.—Nothing, with or without its velvet.

Wiesbaden.—For ages superseded by Monte Carlo.

Xeres.—Can get sherry without going there.

Yokohama.—Products purchasable at the stores.

Zurich.—"Fair waters" disappointing.

At Margate.

Angelina (*very poetical, surveying the rolling ocean*). "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Edwin (*very practical*). No drink! Now, hang it all, ANGY, if I've asked you once I've asked you three times within the last five minutes to come and do a split soda and whiskey! And *I* can do with it!



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

German Emperor (seeing the Franco-Russian Meeting in his "mind's eye"). "HA, HA! THEY MAY EMBRACE AS THEY LIKE; BUT *I WAS THERE FIRST!*"

["President FAURE leaves France for Russia on the 18th inst."—*Daily Paper.*]



He. "You're fond of Cricket, then?" *She.* "Oh, I'm passionately devoted to it!"
He. "What part of a Match do you enjoy the Most?" *She.* "Oh, this part—the Promenade!"

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

(*Fragment from a Military Romance that may prove more real than Moonshine.*)

The council of officers eagerly awaited the arrival of the messenger from Pall Mall. They were prepared to accept any suggestion from Head-quarters. The new attack had been threshed out thoroughly—pros and cons had been carefully discussed—and only the last word had to be uttered. What would it be? That was the question that required an immediate answer.

"I know they are very busy," said the General. "Now that Europe is arming in all directions it will not do for England to be behindhand."

"Yes, Sir," acquiesced a Colonel. "And every suggestion is valuable. No doubt you noticed that there was a proposal to attempt the landing of a hostile force on our sacred shore? A correspondent to one of our leading papers some time ago proposed that some five thousand soldiers should be embarked on board a small fleet and——"

"Be furnished with sealed orders to be opened when the flotilla was far from land," continued his second in command. "Then the enemy composed of friends was to make a descent upon us, and we were to do what was best to repulse the mimic invasion."

"Yes," returned the General, thoughtfully. "But I question whether the scheme would work. I have had some experience of the vagaries of the Channel, and if there were bad weather none of the fated five thousand would be worth the weight of their rifles on disembarkation."

"You think that a rough sea would render them practically valueless?" queried a Surgeon Field-Marshal or a medical officer of some equally exalted rank. "Well, certainly the *mal de mer* is a sad creator of inertia."

"But what would apply to us would in the same manner weaken a real and foreign enemy," hinted an official connected with the commissariat. "But there would be the compensating advantage that the scourge would save suppers. It is difficult to enjoy a meal in a choppy sea. At least, that is the experience of nine out of every ten landsmen. Still, with the sea omitted, Lord Roberts has recently tested something like the idea in Ireland."

And so the talk went on. But as the warriors spoke their eyes were fixed on the distant horizon. The wait for the wanted despatch continued with ever-increasing impatience. After some time a speck was seen in the distance. There was a shout of joy.

"He will be with us directly," announced the General, who had been watching the movements of the newcomer through a telescope. "Ah, he is here!"

The exclamation was caused by the bearer of despatches riding, travel-stained and dead beat, into the midst of the group of expectant officers.

"From Pall Mall, Sir," cried the messenger, jumping from his jaded steed and presenting a packet to the General commanding.

There was a hush of expectation, and then the old warrior, with a trembling voice, declared that the message had taken him by surprise. It was not what he expected, not what they all wanted.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel. "What have we got in this critical moment of the British Army?"

Then came the reply, which explained everything.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "I have the honour to inform you that an order has come from the War Office!"

"Altering some important detail of strategy?" cried a seasoned warrior. "No doubt the outcome of the present manœuvres, eh, General, eh?"

"No," was the calm reply. "We have nothing about strategy—we have instead something about putting more lace upon our uniforms!"

THE PATRIOT PATIENT'S RESOLVE.

(*Not Made in Germany.*)

Liver and limbs seem all awry;
Something sulphureous or ironic
In Autumn I am bound to try.
My tonic, though, sha'n't be *Teu*tonic.
I used to go to German spas,
And drink, and tub in, German waters,
But since that Wilhelm's wild hee-haws,
I've changed my water-curing quarters.
Harrogate suits my patriot moods;
For I've resolved, my British lads,
No more to purchase "German goods,"
Nor go to German "Bads"!

Literary Note.—Mr. Hall Caine's recent novel is said in the London hospitals to be the most exciting nurse-awry tale of the century.



LONDON OUT OF SEASON.

Mr. Primby's Caretaker gives a Garden Party; Music and Refreshments in the Conservatory.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A Dialogue Story in Seven Parts.

PART II.

Scene—*The Drawing-room at "Sunny Bank."* Nora Vyvian *seated alone.* Kezia *announces* Mr. Gerald Alabaster. *He is a good-looking youth of about twenty-four, with a pleasant, boyish face, and a certain air of ingenuous self-sufficiency.*

Nora (*as she shakes hands*). How do you do, Gerald? Aunt Camilla will be in directly. So you've managed to tear yourself away from the Treasury in time for lunch?

Gerald. Yes. They don't keep our noses quite so close to the grindstone on Saturdays, you know.

Nora. I don't believe your profiles are ever in much danger. You generally get away at four, don't you? And you haven't any work to do in the evenings.

Gerald. As it happens, I *do* work in the evenings, occasionally.

Nora. I suppose you roll the lawn or water the flower-beds?

Gerald. No, there's nothing of the old Adam about *me*. I do literary work—of sorts.

Nora. Gerald, don't tell me *you've* gone in for writing novels!

Gerald. I've gone in for *reading* them—worse luck!

Nora. And you call that work? *I* should call it amusement.

Gerald. Oh, *is* it, though? Not when they're in manuscript. It's like this, Nora. I've accepted the post of reader to Bowater—the publisher, you know.

Nora. Of course I know Mr. Bowater. But I thought he made a point of reading everything for himself.

Gerald. Till lately. But he gets such quantities of stuff sent him that he can't wade through it all. And I've met him here once or twice, and at one or two other places, and we rather chummed; found we agreed on literary subjects, and so on, and the other day he asked me if I would care to read a manuscript for him now and then and let him know my opinion of it. So of course I jumped at the chance. There's no knowing what it may lead to.

Nora. I never thought of you as a great authority on Literature, somehow.

Gerald. Oh, I got through a lot of novels at Oxford. And I didn't do so badly in my schools. I fancy I've rather a feeling for style, and all that. I shouldn't recommend Bowater to publish anything that didn't strike me as really first-rate.

Nora. And have you come across anything yet that *did* strike you as first-rate?

Gerald. Well, up to the present I've only had one, and there couldn't be two opinions about *that*.

Nora (*to herself*). If it should be Camilla's! (*Aloud.*) You mean about its cleverness?

Gerald. No, I mean about its being unmitigated bosh.

Nora (*to herself*). It *isn't* Camilla's. (*Aloud.*) So bad as all that?

Gerald. Utter rubbish. I saw that before I'd come to the end of the first chapter.

Nora. And so you didn't trouble yourself to read any further?

Gerald. I beg your pardon. There was a weird fascination about its foolishness that held me. I read every—well, *almost* every page of the confounded thing. I could pass an exam. in it. Kind of stuff one would like to forget, but can't. When Bowater reads my report, I don't think he'll feel much hesitation about returning *Stolen Sweets*.

Nora. Stolen Sweets! Gerald, it *wasn't* called that!

Gerald. Ridiculous title, isn't it? But better than the book. I haven't written much about it, but I fancy I've said enough to save Bowater the trouble of reading it himself.

Nora (*to herself*). It *can't* be the same! (*Aloud.*) Do—do you remember the author's name? Was it a man?

Gerald. It was certainly written by a woman—but so far as I remember it was anonymous. At least, there was a letter sent with it, saying that the author preferred to blush unseen as M. N. at some post office—Fitcham, I think it was.

Nora. Gerald, if you only knew!

Gerald. If I only knew what?

Nora (*to herself*). I *must* stop this if I can! (*Aloud.*) No-

thing—at least, you mustn't ask me. But suppose—I only say *suppose*—you discovered this novel had been written by—by somebody you knew—would not that make a difference in your opinion?

Gerald. A considerable difference in my opinion of its author.

Nora (*desperately*). Suppose *I* was the author?

Gerald. It won't do, NORA. I know you haven't a very high opinion of my intellect, but I'm not taken in quite so easily as all that. *You* never wrote *Stolen Sweets*—it's simply impossible.

Nora. Well, then, *I* didn't; but—but a very great friend of mine did.

Gerald. I can't congratulate her—or you.

Nora. I didn't ask you to. But couldn't you tone down that report, or—or something?

Gerald. It's too late. I sent it in the day before yesterday. BOWATER ought to have got it by now.

Nora. Well, you could tell him quietly that you had entirely changed your mind about the novel.

Gerald. But I *haven't*.

Nora. What *does* that matter? Couldn't you *say* so—to please me?

Gerald. There isn't much I wouldn't do to please you, NORA—but don't you see, I'm in a position of trust, so to speak. I *can't* recommend BOWATER to publish a novel that's absolute drivel, not even to oblige a friend of yours. BOWATER has a great reputation for bringing out only the higher sort of fiction. It wouldn't be fair to him. I must consider *his* interests, you know.

Nora. He ought to be very much obliged to you. But tell me this, GERALD, would you say that my Aunt's writing was "absolute drivel," to use your elegant expression?

Gerald. Of course not, though I'm bound to say I've never read a line of her.

Nora. Oh, yes, you have—though you may not be aware of it. And possibly you're not aware either that Mr. BOWATER is very anxious to secure a novel by my Aunt, that he is an immense admirer of hers, and—unless I'm very much mistaken—intends to ask her to marry him on the very first opportunity?

Gerald. I can't for the life of me understand what that has to do with it.

Nora. No, you wouldn't. But all I can say is that, if Mr. BOWATER declines *Stolen Sweets* unread, on your advice, he will never forgive you. And no more will I!

Gerald. What? NORA! do you mean that it's Miss LYDE'S?

Nora. I haven't told you. You've guessed. *Now* do you see what mischief you may have done? He may have rejected it already. My Aunt has gone over to the post office at Fitcham to inquire if there is a letter for M. N. And Mr. BOWATER is coming over to lunch. I ask you what chance the poor dear man will have of touching her heart if she once knows he has declined her novel?

Gerald. And of course he has no idea of it. It's a mess, NORA. There's no denying it's a mess. But I don't see any way out of it.

Nora. It mayn't be too late. You can give him a hint—put him on his guard.

Gerald. I'd rather *you* did, NORA.

Nora. How can I betray my poor Aunt's confidence? It would be *most* dishonourable. But there's no harm in *your* letting him know what you've discovered by the merest accident. . . . Ah, somebody has just come in! If it is Aunt, we shall know by her face whether she has heard or not.

Kezia (*opening the door*). Mr. BOWATER.

AN AWKWARD MISS.

(*The Result of not Remembering.*)

I MISSED the train. Right gallantly I fought
To get it, but alas! all quite in vain.
I failed outright, and when I should have caught,
I missed the train.

I wondered if, perchance, 'twould be a gain
To take a wholly different line. This brought
No sort of comfort. Yet to make it plain,
I feel the time has now come when I ought
To state quite clearly that what caused me pain
Was no mismanaged journey. 'Twas of thought
I missed the train.

On the Moors.

First Guest (*at lunch, to second guest, who would talk during the drive*). I wish you'd remember that we don't come out to shoot parrots?

Host (*who has suffered bitterly*). Oh, I wish to goodness we had!

THE SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER.

I DO not mean the Kodak-fiend,
Who takes snap-shots of ladies dipping,
And gloats o'er sundry views he 's gleaned
Of amatory couples "tripping."

No, not these playful amateurs
I sing of, but the serious artist,
Who spreads upon the beach his lures,
What time the season 's at its smartest.

His tongue is glib, his terms are cheap,
For ninepence while you wait he 'll take you;
Posterity shall, marv'lling, keep
The "tin-type" masterpiece he 'll make you.



What though his camera be antique,
His dark-room just a nose-bag humble,
What if his tripod legs are weak,
And threaten constantly to tumble.

No swain nor maiden can withstand
His invitation arch, insidious,
To pose *al fresco* on the strand—
His *clientèle* are not fastidious.

"You are so lovely," says the wretch,
"Your picture will be quite entrancing!"
And to the lady in the sketch
I overheard him thus romancing.

A PROGRESSIVE QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In George Street, Richmond, this week, I had a singular proof of the superiority nowadays of the Opposition Sex. There passed along that tortuous thoroughfare, on a bicycle, a fair-haired damsel attired in a man's cap, a man's shirt, and a man's pair of knickerbockers *plus* stockings and shoes. The lady also adopted the jockey style of riding. The public and the police looked on admiringly. Now, had I put on a woman's bonnet, a woman's bodice, and a woman's skirt under similar circumstances I should have been stopped, arrested, and fined. The wheel-rights of women are evidently progressing.

Yours obediently, IXION ROWLEY.

Tyre House, Sidon Square, S.W.

Tip for Teetotalers.

(*Pleasant Paradox by a Close Observer.*

THERE 's not a toper whom you meet at any public bar in town,
Who when he says "liquor up" does not *mean* "Let 's put liquor down!"
Whereby 'tis seen, by every sober thinker,
The best teetotaler is the constant drinker.

FROM OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT.—After his visit to St. Petersburg it is believed that the Kaiser will be known as the German Kisser. The amount of cheek displayed was, on the face of it, a fine exhibition of Imperial lip-salve. It was curious, however, that NICHOLAS, after parting with his guest, was heard to mutter, *sotto voce*, "Thank goodness, there goes the Bore-Russian!" while the versatile quick-change monarch from the Spree whispered to his Ambassador, Prince RADOLIN, "Beware of Bear's Greece." These expressions of mutual regard have been much appreciated at Yildiz Kiosk.



English Tourist (*in the far North, miles from anywhere*). "Do you mean to say that you and your Family live here all the Winter? Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a Doctor!"

Scotch Shepherd. "Nae, Sir. We've just to dee a Natural Death!"

"CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE!"

(*To an old Irish air of 'Forty-eight, adapted to the changed circumstances of 'Ninety-seven.*)

Hibernia sings:—

Ho! heart speaks to heart, and we're neighbours!
Ye're free of my hearth and my home!
Sure, let love be the end of our labours;
God bless ye and prosper ye—come!

Come—out of the guard of your soldiers;
Come—in 'mongst the children and all;
And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland,
Till Connail himself gets a fall.

Away with the hatred of ages!
Come in—everything is your own;
Sure, I'll bow to ye, friends of old Ireland,
As I wouldn't for king on his throne.

God bless ye! Ye stand in no dangers
In the midst of the Island of Green.
Come and dwell with us, not as mere strangers,
But guests. Who cries, "God save the Queen"?

Well, well, bygone woes *have* been bitter,
And loyalty *has* been made hard.
But love's inspiration is fitter
Than hatred's for patriot or bard.

Come, make your home with us, and *trust* us
(A thing ye have never yet done);
Let injustice no longer disgust us,
And loyalty, good cheer, and fun,—

Things native to Ireland—will waken,
And anger die out of our breast.
As soon as his hand we have taken,
A man, though once foe, is our guest.

Come in, with a "*Céad míle fáilte*"*;
Sit down, share our sorrows and joys;
To know that with love they may crown ye
Will gladden the hearts of the boys.

Arrah! shake hands again! Right good fellows
Ye'll find those same boys, though they're poor.
Not a man in the land would betray you,
Or shut up his heart or his door!

* "A hundred thousand welcomes!"

In the Hot Weather, too!—Our Irrepressible One (where are the authorities?) writes, "Hampshire made a Surrey exhibition of themselves at the Oval!"

To be taken literally at Klondyke.—*Auri sacra fames.*

THE STIFLED STOCKBROKER.

(*A Song of Summer.*)

In winter I wear, with dignified air,
A dignified high silk hat,
With clothes well made of a sombre shade;
Professional custom, that.

When winter has gone I at times put on
A bowler and suit of grey,
For people complain it's hot in the train;
It frequently is in May.

But now, if you please, with ninety degrees
In the shade, to toppers ta, ta!
For fashion I care not a fig, I wear
Pyjamas and Panama.

On the Mound at Waterloo.

Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks, U.S.A. (*pointing to Lion*). Is this 'ere animal the Britisher?

Guide. No, Sar, it is ze Belgic Lion.

Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks (*drily*). Indeed. Reckon he borrowed the other one's skin when he set himself up on this potato heap!

[*But the guide is not a student of Æsop.*



"CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE!"

Miss Erin. "IT 'S WELCOME YE ARE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES! ARRAH, NOW! YE 'LL BE TAKIN' A HOUSE OF YER OWN HERE SOON!!"



AUGUST IN SCOTLAND.

Bag Carrier (to Keeper). "WHAT DOES THE MAISTER AYE ASK THAT BODY TAE SHOOT WI' HIM FOR? HE CANNA HIT A THING!"
Keeper. "DOD, MAN, I DAUR SAY HE WISHES THEY WAS A' LIKE HIM. THE SAME BIRDS DOES HIM A' THROUGH THE SEASON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE only fault my Baronite finds with *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* (SMITH, ELDER) is the quite unnecessary introduction of the foreign compound word in the title. It is odious enough in its own country. Dragged into a Surrey garden it supplies a jarring note to the restful hum as of innumerable bees. Mrs. EARLE has been led astray in this small matter by anxiety to be precise. Strolling through her Surrey garden with keen eye for faded leaves, weeds, and slugs, she pleasantly talks of a multitude of things. Forced bulbs, rhubarb tarts, sowing annuals, making coffee, winter-gardening, colour-blindness, packing cut flowers, the stewing of chickens and game, early rising, and orange-marmalade are only a few topics of her pleasant chat. She is content to talk without making effort to write, a method which, consciously or unconsciously adopted, often leads to good literature. The Surrey garden is comparatively small in area. It cannot take us all in to enjoy companionship of its charming custodian. Happily, here is the book, through which ripples the low voice of a gracious-mannered gentlewoman, who knows most things about house and garden, and modestly shares with the stranger at her gate the garnered fruit of long experience.

The comedy in *Good Mrs. Hypocrite* (HUTCHINSON) is so excellent that my Baronite thinks RITA would have done well to have foregone the luxury of the tragedy abruptly introduced in the penultimate chapter. But the earlier and much longer part through which the servant-maid *Tibbie* elbows her way with angular force is so good that what looks like a wanton fault of construction may be forgiven. *Tibbie* is quite delightful—when studied in another and distant household. In one's own home she might pall upon the taste.

Punch's advice to Persons About to Marry was, more than a generation ago, enshrined in the proverbial philosophy of the English-speaking race. My Baronite's advice to persons in that parlous condition is to read *The Larramys* (HUTCHINSON). Most of the characters in Mr. GEORGE FORD'S powerful novel run, or are driven, in couples. Invariably they have a bad time. Worst of all is the fate of the heroine, a handsome, well-born, high-natured woman, who marries a farmer. Early in their married life *William Larramy* informs *Essie* that "a man must keep his wife in order, and if he can't do it any other way, he must thrash her, that's all." It is specially mentioned that *William* thus "answered lightly." It was only his fun. But the nature from whose depths such humour bubbles is obviously not of fine texture. How the high-born dame struggled with the boor is told with a force and skill which, if this be a first essay, promises uncommonly well. The study of pig-headed *père Larramy* is one of the abundant good things in the book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE BOW OF THE ANTI-LOGROLLER.

Is there "a winter of our discontent"?
I know not, nor in truth would care to know,
Because my strength is not as yet o'erspent,
So long as I can bend, not break, my stalwart bow!
My shaft is long, and feathered to the end
With choicest feathers of the grey goose quill.
It never pierced the heart of any friend,
It never failed to do a foeman ill!

Good honest bow! 'tis yet the summer-time.
Long, supple, Englishborn, and that means true.
Deft to obey my will as in your early prime,
A heart of real oak beneath your bark of yew.
Up to the shoulder let me test your might,
Taught by your nature, profligate of pain,
I only fight for might, and right, and light,
And revel in the stubbornness of strain!

Good humble bow! the one poor dauntless thing
That criticism at its worst cannot disarm.
You were not built for bitter bite or sting,
Only to save and shield from littleness of harm;
Only to keep the vultures from the bones,
Only to ward the jackals from the prey,
Only to thwart the slingers of the stones
Picked from the mud To-day as Yesterday!

"CALLED BACK."—The Austrian Envoy, CALL, "retired" from Sofia.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
Brown. "FISHING." *Lunatic.* "CAUGHT ANYTHING?" *Brown.* "NO."
Lunatic. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?" *Brown.* "SIX HOURS."
Lunatic. "COME INSIDE!"

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Swanage.—This is a spot remarkable for possessing but little foliage and an enormous Model of the Earth. To compensate for the absence of trees, lettuces are singularly prolific in the Isle of Purbeck, and the model in question affords a ready means of conveying instruction at no expense to the visiting child. Corfe Castle, Studland Bay, and "Old Harry" (minus his defunct wife), are as attractive as the lobsters for which the pretty Dorsetshire watering place is so renowned. In some towns, they swear by unmentionable people. At Swanage, they all swear by BURT.

Margate.—As usual, this Koh-i-Noor of Kent is sparkling with splendour. A famous high-low comedian, renowned for his spontaneous and side-splitting "wheezes," remarked yesterday that the only black thing, bar the "Niggers," about the place is the *jetty*. His quip was naturally greeted with hurricanes of laughter and copious doses of restorative Scottish whiskey. The Aristocrats of Cliftonville, as well as the humbler but possibly more jovial denizens of Margate proper and improper, have no reason to complain of that genial doctor (not of Irish extraction) known as The O'Zone. His recipes sniff of the briny. Miss BELINDA PLANTAGENET, the well-known serio-comique, Madame WRIGGLINI, the famous contortionist, Baron BUFFARD, the renowned baritone, and Chevalier MACCARONI, the decorated tenor, are among our most noted patrons. The Flagstaff is in superb condition, as also are the "Aunt Sallies."

Minehead.—Where can we find a Plume of Feathers? Only at Minehead, where a personage not unknown in the precincts of Whitefriars supplies golf and hunters, with many other luxuries. We only suggest a rhyme to "whistle" and "thistle" to suggest a solution of the conundrum. Whence the name of this favoured spot? A correspondent writes that an English monarch (was it HENRY THE FOURTH?), while hanging brigands and other caitiffs in the vicinity, exclaimed after a hard day's work, "Mine head doth ache. Don't stir," and forthwith bestowed the fiefs, &c., on *the* LUTTRELL of the day for his singular sympathy with the King's malady. Hence Minehead and Dunster Castle. We only repeat this legend as a local *on dit*, as the French have it. The great charm of Minehead is that the stranger never knows whether he be in Somerset or Devon. The inhabitants on both sides of the border drink cider and speak—what shall we call it?—Lorna Doonish?

Penzance.—There are no pirates here now. They were killed by Mr. W. S. GILBERT and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and have most of them become churchwardens and sidesmen. Those who have not been converted have apparently developed into hotel and lodging house keepers, and no longer present pistols, but bills. They are an amiable race, and are very proud of St. Michael's Mount and Mount's Bay. Niagara, the Pyramids, the ruins of Baalbec, and the remains of Nineveh, are not in it with St. Michael's and the Mounts. They are unique. Only herrings or mackerel could be more belauded. A London man came down last Wednesday fortnight, and talked about St. Paul's Cathedral. "Heaven help thee," cried a staunch man of the Grand Old Duchy, "Go to Truro!" And he was justified, inasmuch as the cucumber season is now in full blast.

Ryde.—Now and again you come across a Person who objects to the long voyage down the Pier at Ryde. He (but it is generally She) must be curiously constituted. On landing from the Portsmouth boat is there not a "Rest and be thankful" kiosque right before the traveller's eyeballs, with copious seagulls flitting hither and thither as plentiful as grouse on a well-furnished Scottish moor? What more enchanting scene could be expected? He or She may complain of the tolls, but does not the house of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club compensate for the disbursement of a few paltry coppers, or rather, bronzes? Ryde, moreover, has one great advantage over many watering places. It is always possible to go *anywhere* from Ryde. The entertainment at the Pier Head may not unjustly be compared to the harmonious luxury of the Royal Italian Opera, and at the neighbouring village of Sea View shoes and stockings are apparently unknown. Prawns in Ryde are apparently often confounded with our glorious and gorgeous pink shrimps.

Ramsgate.—Mr. FRITH, R.A., once immortalized Ramsgate, that is to say, if any immortalization were possible. You can take Ramsgate in two ways. First, as

a rollicking, frolicking, jump-about, sand-hopping, and thoroughly earthly playground; and again, when you have climbed the cliffs and looked down on the harbour, as quite another kind of refuge from the din of London, or Manchester, or Birmingham. It isn't exactly heaven on a hot day on those same cliffs, but Mr. Clark Russell's pen would be needed to tell in appropriate, not to say nautical, language the aspect of the English Channel under such circumstances. On the east side, the inhabitants, being proud, call their combination of chimney-pots St. Lawrence-on-Sea. Nobody minds the assumption, because they have a capital hotel with most wondrous bathing accommodation. Indeed, it is on record that Prince Havemoffsky recently arrived, and on inquiring whether he could have an Iceberg Bath, was met with the response, "Certainly, Sir; would you prefer Canadian or Siberian snow?" The samphire at Pegwell Bay is a grand crop.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Visitor at a Swiss Hotel, madly enamoured of a fair Widow, and invariably separated from her at the table d'hôte, addresses an appeal to her on the back of the Menu.

I do not like the *table d'hôte*,
With strident noise and rampant crowd,
With clattering plates' discordant note,
That louder gets and yet more loud.
I do not like the napkinned loons
Who thrust strange dishes 'neath one's nose;
I hate the rattle of the spoons,
And long for simple fare's repose!

But martyr-like I must attend
This Walpurgis of flesh and fowl,
That never seems to have an end,
While jaws are working cheek by jowl,
Amid a Babel buzz of voice
That would confound a Polyglot.
And yet I join this throng from choice,
For *you* 'd be here if *I* were not!

You like to hear the touring cad
Discant upon his cycling feats,
Or list to tales of Kur and Bad
The curate yonder oft repeats.
With smiles you lend a ready ear
To fable lyred in Yankee twang,
You have a liking, it is clear,
For scandal told in Pall Mall slang!

You are not bored by stale, drear news
Such as that German loves to bring;
The tragic Frenchman's comic muse
In sympathy to you can sing.
You're friendly, too, with all your sex.
The long-time spinsters, new-made wives,
For youth and age you've nods and becks,
Amid the din of forks and knives!

My appetite is dead and fled
(Oh, *Kellner!* stay your constant hand),
And I would hie me off to bed
But for that beastly Teuton band!
Here is the reason—miles away—
At least, so it now seems to me—
My chair is placed from day to day
From where I know it ought to be!

You 'll guess, of course, my meaning now,
And why I hate the *table d'hôte*.
You 'll know why I must knit my brow,
A starving Selkirk, quite remote!
I ask, in pity ease my pain!
And fill once more my empty plate.
Do, darling, say "I will" *again*,
And dine with *me* then, *tête-à-tête!*

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



Prince Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, Duke of Sussex.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a star of India radiant in splendour; 2nd, on a field vert several long hops volleyed and despatched proper to the boundary; 3rd, on a ground semée with centuries under an heraldic pavilion a champion of renown reguardant in envy bearded to the full and inclined to embonpoint; 4th, two canards conjoined or double duck proper collared with an eastern coronet wanting employment. *Crest:* An indian panther of agility capped and sashed azure glancing furtively to leg sinister. *Supporters:* Two umpires smocked and habited for distinction proper. *Second Motto:* "Ad canga runem ibit rangit singe."

THE OLD BAT.

(*To the Tune of Tennyson's "Brook."*)

The Champion soliloquiseth:—

I've faced them all, from Shaw to Hearne,
From Southerton to Cuttell;
Sofforth at me had many a turn—
A trundler keen and subtle!

Emmett to me has hurled 'em down,
Kent Willsher, Yorkshire Freeman,
With Steel of amateur renown,
"The Terror" and "The Demon."

But still I'm game for fast or slow,
Old hand or youngster clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I chatter over good old days,
Like Lang, or "The Old Buffer";
But to let dust pile on *my* bays
Is what I cannot suffer.

To stand out *yet* my heart would fret.
The grand old game I'll follow;
And on my day when I'm well set,
I lick the newcomes hollow.

The chatterers say, "Retire!" Oh! no.
Old ties I'm loth to sever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

Though I am stout, to get me out
Is not such easy sailing.
When I appear the lusty shout
Shows that my fame 's not failing.

My century still I'm game to make,
Though slower I may travel;
New tricks of pitch, and pace, and break,
"The Old 'un" will not gravel.

I take 'em all on, fast or slow,
"Express" or "'ticer" clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I steal short runs by little plots,
I "slide" 'twixt point and cover;
I tie their bowling up in knots,
And score from every over.

I drive, I cut, I snick, I glance,
Turf-skimming like a swallow;
I lead the field a pretty dance
My changeful hits to follow.

McLaren, "Ranji," grand young stars,
Your play the veteran pleases!
But still he loves—and pray what bars?—
To "lag" about the creases.

Superfluous? Thanks, boys, for that "No!!!"
Some chatterers are *too* clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!



"SHOP."

Hostess (to our Pet Author, who has just spent a happy couple of hours describing his latest and greatest work). "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. EGO-SMITH. COME AGAIN SOON. WE PROMISE *NOT TO MENTION* YOUR BOOKS. YOU MUST BE *SO* TIRED!"

CRICKETESE.

(*"English as she is spoke" by the Sportive Reporter.*)

OH, wonderful world of the Wielders of Willow!
As seen from the Press Box where poets foregather!
Our great-little Laureate, prone on his pillow,
His Pegasus—stabled—and all in a lather
With spurring rhetorical, hot, allegorical,
Really must envy the cricket recorder,
Who—minus the Malmsey—the stream metaphorical
Pumps—at a penny a line too—to order!
Sweet and sonorous, and sesquipedalian,
Style of all styles, Pateresque, periphrastic,
Is his who gives odds to the wordiest Australian,
To every Parnassian influence plastic:
He for the big polysyllables stipulates.
GRACE does not *bat*, no, he "steers to the boundary";
RICHARDSON *bowl*?—nay, "the sphere he manipulates,"
Nothing that 's lengthy and sounding is found awry.
BROCKWELL don't "block," he "negotiates straight ones";
ABEL won't "drive" at good balls, he "dispatches" them.
READ does not "cut," he "lams into the late ones,"
STODDART "accounts for the skyers," not catches them.
MCLAREN's first hit is not "breaking his duck" only,
No, 'tis "cementing the partnership" skilfully.
SHREWSBURY's slip is not pretty bad luck only,
It is "Dame Fortune entreating him wilfully."
GUNN does not add to the score, not a bit of it!
He 's "instrumental in swelling totality."
SUGG, if he makes a sensational hit of it,
"Gives 'em a taste of his old Titan quality."
Pity rhetorical roundaboutation
Can't be confined to sensations spectacular!
Pity the dear, good old game of our nation
Can't be described in the good old vernacular!

THE BEST UPHOLDER OF THE UNION JACK.—The Union Jack-tar.

TREASURE TROVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I know that you take an interest in all matters domestic, I am sure you would like to hear about our Little Household Treasure. She came to us with a very noble character, written by the wife of an eminent clergyman (and rural dean), and really this lady may be said to have dipped her pen into milk and honey, so beautifully were the virtues of our Little Treasure described. You must know, that being childless and living in a small cottage, my wife and I have no retainers with the exception of the Gardener-Boots-Knife-and-Window-Cleaner and the Little Treasure herself. The G.-B.-K.-and-W. man is one of the most unsavoury and besotted of mortals. He cannot write, and has a regard for strong liquor, which is probably congenital, since his parents, either singly or coupled, were constantly brought to the notice of the local magistrates for breaches of public-house discipline, and their son and heir has not failed to keep up the family reputation. On the other hand, the Little Treasure is of the Teetotal persuasion, and has been educated at a Board School with that disregard to cost so dear to the ratepayer up-to-date. She cannot, it is true, speak her own language with the accuracy of DR. JOHNSON or Lord MACAULAY, but she possesses a smattering of French, I suppose, inasmuch as I have missed certain works in the Gallic tongue from my book-shelves—works, moreover, not without a suspicion of cayenne pepper in their construction. But this literary larceny I would readily forgive did the Little Treasure answer to her description. The wife of the eminent clergyman (and rural dean) describes this exceptional handmaid as the Model Girl of the district, in fact, but for the expense, there can be no doubt but that the Board School would have been abolished in order to prove that so rare a flower should have been cultivated in a more select nursery garden. Nevertheless, I have ventured to draw up the following Table of Comparison. The Little Treasure is, according to the spouse of the eminent divine (and rural dean), said to be

1. Thoroughly honest—to be trusted with thousands of pounds (of what not stated), and innocent of the value of precious metal and stones.

2. So clean in all her habits that the Bishop of the diocese once compared her to the Pool of Siloam.

3. So devoted to early rising that any lark matched against her would infallibly return to its uncomfortable resting-place, the "watery nest," defeated and disgraced.

4. Willing to do anything. Never so happy as when at work. Especially busy with her needle. Never breaks anything. Has a special knack of polishing silver ware. Always carries the plate-basket up to bed with her at night.

1. She is, according to me, hopelessly addicted to petty larceny—her requisitions ranging from strawberry jam to pickled onions, and from stray pieces of bronze to small articles of jewellery.

2. So begrimed as to her face and hands, that the G.-B.-K., &c., could readily grow mustard and cress on her skin.

3. Incapable of stirring till the milkman, baker, and greengrocer have piled their produce on our doorstep. Is suspected of the assassination of our prize Cochin China rooster.

4. Grumbles at pulling up a venetian blind. Has spoiled all our best table-cloths by cutting bread on them. We used to have three dinner and two china tea-services. Some few sorely wounded members still exist. Spoons getting very scarce, and survivors dirtier day by day.

Such, Sir, is a *précis* of the difference between the opinion of the wife of the eminent cleric (and rural dean) and my own. The latter is not, perhaps, wholly favourable to the Little Treasure. You will probably say, "Why not give her warning?" I have done so at least twenty times, but she always comes back again, sometimes disguised as a blonde, sometimes as a brunette, sometimes red and sometimes black, but unfailingly with the same delightful testimonial to her virtues from the sacerdotal lady. Is it impossible to import into Great Britain, for household purposes, the patient and industrious, but alas! heathen Chinee? I verily believe that others beside myself would prefer the Celestial creatures to the Little Treasures produced by the unwholesome atmosphere of our educational greenhouses.

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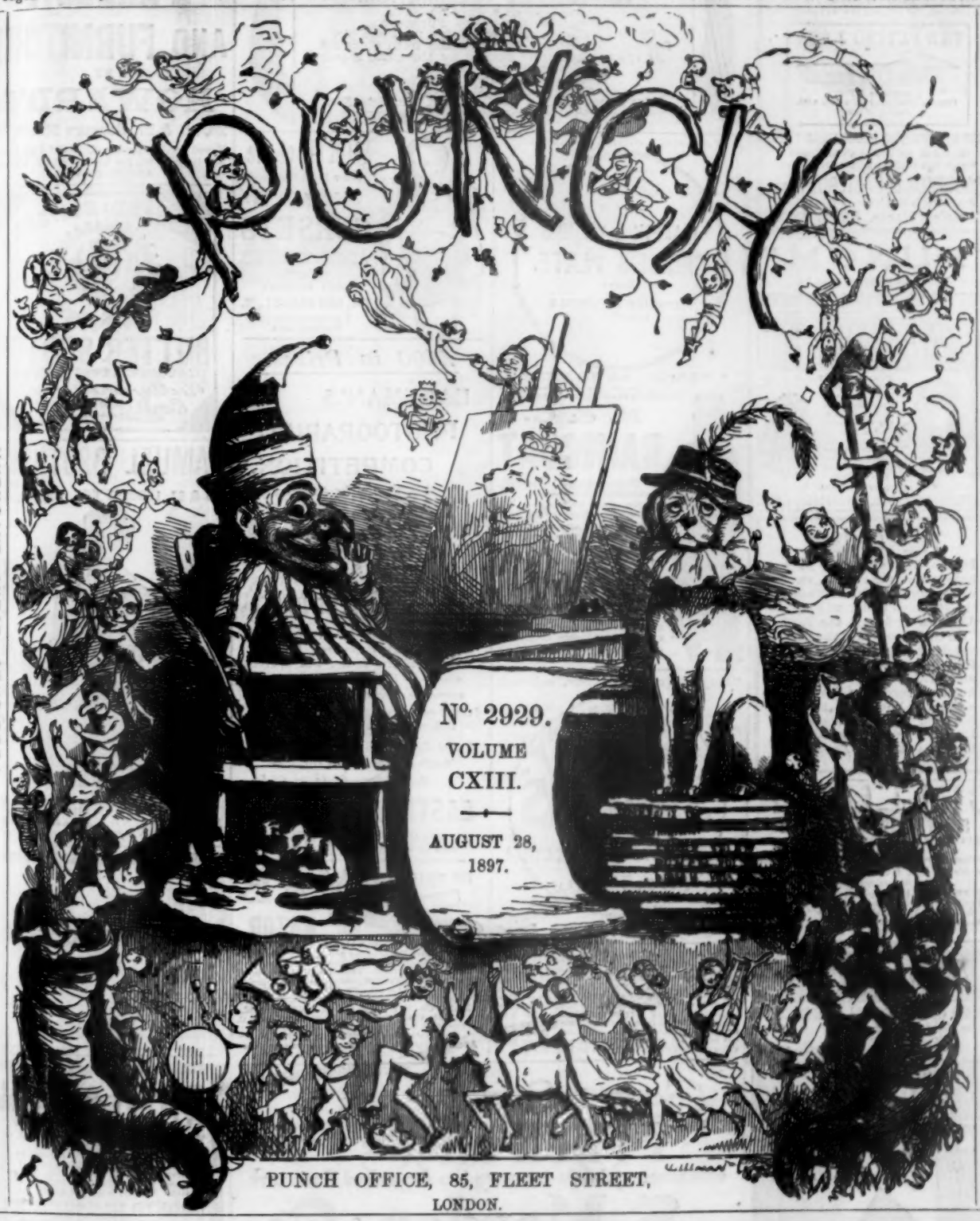
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[We understand from a purely casual chat with the Artist-Author of the above Arms that he is so prostrated by the "colossal" work entailed in its production that he is unable for the moment to grant more than three or four accidental interviews to the press per day. All allusions have had to be most carefully verified and reported on by experts. Sensational and blood-curdling details of the next drawing of the series may be obtained at his private address.]

DIARY OF A WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR.

Sunday.—Completed my sixty-page article upon "Feather-Weights considered from an Antediluvian Point of View," and posted it to the *Quarterly Entertainer*.

Monday.—Just got a recent number of the *Author*. See that editors are bound to return MS. Wire to the editor of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to know what has become of my paper on "Feather-Weights considered, &c."

Tuesday.—Reply from editor (by post) that there is no recollection of the receipt of my MS. at office of *Q. E.* Too indignant for further action.

Wednesday.—Have consulted a solicitor. He is distinctly of opinion that I have a case for untold damages, or at any rate to secure a verdict covering costs.

Thursday.—Down to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to demand my rights. Altercation with attendant in the hall, who attempts to prevent my entrance. Force my way into the editor's room, and find its occupant surrounded by voluntary contributors asking for their papers—or his blood. Editor declines to give either. Ultimately am ejected with the rest by the assistant-deputy-junior-sub-editor and auxiliary chucker-out.

Friday.—Return to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* with my solicitor, and freely distribute writs. Find other would-be contributors engaged in the same occupation.

Saturday.—Last visit to the *bureau* of my adopted periodical. Try to see the editor, to talk matters over quietly, and then come to a peaceable arrangement. Find that the editor is away. Ask for his private address. After some difficulty, it is given to me. Owing to the strain caused by the suggestion that all MS. should be returned, the editor has gone—for the sake of his health—to Colney Hatch.

A SYNONYM.

(With a difference.)

No matter though they cough and choke;
While "gentlemen" presume
Outside an omnibus to smoke—
Ladies can only "fume."

At Boulogne.

Mrs. Sweetly (on her honeymoon). Isn't it funny, ARCHIBALD, to see so many foreigners about? And all talking French!

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Sheringham.—Many tourists have never heard of this favoured East Coast resort, where Norfolk jackets and Sandringham boots are, as they say in Arctic circles, *de rigueur*. Nevertheless, Sheringham is like the seaweed or the bay tree, flourishing. Some very exciting contests have recently taken place on the links, and there has been a brisk competition at the Library for the latest works of fiction. It is whispered that an eminent member of the Faculty is engaged on perfecting a system, whereby bottled Sheringham air can be forwarded to London and the great manufacturing centres. But those with sound minds in unsound bodies will take unlimited draughts at the fountain head. Billiard tables in grand going order.

Scarborough.—The Spa is in full swing, and the pony-chaise jockeys in their gay jackets are racing with Time all day long. Why is it that these jockeys cannot thrive anywhere else? They have tried them at Bridlington, and several neighbouring resorts, but in a very short time their gay jackets get faded and their wearers forlorn. Only at Scarborough can these hummingbirds on horseback be seen to perfection. The Russian Prince, who came last week to drink the waters of the Spa, was doubtless disappointed when he found that the "Kur" was not on hand, but, inasmuch as he and his resplendent lady have, notwithstanding their aqueous disappointment, continued their sojourn, it may be safely asserted that the Queen-Empress of the Yorkshire seaboard possesses attractions superior to those of the Baltic or the Caspian. Among the cricketers of the neighbourhood there is some talk of erecting a life-size statue to Mr. C. I. THORNTON, the beneficent batsman to be represented with a willow in his right hand and a pot of jam balanced on a bun in his left. A party of Edinburgh antiquaries have recently arrived to investigate the connection between Robin Hood's Bay and the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest. The consumption of Scotch whiskey has consequently increased. A municipal bye-law for the prevention of importing the Mac-Hamburg, Glen Bremen, and Loch Antwerp brands is earnestly demanded by the explorers.

En Blanc.

Mrs. Simpleton Cheville. I see that white stockings are very much worn now.

Affable Shop-walker. Yes, madam. You see that on a muddy day they show the splashes of dirt so easily, and that's a great advantage to the wearer.

[*Mrs. S. C. immediately buys a dozen pairs of lacteal-hued hose.*

At Ostend.

Biffles (to TIFFLES). In this bloomin' country everyone's a prince or a marquis or a baron or a nob of some sort, so I've just shoved you down in the Visitors' Book as Lord HARTHUR MACOSSIAN, and me as the Dook of FITZDAZZLEM!

Tiffles. Well, now, that is a lark! What 'd our missuses say?

[*And what did their "Missuses" say when* B. *and* T., *held in pawn by the hotel proprietor (charging aristocratic prices), had to write home to Peckham Rye for considerable advances from the family treasuries!*



KLONDYKE!

DARBY JONES AT YORK.

Honoured Sir,—The ancient stronghold of the archbishops of the North, the universal emporium of those porcine delicacies which the ignorant French invariably describe as *jambons de Yorck*, and the headquarters of the Truculent Tyke, the city "pleasantly situated" (as the guide books have it) on the rivers Foss and Ouse, is to my mind chiefly remarkable for the stretch of Turf somewhat inauspiciously known as Knavesmire. For some occult reason the Romans preferred to style the town Eboracum; and therefore his grace the prelate signs himself "Ebor," and the race of the August meeting is termed the Great Ebor Handicap. A not illiterate friend declares that the appellation was derived from a man called Ebor the Keen Knight, whose wife knocked a nail into the skull of a foreign military commander the while he was sleeping off the effects of a most potent draught of something stronger than water. As I am no Historian, my learned friend may, like a certain waggish barrister, have been pulling my leg. If so, he may go on hauling, for I believe that my shanks are attached to my body with tolerable security against accident and misadventure.

Wafting aside this *persiflage* (ever since the Grand Prix, I cannot help drifting into Gallic verse), I beg you to believe, honoured Sir, that a pleasanter place of sojourn than York does not exist in Her Majesty's dominions. I look upon the magnificent cathedral with awe, but I gaze upon the splendid breakfasts provided at the hotels with unconcealed delight. In the South we are supposed to be *gourmands* (Paris again!) of the first water if we consume, say, a haddock, a rasher of bacon, and a couple of eggs to our morning meal. At York, the honest waiter or dainty parlourmaid stares at you with astonishment if, in addition to raiding the warm food, you do not make the fiercest onslaught on to the succulent cold viands with which the sideboard is reeking—I was going to say groaning, but sideboards in prose only reek. And the Yorkshire grouse! Ah, Sir! he is a bird to be thought well of in any Ornithological Happy Family. Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley has frequently shewn him on Canvas with a marvellous accuracy of brush and gun combined, but associated with chipped potatoes let him smoke for me on a Dish. Mellowed by a bottle of choice Burgundy, the Yorkshire grouse flies away from his cousins over the Border. But this Gastronomic Elegy has nothing to do with the question of Knavesmire, where the Aristocracy of the largest county in England foregather with the unanimity of Penguins in the uninhabited isles of the Southern Pacific. As my esteemed friend Baron von Kinklestein, Knight of the Order of the Cygnet of Mesopotamia, once remarked, "At York you do not know which to admire most, the ladies with two legs or the ladies with four." He was considered a bit of a Bard in the Fatherland, but, I regret to say, so misused his talents in orthography that he is now being entertained by our Queen-Empress regardless of expense. But, with all his faults, he was decidedly superior to that Italian-Swiss waiter who, callous to one's feelings, made bold to tell me that if Yorkshire only produced decent cheese, it would be worth visiting. And the beast had just consumed at least half a pound of the best Wensleydale, which I put before the primest Stilton.

Now to business—hoofs, not *fromage*. The Laureate sings enigmatically:—

There are some, who will prate of a *Bay*,
A *Composer* some others will please,
Private Mission, well-backed on the day,
Belgic River will hold at his ease.

But for us none of these will I claim,
All the *East End* I throw to the wind,
Toes-in-front is the horse that I name,
With the *Home of the Grouse* close behind.

And if there be any to upset the pot,
The *Corn-oef*, the *Aster*, and *Nip* beat the lot.

I salute you, *mon rédacteur*, trusting that, like myself, you have recently profited by the wondrous resurrection of *Castle Or*. A rogue who wins at 33 to 1 in a field of five, even at Alexandra Park, is worth following, in the opinion of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,
Darby Jones.

P.S.—My friend the MacTavish tells me that he has despatched two boxes of grouse birds, not from Yorkshire, but from Glen MacWhuskey, addressed to me. Have they arrived?

[No such boxes have arrived, but the Commissionaire at the door informs us, on inquiry, that an emissary from a West-end poulterer called yesterday, and was anxious to know the address of a person answering to D. J.'s description, who had ordered three brace of grouse and not paid for them.—Ed.]



Mrs. Mashem. "*Bull-bull* and I have been sitting for our Photographs as 'Beauty and the Beast'!"

Lord Loreus (a bit of a Fancier). "Yes; he certainly *is* a Beauty, isn't he?"



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF SHOOTING FROM A BUTT.

Keeper (on Moor rented by the latest South African Millionaire, to Guest). "Never mind the Birds, Sir. For onny sake, lie down! The Maister 's gawn tar Shoot!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A Dialogue Story in Seven Parts.

PART III.

Scene—*The Drawing-room.* Mr. Jason Bowater *has just entered. He is about forty-five, spare, of medium height, but dignified appearance. He wears a trimly-pointed beard and gold eye-glasses; his manner and speech have a faintly scholastic flavour.*

Bowater. How do you do, Miss Vyvian? Ah, Alabaster—the very man I wanted to see! I called at your house on my way up the hill. You will find something I left there for you when you go back. Mr. Alabaster, my dear Miss Nora, is good enough to give me his invaluable assistance with some of the manuscripts which I can no longer cope with single-handed. Perhaps he has mentioned it?

Nora. Yes. He—he *did* mention it. I can't imagine why my Aunt is not in yet.

Bowater. I am afraid her bicycle must have gone wrong again. I met her near the station, and she had been obliged to stop to have the hind tyre repaired. We had a little talk, but she had to go over to Fitcham, she told me, and was in rather a hurry. I mentioned to her that I'd been looking through an anonymous manuscript lately which has struck me very much. In fact, I really believe that I've unearthed a new genius—unless indeed. . . . . Why, do you know, the suspicion *did* just cross my mind that it *might* be——

Nora (*involuntarily*). Oh, I'm so glad! I felt sure that *you*—— (*Checking herself.*) Please don't notice what I said—it—it slipped out.

Bowater. I won't ask any indiscreet questions. But, disguise their style as they may, there is a touch about our best authors' work which—— Really, Alabaster, it 's a most extraordinary book, and if you don't share my enthusiasm about it——

Gerald. Well, I—I may have read it carelessly. I 'm very glad, as it happens, that you came to a different conclusion about it.

Bowater. But you can't have read it at all yet! I've only just left it at your house, in a small black bag, which by-the-bye, I'll call for on my way home.

Gerald. Did you look at my report on *Stolen Sweets?* If not, I—I'd just as soon you didn't, you know.

Bowater. Stolen Sweets—let me see, oh, yes, I read what you said about *that.* Very poor stuff, evidently.

Nora (*to herself*). Oh, dear, and I made sure it was all right! (*Aloud, to* Bowater.) Have you read it yourself yet?

Bowater. After his report? No, I knew I should merely be wasting my time. I told one of my people to see that it was returned at once with the usual formula, and the author has probably received it by now.

Gerald (*ruefully*). I 'm afraid she *has!*

Bowater. A lady, is it? Well, we publishers can't afford to be chivalrous in these matters. If women *will* write trash, why——! And I've always gone upon the principle, since I've been in business, of never allowing *my* name to be associated with any fiction that had not *some* claim to be considered Literature. On that point I'm inflexible. (*Sounds are heard outside.*) Ah, our hostess—at last!

Gerald (*to himself*). Poor old Bowater! When he finds out! But he can't blame *me.*

Camilla (*appearing at the doorway, looking heated and dishevelled*). I know I'm abominably late—but I've been upset.

Nora (*breathlessly*). Did—you—did you *get* to Fitcham?

Camilla. No—so provoking, I only got about half way when, just in the quietest part of the road, the hem of my skirt caught in the pedal and threw me down, and there I lay, helpless, till somebody came by and set me free. . . . No, I wasn't in the least hurt, but it was so late, and my wretched tyre was in such a state, that I turned back, and had to walk most of the way.

Nora (*to herself*). How fortunate she broke down *before* she reached the post-office.

Camilla. Now, I must just rush up and make myself fit to be seen. I won't be long. Mr. Bowater, did I hear you, when I had to leave you a little while ago, beginning to tell me about some manuscript you were interested in?

Bowater. Interested! My dear Miss Lyde, completely carried away! Whoever the author may be, and—hem—his identity is not revealed at present, I really don't *know* when——!

Camilla (*endeavouring to conceal her delight*). You must tell me all about it at lunch. I can't stop now.

Bowater. Take care, Miss Lyde. If I am once started on that subject, I shall become a bore—a positive bore!

Camilla (*smiling*). Ah, I am not afraid of *that,* dear Mr. Bowater. I am quite curious, I assure you. [*She goes.*

Bowater. Miss Vyvian, unless I am mistaken, I foresee quite a pleasant little comedy over this.

Nora (*in distress*). No, Mr. Bowater, no—*indeed* you are mistaken. It—it won't be *that.* Oh, for goodness' sake, tell him, Gerald, it 's the only thing you can do now!

Gerald (*reluctantly, to* Bowater). Well—er—the fact is, I'm afraid Miss Lyde thought it was *Stolen Sweets* you were so enthusiastic about.

Bowater. *Stolen Sweets*—why, I've rejected that—on your recommendation.

Gerald. I know. I—I gave you my candid opinion. But if I'd known it was Miss Lyde's——

Bowater (*petrified*). Miss Lyde's!! Alabaster, do you mean to tell me that you have actually misled me into rejecting a work by Miss Lyde?

Gerald (*crestfallen*). I'm awfully sorry. But, really, if you'd read it yourself——!

Bowater. I wish to Heaven I had! But I thought I could depend on your judgment, and this is the result! To condemn a novel of *hers* in that offhand way. It's either conceit, Sir, or the most unpardonable ignorance—I don't care which.

Nora. *Both*, I'm afraid.

Gerald. Oh, all right, pitch into me, if it's any relief to you. You can tell her it's all *my* doing.

Bowater. I shall not attempt to shelter myself in any such way, Sir. She would only think the worse of me if I did. But when I think that the next time she calls at that post office, she will find—— Ah, if I had only waited a day before returning that manuscript! But there, it's too late—it's too late, now!

Nora. I've an idea. I could bicycle over directly after lunch and ask if there is any parcel for M. N. If it's there, they would be sure to give it up to me, and if it's not, I could leave instructions to re-address it to Lebanon Lodge, and then you would get it again, and my Aunt would never know.

Bowater. My dear Miss Nora, it's an inspiration! If you will only do that, I—I shall be unspeakably obliged. It will get me out of this most embarrassing—— But there's another difficulty. Suppose in the meantime Miss Lyde questions me about that other manuscript—the one I was foolish enough to mention to her?

Nora. You haven't told her the title, or what it was about?

Bowater. Fortunately the title has quite escaped me. I don't remember noticing it. And I had no time to go into particulars.

Nora. Then if she supposes it is *Stolen Sweets*, why undeceive her?

Bowater. I could praise it with a clear conscience. I accept it beforehand. I *know* it's a masterpiece, in spite of our critical young friend here. Only, the—the worst of it is that she'll naturally wish to know what parts I admire most—and I haven't read a word of it!

Nora. But Gerald has. He told me he could pass an exam. in it. Gerald, coach Mr. Bowater—quick—before my Aunt comes down!

Bowater. I only want an outline—names—a scene or two—anything I can go upon. I think you owe me *that*, Alabaster!

Gerald (*shamefacedly*). Oh, I'll do my best. (*Taking* Bowater *aside.*) It opens something like this: The heroine——

[*He proceeds to pour a rapid summary of the plot into* Bowater's *eager ears.*

Bowater. Yes, yes. I see. I've got that. What next? . . No, stop—I hear Miss Lyde!

Camilla (*enters, cool, fresh, and smiling*). Now let us go to lunch. I'm sure you must all be ravenous!

[*She leads the way into the dining-room.*

Bowater (*detaining* Nora, *and speaking in an agonised undertone*). Miss Vyvian, for Heaven's sake keep Miss Lyde off the novel if you can. Her plot seems most complicated. And Alabaster hasn't told me half of it yet!

Nora. It will be all right, Mr. Bowater, I'm sure it will. Gerald will prompt you, if it's necessary.

Gerald. I shall put my foot in it somewhere, I know. I never *was* a good liar!

Nora (*indignantly*). Don't run yourself down like that, Gerald. I'm sure you're an *excellent* liar!

Bowater. Understand me, Alabaster, I don't ask you to descend to actual untruth. Personally, though I am prepared to say anything rather than cause a moment's pain to a charming lady whom I respect and admire, I shall endeavour to avoid any downright falsehood—if possible. But, should I find myself forced to—to refer to you for corroboration of matters of fact, I—I shall expect you to back me up, Sir.

Nora. And if you don't, I'll never speak to you again!

Gerald (*sulkily*). Well, if I must, I must. But Miss Lyde will spot something if we stay in here whispering like a lot of conspirators. Let's go in and get it over.

[Nora *and he go towards the dining-room.*

Bowater (*to himself, as he follows*). A conspirator, that's what I *am*. If I can only leave this house without having betrayed myself, I shall be a fortunate man. And I came here with the fixed intention of—— But one thing's certain—it would be madness to propose to her this afternoon!

[*They enter the dining-room.*



MORNING CIVILITIES.

(*Overheard at Scarborough.*)

Small Boy (*to Chum, on his way to sands with Donkeys and Foal*). "Hollo, Billy! How much for t' Little Un'?"

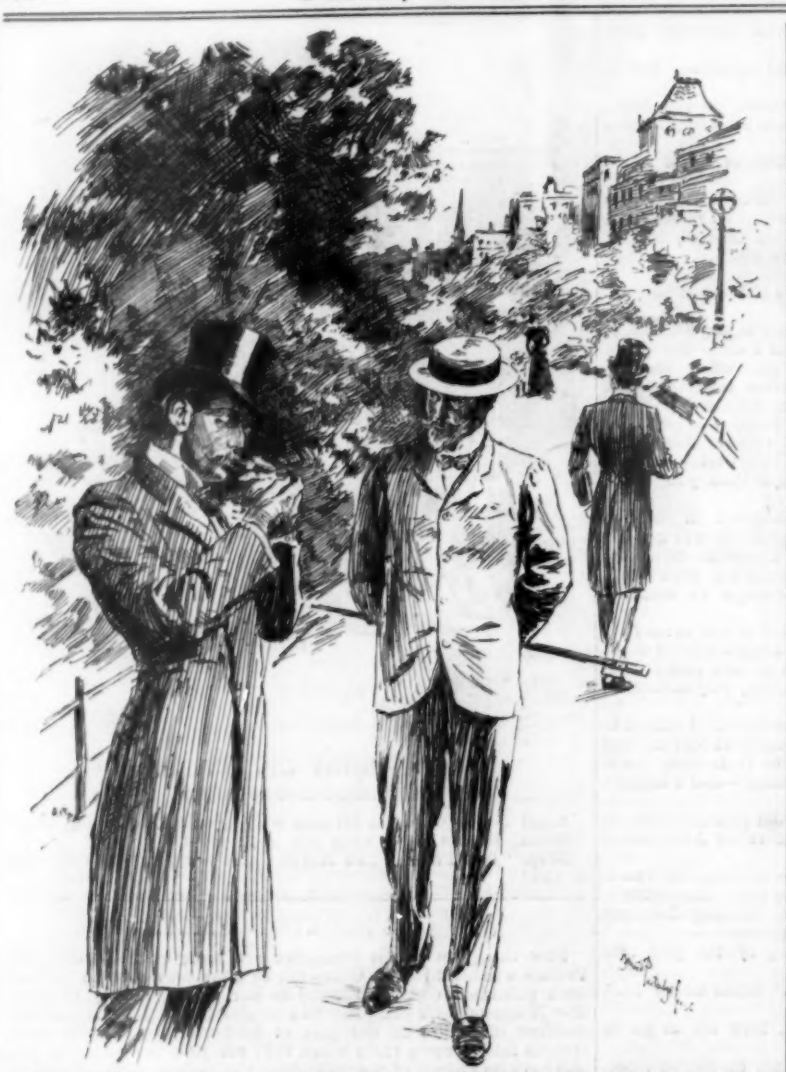
Billy. "Get away! Thy Mother can't afford to keep Two o' yer!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Few things in recent literature are more pathetic than the Preface written by Mrs. Oliphant to what proved to be the last book published (Smith, Elder) in her long and busy lifetime. *The Ways of Life* comprise two stories linked by the common incident of failure on the part of hard-working business men, trouble falling upon them when they are past the prime of life, and have no chance of re-establishing themselves. *Mr. Sandford* is a painter who has won his way to the rank of Royal Academician. One day he finds his pictures cease to sell, and that he who once commanded the market is beginning to be spoken of by his friend as "poor Sandford." *Mr. Robert Dalyell* was something in the City. In his fiftieth year a long course of financial prosperity was suddenly overclouded by prospect of bankruptcy. In the Preface Mrs. Oliphant tells how she came to write these sombre stories. They were, she says, produced "under influence of the strange discovery a man makes when he finds himself carried away by the retiring waters, no longer coming in upon the top of the wave, but going out. "The discovery," she testifies, "comes in diverse ways: in the unresponsive silence which greets an orator who was once interrupted by perpetual cheers; in the publishing of a book which drops and is never heard of more; in the matter of unsold pictures; in the changed accent with which the fickle public pronounce a once-favoured name." Mrs. Oliphant does not make direct admission of her own apprehension, but it is clear that at the time of writing, the shadows were falling fast. "On the Ebb Tide," she called her Preface. Now, like *Barkis*, she has "gone out with the tide," leaving on the hither shore this last of an almost countless tale of books. It is pleasing to note that in the matter of finished workmanship it shows no sign of the failure she dreaded.

The Baron de B.-W.

The Real "Muller."—Not the fanatic who has caused the frontier tribes of India to rise, but quite a different personage.



Brown. "LIGHT-HEARTED, CARELESS SORT OF CHAP OUR YOUNG FRIEND THERE! I DO BELIEVE HE 'D ROB HIS OWN FATHER, AND BE DELIGHTED!"
Robinson. "WELL—ER—*TRANSPORTED* RATHER THAN *DELIGHTED*, I SHOULD HAVE SAID."

A BID FOR FREEDOM.

(*Extracted from the Private Correspondence of Master Thomas Tittlebat, and kept until the Summer Vacation for Holiday reading.*)

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I know that you like to have a letter from your affectionate nephew, and so, as usual, I am writing you a line just now, and as I am doing so, I wish to remind you that it is my birthday on Monday week. You should send off your present by parcel-post on Friday at latest, so that it may reach me by the proper day. Besides the regular present, a hamper would be very acceptable, as I require nourishment after the hard work of last term. (Remember, it *must* be sent on Friday—not later.) The one you sent me last term was no good, I regret to say, because it was seized by JONES *major*, who is a liar. I will tell you about this.

JONES *major* has a father, who is the Radical member of the House of Commons, and JONES is always talking rot about politics, and spouting speeches. Why, you may ask, do I listen to him? Alas! my dear uncle, I have no choice. Once I did point out in the politest way that he was getting a little mixed in his arguments. His reply was most forcible. I had to go to the cook, and beg for a piece of raw beef-steak.

Towards the end of last term the temper of old BUNNY (our esteemed head master, better known to you as the Rev. RICHARD BUNBURY, M.A.) was simply too awful. He set impots. all over the place without the least excuse, and then gave out after prayers one night that a half-holiday would be taken away, because some one had smashed one of his blessed cucumber-frames with a fives-ball, and he couldn't find out who it was. As soon as we got into the dormitory, JONES *major* had us all out into the passage, which he called "convening a general council." There he made a speech. He said that old BUNNY's conduct was a disgrace to civilisation, which was quite true. Then he asked whether we would remain downtrodden slaves any longer? We didn't say anything at first, till JONES knocked together the heads of two small boys near him, calling them "spiritless worms," and told them to shout "No." So we all shouted "No"—not very loud, because of BUNNY. "Thank you, my gallant comrades," said JONES, "this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm nerves me anew for the great struggle. We will begin to-morrow!"

JENKINS, who is nearly as big as JONES, asked *what* we should begin.

"We shall strike, you booby; we shall combine against the tyrant employer!" said JONES, savagely. "And now we must make preparations. We are sure to be met by a lock-out, so the first thing is to form a strike-fund. Every fellow must hand me over his week's pocket-money. I will administer the strike-pay myself!"

There was some murmuring at this, and a good deal of hesitation.

"If any dastardly black-leg," roared JONES, "is among us—if the heart of any of you chaps is so depraved as to distrust the great principle of co-operation—I 'll jolly well punch his ugly head!"

So we had to hand over our pocket-money. But worse was to come for me.

"I saw a hamper in the hall just now," JONES continued, "addressed to you, young TITTLEBAT. That shall be used for the relief of necessitous strikers."

Such, my dear uncle, was the fate of your benevolent gift! Not so much as an acid drop from it reached the mouth of your unfortunate nephew.

Then JONES went on with his preparations. He set SMITHERS to write, "Down with the Tyrant!" "Who would be free, himself must strike!" and other things, in red ink, on pockethandkerchiefs. Then he dictated a manifesto, which JACKSON had to write down. It told old BUNNY that our demands were (1) The half-holiday to be restored; (2) Jam for tea; (3) First school an hour later. It added that the great heart of the nation was with us, and that we would die rather than yield. Then JONES made another speech.

"To-morrow morning," he said, "we will refuse to go into school. We will form a procession, and march about the yard, and sing. CARSON, I appoint you a picket to see that no one slinks away. Then old BUNNY will come out, and a nice rage he 'll be in. TITTLEBAT, you have been of distinct service to the cause; your hamper is most acceptable. Therefore you shall have a special honour. You shall be our delegate."

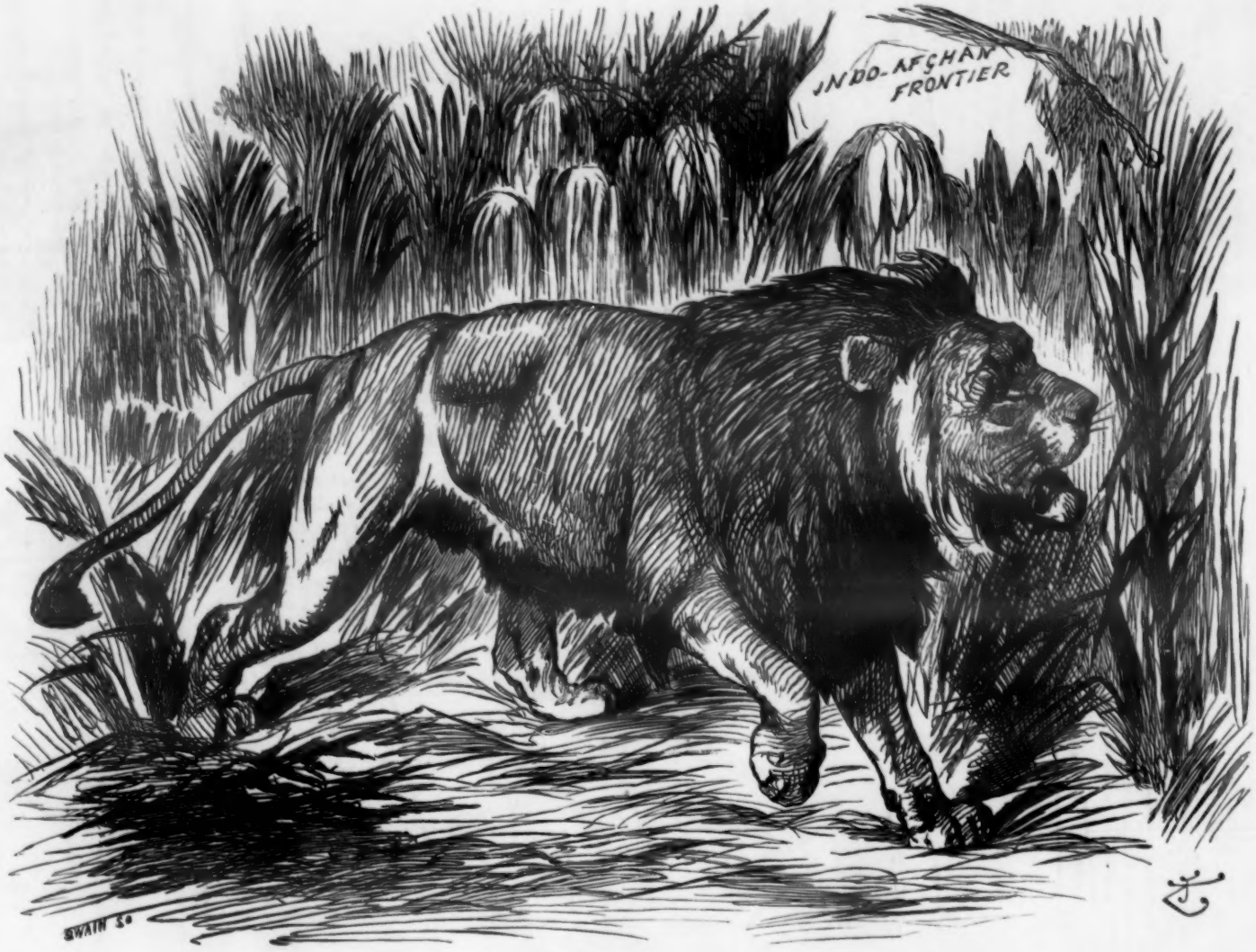
I didn't catch his meaning at first. "But I'm not delicate," I objected. "If you want me to go to the sick-room——"

"Delegate, you dunderheaded ninny!" shouted JONES, seizing my arm, and twisting it in the most unpleasant manner. "You and SMITHERS shall interview BUNNY on our behalf, and read him that manifesto."

Under the circumstances, I did not see my way to decline the honour.

Next day, the programme was duly carried out. Instead of going into school, we marched round the yard, waving our banners, and singing as much of the *Marseillaise* as we could remember. Soon old BUNNY appeared, in a towering rage, and wanted to know what this meant.

"SMITHERS and TITTLEBAT," shouted JONES, from the background, "are our



ON THE ALERT!



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

Oldest Inhabitant. "WULL, ZIR, THE VINEST ZIGHT IN THESE PARTS BE THE VINEDOCK, I RACKON, ZIR, AN' I BIN 'ERE NIGH ON EIGHTY YEAR COME," &c., &c.

Tourist. "*VINEDOCK!* NEVER HEARD OF IT. SOUNDS MOST INTERESTING. WE 'LL GO AND SEE IT."

[*But the Wiltshire pronunciation of "Viaduct" was more interesting than the real article.*

accredited delegates. They will lay our views before you."

"SMITHERS and TITTLEBAT," said BUNNY, "come to my study."

You never saw anything like old BUNNY'S face when I read him our manifesto. "Thank you," he said, when I had finished. "That is a most interesting document. And now, if you don't mind, I mean to do a little striking myself!"

Over the scene that followed, my dear uncle, I draw a veil. I have scarcely yet recovered from the effects of it. Indeed, it is *not* selfishness, as my mother declares, which causes me to select for myself the softest chairs in the room.

So I am sure you will agree that a large hamper (you will send it on Friday, won't you?) will be a welcome, though inadequate relief for the wounded feelings of your innocent and unfortunate nephew,

THOMAS TITTLEBAT.

CURIOUS PHASE OF YEA AND NAY.—Those in the *know* at a race meeting always say "yes" when offered the odds.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Boating Man sculls in the dewy eve to the riverain house, where he supposes his lady-love is dwelling.

THERE 's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
A veil of a silver-grey hue,
That a man with a Röntgen ray light, my love,
Could not pierce at our dear old *belle vue*.
There for weeks we foregathered and told the sweet tale
That ripens as ages go by;
Folks say that it 's getting uncommonly stale,
Yet somehow it never can die.

There 's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
And the banks are all reeking of dew,
But catarrh does not give me affright, my love,
Nor sore throat, when thinking of you.
I would recklessly welcome the challenge of cold,
Influenza would fearlessly meet,
If only we lived in the days, not so old,
When each minute, each second, was sweet!

There 's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
There were mists when the moonbeams we 'd see,
When we said what we should and we might, my love,
In the Kingdom of Going-to-be.
The argosy fair that we launched on the tide
From the summer-house under the slope,
Was freighted with plenty of young-hearted pride,
And captained by masterful Hope.

There 's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
O'er the willows it hangs like a ghost
Of the argosy lost in our sight, my love,
With the treasure that we loved the most.
The treasure that 's worth all the wealth of Klondyke,
And surpasses the gems of the Rand,
The claim that all hunters of fortune can strike,
That joins every heart with each hand!

There 's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
I am chill as I sit in this boat,
I feel like a castaway wight, my love,
Who is somehow or other afloat.
I know you are thinking of me, and I think
Of the days that are gone with regret.
The mist parts! The moon! Horror! Give me a drink!
There 's a board up—"This House is to Let!"

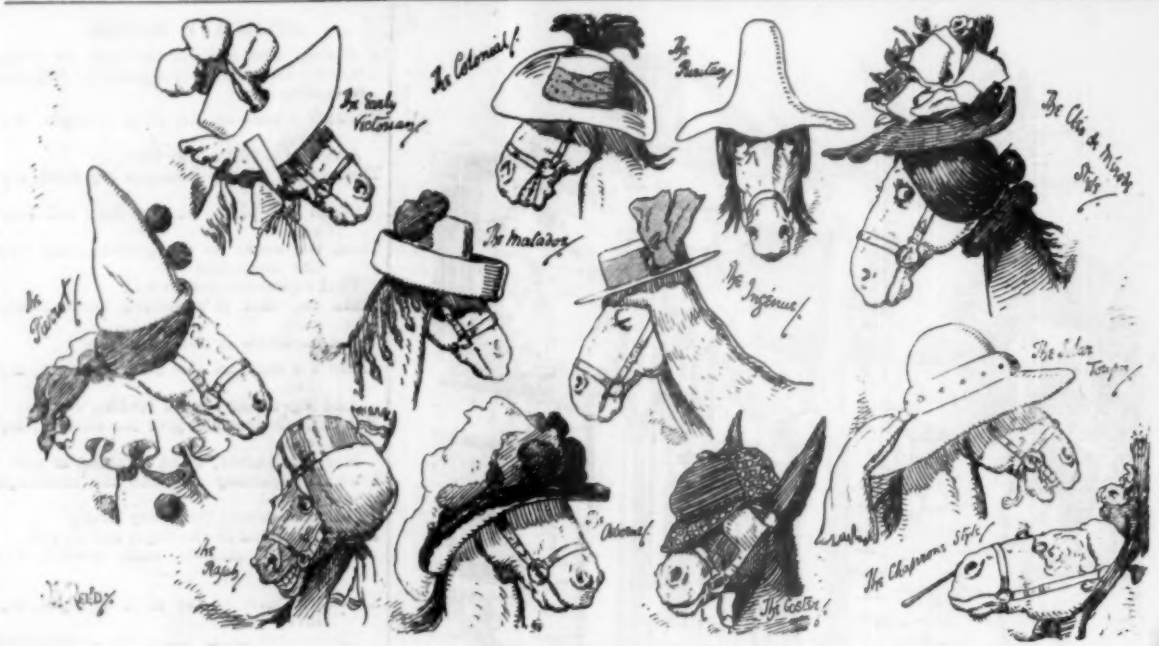
A Practical Agriculturist.

Keeper (*to small farmer, who is "over the border" with a gun in his hand*). Now, look 'ere, Mr. GRUBBINS, you know what 's your land and what 's ourn.

Mr. Grubbins. In course I do; but sure-ly you don't object to my seeing how your turnips is getting on!

[*Keeper collapses.*

FRENCH ARITHMETIC.—The Republic can be numbered by millions, but at St. Petersburg it counts as Faure.



"SHALL HORSES WEAR BONNETS?"

A FEW DESIGNS FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF "THE TRADE"—ALL WARRANTED TO LOOK REMARKABLY WELL!

"DOWN SOUTH."

SOME years ago you, Sir, or one of yours—but *qui facit per alium, facit per se* (and lately, *en voyageur*, I have had to face it *per* sea pretty frequently)—recommended Bournemouth as being a place where one (or more) could spend a happy, healthful holiday. Now, when I hear any recommendation of anything by anybody given out *urbi et orbi*, experience has taught me to consider, deliberately, first, the *bona fides* of the utterer, secondly, the circumstances of the utterance. Being aware of possessing a too confiding disposition, I become acutely suspicious. I sit as judge to hear the pros and the cons; as counsel I examine witnesses; then, reappearing as judge, I sift the evidence, sum up, and direct the verdict.

To this judicial process I submitted your correspondent's recommendation, and, as the verdict was in his favour, I finally decided on acting in accordance with his advice.

When casually I mentioned to friends that I was going for a summer holiday to Bournemouth, my best friends—who do not care a hang where I go, provided that I *do* go and do not bother *them*—stared in astonishment, and would have attempted to dissuade me from carrying out my intention, had not the idea evidently occurred to them, as a second thought of the happiest description, that, by selecting Bournemouth for my summer-holiday residence, I should be choosing a spot, within measurable distance of which none of them would be in the least likely to be found. Only three among my bosom intimates exhibited any curiosity as to the exact time of my visit. These friends appeared much relieved on my expressing my intention of avoiding the Isle of Wight during "the Cowes week," and I subsequently ascertained (though they did not mention it at the time) that they were members of "the Squadron," and were due on board their small yachts for that special aquatic festivity.

They all wished me a "good time of it," and departed, the majority going north in search of the wily grouse (a fact they omitted to mention in my hearing), others to Homburg, Aix, and similar Continental resorts, where the burden of the chorus is "The Cure! the Cure! the Cure!"

After some considerably varied experience of watering-places and seaside resorts, both in summer and winter, I have come to the conclusion that all of them, wherever they may be, are uncommonly alike in their effect; only in summer your temporary residence must be on a height, away from the town, and in full view of the sea. At Bournemouth in August there is the purple heather (but no grouse, except at the poulterer's), and there are woods of pine and fir, affording in summer a shade deliciously cool, but not so absolutely cold as that of the pine-forests on the hills above Royat.

At Bournemouth the air at early morn and dewy eve is sweet-scented, refreshing, and more or less invigorating, according to the constitution of the visitor. If only you are a moderately good sailor, there is so great a variety of trips by sea, in first-rate steamers, as will satisfy the aspirations and be within the pocket-compass of the most enthusiastic of nautical amateurs. With such chances by land as Bournemouth can offer, you will have change in full for your money. Ashore there is amusement for everyone, plenty of "places to go to"; river-fishing, picturesque walks and drives, at fairly reasonable prices. Mr. DAN GODFREY, junior, Lieutenant DAN GODFREY'S musical heir, conducts a large orchestra, which is divided between the Pier and the Winter Garden, and on Saturday evenings uniting its forces, it comes out uncommonly strong with a popular programme, supplemented by good comic singing, and other entertainments, either by conjurers, or whistlers, or ventriloquists, or, it may be, by all three.

In the afternoons there is always at these same Winter Gardens,—which, by the way, is an enticing but deceptive name in Summer—a more or less classical concert, as an attraction for those more seriously and dozily-disposed persons, who, having dined early or heavily lunched (for Bournemouth does produce a powerful appetite), do not grudge their sixpence for entrance to these gardens, where, in a huge glass-house, there are chairs and benches where they can "lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily" enjoy the sweet strains of most superior composers. It is conceivable that there might be a better place for sound than this same Hothouse, where the orchestral performers appear as it were planted amidst ferns, and may be individually and collectively considered as an essential portion of the Fern-iture. Perhaps, instead of "Classical Concerts," the afternoon performances as given here might be known as "The Glassical Concerts." Mr. DAN GODFREY will see to this; and that he should be permanent musical director at Bournemouth is sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the selections and for the excellence of the performance.

But the special attraction offered by Bournemouth to its visitors, during its summer season, is in the shape of a bait, a sea-bait, not a "ground-bait," held out by the steamboat companies, whether antagonistic or co-operative this deponent knoweth not, for "excursions" (without the Shakspearian addition of "alarums") to all sorts of places along the English coast, ranging from Brighton to Torquay, and, occasionally, a voyage to the



ALL OVER!

"Hulloa, Bob, you down here! How miserable you look! What is it?"
"Ted, do you remember that lovely dark Girl we met at the Fieldens'? I gave her Lessons on the Bicycle."
"Well?" "Well, she has *learned!*"

French coast, visiting Boulogne or Cherbourg. Of these two last "trips" I have not as yet had experience, but to those who are only moderately qualified sailors, I can confidently recommend the others, especially if you have your own party, so as to secure your own seats together, and your own table for lunch and the "Five o'clock."

On these steamers everything is of the A-wunnest character, with one exception; and to rectify this these Southern steamboat companies might well take a hint from the perfect arrangements on the Calais-Douvres line. *Empress*, *Monarch*, *Lord Elgin*, and *Brodick Castle*, are ruled by sturdy captains, who know when the *dulce* moment has arrived for them to *desipere in loco*, and served by civil sailors, and polite pursers. There is capital catering at reasonable rates, and, with the exception of coffee, for which, if you are accustomed as a hardy mariner "to rough it," you can easily substitute tea, the veriest "stow-away" (as regards wittles and drink) will be thoroughly satisfied.

Mem.—Go on board a good hour before starting. The early Boarder secures the best place. This is important.

Mem.—After stepping on deck, saluting, and reporting yourself to the captain with "Come aboard, cap'en!" scuttle away below, all hands on the deck-chairs, on which, when you have placed them in position and taken their numbers, place your coats, newspaper, and any *impedimenta* you may be carrying with you. This strategic movement having been taken, seek out the steward or under-steward, or under-steward's assistant, give him the number of your party, and secure your seats for a certain hour, say lunch at 12.30, which gives you a good half hour's start of other hungry *voyageurs*, who will not appear on the scene until one o'clock, when the hot dishes appear, of which you will not partake, but be satisfied with quite fresh and just-boiled lobster (reminding you of the shell-fish at Swanage), cold chicken, and tongue or ham, and a good salad, which you will mix for yourself.

But this is anticipating. If the boat starts at 10.30, you will be aboard by 9.30, and from your vantage ground you will find amusement enough during the next hour in observing the genuine tourist-varieties that have come here from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland for a holiday, spiced with a sprinkling of lively French, and "stolidified" by no inconsiderable number of Germans. Judging from the odour of some of the cigars, you, although a smoker, and it may be a good sailor, will be grateful to the captain or his first mate for drawing particular attention to the order that smoking is strictly forbidden on this deck, and still further grateful to him for seeing it enforced. Of course, nyone refusing to obey the captain would be at once put in irons, and—— But let us hope even the sternest martinet will never have to proceed to extremities.

ABDUL SEDET.

Abdul Aziz sat on a wall,
And didn't care aught about storm or squall;
He laughed at the Powers, who made much brag,
And defiantly waved his Moslem flag.
He laughed, for he knew that his game was won,
That wolves (with the sheep) were foiled and done,
That whenever he wanted a card to play
He 'd only to get up a fresh affray.
Armenia! Greece! What mattered the spot?
So long as the battle was fierce and hot.
So Abdul Aziz sits on the wall,
And don't care a rap for the Powers' call;
He 'll sit and he 'll sit till the crack of doom,
For he knows that there 's never a foe with a *broom!*

From Our Irrepressible One.

(*Apparently concealed on the Scottish Moors.*)

Fair American (*new to Great Britain, but looking out for an eligible Duke*). Say, what's the meaning of a grouse-drive?

Myself (*the I. O.*). We harness them to light buggies, and make a match of it. ["*But* I *didn't*," *adds the I. O.*

Not to be Outdone.

Britisher (*to Citizen of the United States*). What did you think of our Diamond Jubilee?

U. S. Citizen. Fair, Sirree, very fair, but just you wait till we bring off our Ruby Commemoration!



Obliging Horseman (of riverside breeding). "'AVE A TOW UP, MISS?"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AUGUST IN ENGLAND.

DEAR MISTER,—The english in-head has the air of to be translated from the french in-head. But no! *Ce n'est pas moi, c'est le mois.* And what month of movement, of vacations! All the world, from the royal family just to the most poor little child of the "Eastend" renders himself, if that can himself, to a station of railway. The ones, the princes, go to Goodwood and to Cowes; the others, the poor little childs, conducted by the good clergymans and by the amiable instructresses of the schools, go to pass the day at the country for there to see, them also, the good woods and the cows. Ah the poor littles, *les pauvres petits!*

All the world is in voyage. The first monday the workers dispense much of money for to make some excursions to the border of the sea. *Partout* some trains of pleasure—*de plaisir, oh la, la!* And during all the month in all the streets of London enormously of "fourwheelers" cabs, and of omnibuses, covered of baggages and of bicyclettes. The trains are full, the stations are full. The factors, *facteurs*, are suchly occupied that one is obliged of to carry his baggages himself. And the hotels are still more full. Not only in England, but in Scotland, in France, in Swiss, *partout*. What of english travellers!

Thus I rest all tranquilly still some days at London. There he has there enough of place! Since the great heat of the first days of the month the temperature is less elevated. In effect some days he has made very fine and very agreeable. I walk myself at my ease, dressed of very light habits and of hat of straw. How the streets are desert! In the Piccadilly there is not almost anybody. And yet the park at side is still very beautiful. But what difference since the feasts of the Jubilee! *Mon Dieu!*

I amuse myself much to think to the losses of the speculators so rapacious who made to conatruct the tribunes for that day there. They have well merited their sort, *leur sort*. But I have heard to say that the railways, the hotels, the theatres, the magazines, the librarians-editors, the merchants of bicyclettes and of all sorts of things, have lost also some enormous sums. What damage, *quel dommage!* I demand myself for why. Who then has gained? The Londonians have dispensed enormously of money, and nobody has gained anything. Excepted perhaps the Germans, who fabricated much of decorations, of remembrances, *souvenirs*, for these english feasts.

It are alldays the Germans who gain. If NAPOLEON First lived still, for sure it would be the Germans whom he could call "A Nation of Shoppers." You other English you are very amiable and you love the Germans when even, *quand même*, for you let them to serve themselves of your country for to train the pigeons of their Ministry of War. *Bah, c'est trop fort!* Your compatriots love much the *tir-aux-pigeons* at Monte Carlo. Eh well, why the english sportmans shoot they not on the german pigeons? Me I admire not much the shoot to the pigeons. It is a sport truly despisable. But in a such case it would be a sport of the most admirables, of the most patriotics.

The Emperor WILLIAM would be furious, he would send some telegrams *partout*, he would implore the sympathy of his best friends, Mister KRUGER and the SULTAN—*ah, les dignes associés*, GUILLAUME, PAUL, ABDUL *et Cie.!*—he would demand of new, with still more of violence, the augmentation of the german marine, but he would rest of it at that. And the English also. Your marine so magnificent, she is alldays the best. As says the english poet, you would "put your fingers to your nose and stretch your thumb." Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"OUR SQUARE AT THE SEASIDE."

(Extract from an Intercepted Letter.)

WE are quite proud of our doings. You must know we have a committee, and they manage it all for us. We have all sorts of burning questions. Some one wanted to bring in dogs without muzzles, but the committee sternly interposed, and said they mustn't do anything of the sort. Many of our houses are let out in apartments to people from Town, and we can't admit them. The gardener was ordered "to exclude any dog unmuzzled, or which may do mischief or cause annoyance, and to report the matter to the committee." Some of us thought that the committee were rather putting too much responsibility upon the shoulders of the gardener. How can he tell from the appearance of a dog if he may do mischief? Why, any dog *may* do mischief. However, the gardener, when he has any doubt, will probably report the matter to the committee.

We all hope that another direction to the gardener to "exclude dogs" will not keep him unduly from his work—which, after all, is to see to the seeds, the grass, and gravel-paths. The picture of the gardener, "excluding a dog," chivying it here, there, and everywhere, has made our BOBBY go into fits. But our lad is noted for his sense of the humorous. Then our committee have very kindly been looking after our keys for us. They say that "our keys are not to be lent to strangers!" This is a happy thought. If we had not this rule to guide us we should have been parting with our keys to every passer by. We should have been calling to every stranger, "Here, my good Sir, you are doubtless *en route* for Australia. Take my key of the Square. You can return it when you come back from the land of the Southern Cross."

We have not much fault to find with our committee, save that perhaps they are not sufficiently explicit in their "regulations" for our guidance. For instance, they say "that persons must close the gates on entering and leaving the gardens," and yet utter not a single word about opening the same. How on earth are people to get into the garden unless they open the gates? That is what is bothering us just at present. However, at the moment it is impossible to consult the gardener. It would be perfectly cruel to bother *him* on so trivial a matter when he has so much to do in the arriving at the true characters of dogs (and some curs are *so* deceitful), and reporting the matter to the committee. I may have something further to say about our Square when I write to you next.

Mem. by a Manager.

To say "boo" to a goose requires some doing.
In theatres 'tis the goose who does the "booing."
And though a man may do the best he can, Sir,
Anser will hiss, though hissing may not answer!

DESCRIPTION OF OUR FAVOURITE HOUSE-PIPE AFTER A THUNDER-STORM.—It never drains but it pours.

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DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL THE HIGHEST AND BEST IN THIS LIFE.

M. DUMAS AND THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.—"If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he redescends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head, and appeals to satisfactions of a gross nature, but prompt and certain. They will kill him perhaps, but what is it that does not in the long run kill? And since men must move towards death by whatever road they take, why not select the pleasantest; and what matters it whether the end be reached a little sooner or a little later? Who knows even whether the short cut is not after all the best?"

'And such is human life, so gliding on; it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would ADVISE all BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A WORLD of WOES is AVOIDED by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

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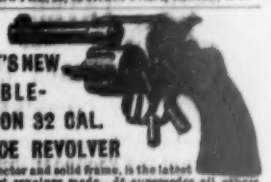
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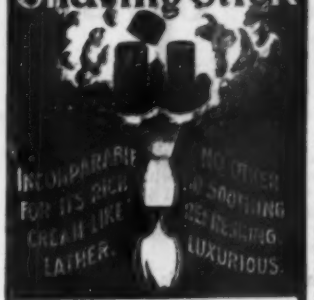


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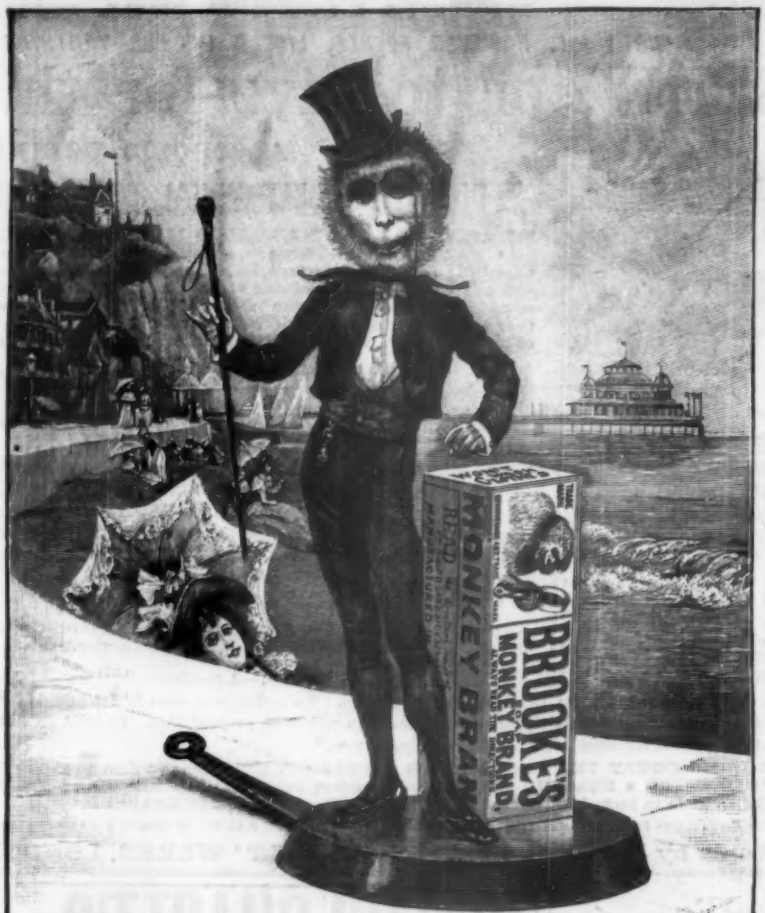
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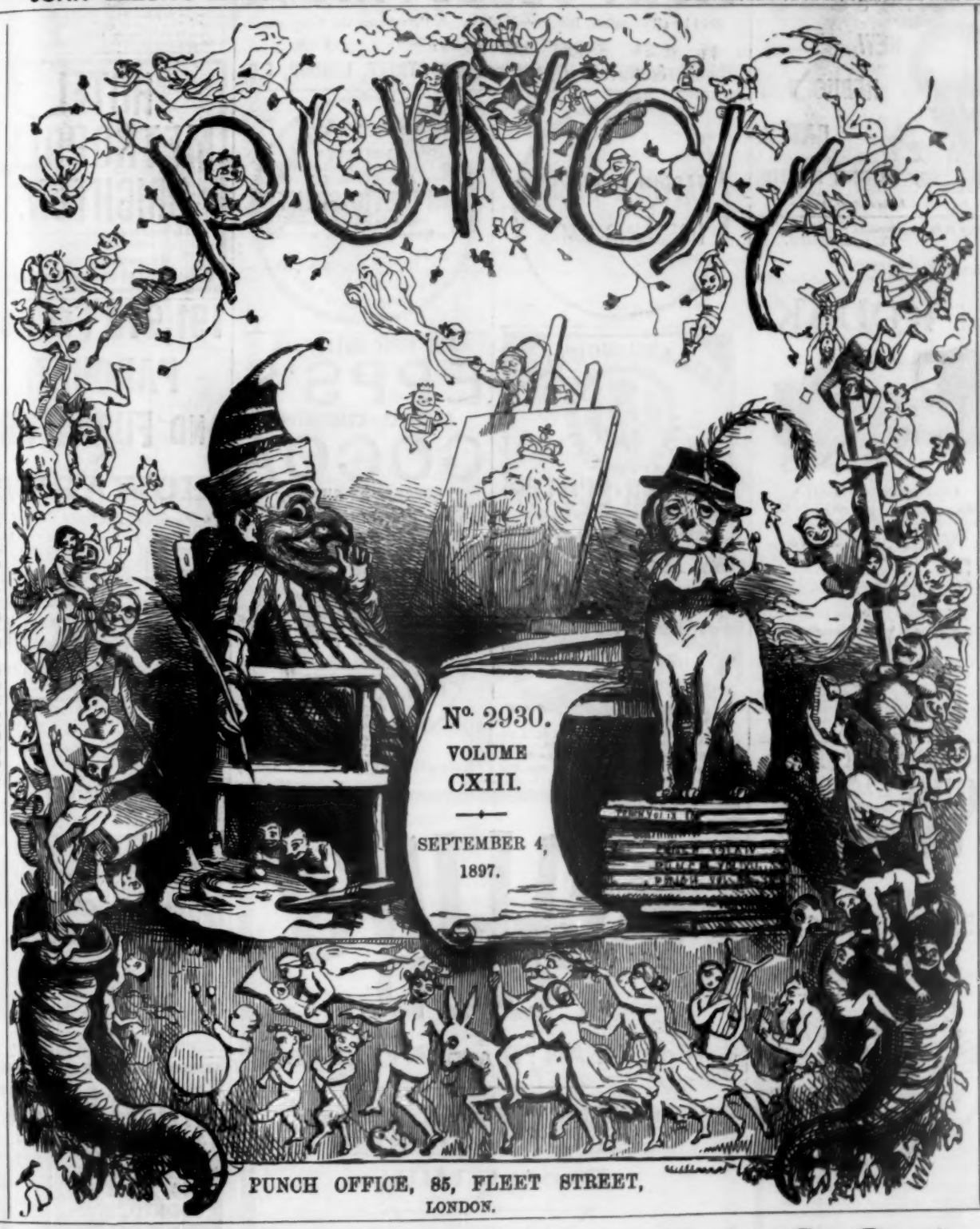
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Ask Chemists for Rowlands' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London. Sent free by post on receipt of postal order.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

DURING HIS RECENT TOUR IN SWITZERLAND, TOMKINS, WHO IS RATHER NERVOUS, HAD A MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE.

"A TOUCH OF THE BADGER."

(A Lay of the Last Stage of Labour.)

"*A touch of the badger!*" Ah, yes, so
the manager told me that day,
Five year agone now, when he saw that
my whiskers were fast growing grey.
His hair was as white as old Winter; but
then *he* was deputy-boss,
And *I*, just a grizzled old grinder, to
whom every grey hair meant loss.
Those words were a knell to my hopes,
for *I* know, yes, heaven help me, *I*
know
That the sun of a labourer's life chills and
pales with the first patch o' snow.

Yet ain't it the Good Book that says
hoary locks are a glory, a crown?
Ah! not at the bench or the scaffold! The
face of the boss wears a frown
As a glance from the tail of his eye tots
you up, with a bit of a stoop—
First sign of the days when long work
curves the labourer's back like a
hoop—
And that terrible "touch of the badger,"
the curse of poor children of toil,
Which gives the first hint to the masters
that greedy old Time's on the spoil.
It *do* spoil a man, do the grizzle, the
splash o' the whitewash-brush. Aye!
Us toilers are not tittivators, not after
the days, long gone by,
When first we "walk out" with a sweet-
heart. Poor Bess! Time has spared
her that touch
Which whitens the head like a frost, and
which tightens the heart like a clutch;
And her hair is as berry-brown now as it
was forty long year ago.
But what is the odds if *I* 'm grizzled, and
bent, and a little bit slow,
And ticked in the gaffer's discharge list?
"*Your services no more required!*"
The slip with those words on means—
doom; the sharp ending of all we
desired,
The stony wide world and—the work-
house! The finish of hope and of
fun,
The seal of a youth that is vanished, the
sign of a course that is run.

And yet I'm hand-strong and heart-
steady, less prone to the drink and
the skulk
Than many a chap in his thirties. But
that seems a battered old hulk
Over which the grey flag is seen waving.
And if, after thirty-five year
Of the best of my manhood, old gaffers
don't want me no longer, 'tis clear
New gaffers will not take me on. Though
I tramp, and I tramp, and I tramp,
On the chance of a job, till the dust
makes me look like a shiftless old
scamp.
That grimy, grey flag's still a-floating,
and warns off the world from my
track,
As the ancient sea-farers were warned by
the gloomy piratical black.
"Thrown aside like an old boot as use-
less!" Yes, that is the lot of our
sort,
And "that's the last act in the drama,"
the end of life's comfort and sport.
Who whispers about Old Age Pensions?
Well, that's what our betters *do* get;
But we are so many, you see; it seems
all talkee-talkee, as yet,
And—too late for *me*, anyhow! Ah! my
head's in a whirl and a daze.
Thirty-five year—and thrown out! Is it
manhood and pride, or sheer craze,
Sets my thoughts all a-hanker round—
Death, like a light-maddened moth
round a flame?
Thirty-five year, and thrown out!—for
that touch of the badger! A shame!
A shame and a wrong! Yes, I swear 'tis
not Christian and fair. *Can* it be
When the age that brings honour to
statesmen brings dark desperation
to *me*?
Poor Bess and the bairns! 'Tisn't fear,
but far worser, that catches my
breath.
I gaze on the grey that's my bane till
the yet greyer face of old Death
Draws—draws! It gleams out *like a hope*
from the mist, and the tangle of
thought.
I can face work or death—not the work-
house. God help me! The poor
moth is caught
In the lure of the one light in darkness!
Sit idle and see *her* starve? Nay!
There's one way out of all! Who 'll dare
blame him who's helplessly driven
that way?

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. CONAN DOYLE.—The G-RM-N EMP-R-R's latest romance is said to be a startling Nihilist romance entitled *The Sign of Faure*. Orders from Siberia are rushing to Berlin. The Retreat from Moscow is treated with considerable humour, and the Fall of Sevastopol is described as an interesting episode leading up to the liberation of the Sultan of TURKEY from the pressure of the Powers and the installation of Count TOLSTOI as First President of the Muscovite Republic. But we have no Imperial authorisation for making this statement, either from the Neva or the Spree.



BUTCHER VERSUS BAKER.

Brother Beef. "THOU BEEST IN A PARLOUS STATE, FRIEND QUARTERN, AND NO CRUMB OF COMFORT IN THE FUTURE!"

["People eat more meat, and therefore want less bread."—*Purport of Official Report.*]

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

Torquay.—Here old Sol reigns supreme! Not old SOL so well known on 'Change in foggy London, but Phœbus Apollo, the great, the brilliant, the magnificent, on his up-to-date car, the greatest "scorcher" out! Over two hundred and fifteen miles from the Metropolis, Torquay has nevertheless the charm of being very much in the world. A local Peerage would be replete with the records of the resident Good and Great, and at the Club the fact that "Mr. Jersey" first sprang into splendour in South Devon is not forgotten. Dartmoor mutton, clotted cream, and red mullet are as plentiful as blackberries, while ladies can bathe here in a certain cove with all the privacy of Diana and her nymphs. There have been rumours of a shark's appearance, but from inquiry, it seems to have been a disabled dolphin, but in these unclassical days our fair naiads need not fear the arrival of Orion. The nightingale is said to be unknown in Devon, but as we were passing a certain villa not a thousand yards from the T. B. Hotel, we fancied that our naturalists must be altogether mistaken. Among the latest arrivals, however, is Mme. CHERUBINA, of the Royal Italian Opera, Bucharest.

In Nuce.

(*By a Neo-Celtic Renascent.*)

To sum up all history well,
Truth into one maxim we 'll melt:—
All Science began with a cell,
All Literature with a—*Celt!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE stamp "Second Edition" on a book causes the heart of the author to rejoice. Dr. AUBREY will with mixed feelings observe it on the title-page of his *Rise and Growth of the English Nation* (ELLIOT STOCK). Fire, untroubled by the controversy round the question of 3*d.* discount in the shilling, or merely 2*d.*, gobbled up the whole of the first edition before it could reach the shelves and counters of rival tradesmen. Presumably the type was standing, or a chance copy of the book was preserved. Even NEWTON would have shrunk from resuming the "many years' research and labour" to which Dr. AUBREY modestly alludes as having produced these three volumes. His design is, as it was that of the late J. R. GREEN, to present not pictures more or less fanciful of kings, great statesmen, and renowned soldiers, but to tell us how the people worked and lived, slowly, for centuries unconsciously building up a great empire. In this task he has fully succeeded. Not that he leaves in misty shape kings and queens and other men and women whose names are most familiar in English history. He has the gift, essential to success in such endeavour, not only of lucidly summarising a long course of events, but of sketching forceful characters within the limits of a page. My Baronite, in the course of a reading he found more fascinating than many novels, is struck with the truth of the axiom about there being nothing new under the sun. To cite only three incidents of a multitude that crowd on the memory: the Salvation Army of to-day have their prototype in the Mendicant Friars, Dominicans and Franciscans, who took England by storm at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. The Irish Land Leaguers with their policy of boycotting were forestalled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1223 ordered that no persons should buy from or sell to the Jews, or even have speech with them. Thirdly, but not less striking, the imposition of death duties by the Plantagenet kings largely contributed to the revolt which wrested Magna Charta from the unwilling hands of King JOHN. In these days we have seen how the latest scion of the House of Plantagenet, temporarily in power as Chancellor of the Exchequer, claps on death duties on a scale calculated to bring dukes to destitution.

"474 and just out!" That is not a cricket score. It is merely the number of pages of *The Jubilee Book of Cricket*, mainly written by Prince RANJITSINHJI, published in one handsome volume worthy of the fame of the house of BLACKWOOD. Everyone who has seen "RANJI" in the field, whether bowling or batting, has borne in upon him the truth that he knows all about cricket. That he should be able to write about it in a lucid, instructive, and attractive manner is quite another thing. The Prince is, my Baronite tells me, nearly as completely master of the quill as he is of the willow. The book is admirably conceived, with intention to instruct the player in all that pertains to the science of cricket. When a cricketer, young or old, knows all here set down for his guidance, he will have nothing in the world to do but carry out the instructions. The work, the most compendious on the subject ever published, has its value increased by a number of photographs, wonderfully reproduced, showing famous cricketers in the attitude of play. These also will be most useful to the novice. In his spare moments he can pose in imitation of the living pictures of the Prince hooking a short-pitched ball on the wicket; of MORDAUNT ready for a catch, and looking uncommonly as if he would get it; of S. M. J. WOODS in the act of delivery, originally studied from Ajax defying the lightning; or of WALTER HUMPHREY lob-bowling, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, much less as if the ball he gingerly holds between fingers and thumb would be so mean as to sneak in and take a wicket.

My Baronite confesses that the name of the author of *Ripple and Flood* (HUTCHINSON) is new to him. Yet it is unlikely that a novel so cleverly constructed, so living in its characterisation, so charming in its description of rural surroundings, can be the work of a beginner. Taken all round, it is certainly among the best novels of the year. It is true that behind it there is a dim echo of *Great Expectations*, one of the best, and perhaps the least popularly known of DICKENS's works. In both, the story opens with the apparition in a small boy's home-life of a mysterious stranger. There is an uncle as hard-handed as was *Pip's* aunt, and there is a girl to be loved, a strange-mannered wench in quite different ways than was *Estella*. These may be fanciful identifications on the part of the reader, or acts of unconscious cerebration on the part of the writer. However it be, they in no wise detract from the charm and interest of a powerful story, through which ripple the waters of the Trent, and murmurs the country life lived beside its banks.

By way of showing their scope and range, Messrs. HUTCHINSON, having issued one of the best novels of the year, simultaneously



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Miss Meadowsweet. "EXCUSE MY IGNORANCE; BUT OUGHT I TO CALL YOU MR. SQUILLS OR DOCTOR SQUILLS?"
The Doctor. "OH, CALL ME ANYTHING YOU LIKE. SOME OF MY FRIENDS CALL ME AN OLD FOOL!"
Miss Meadowsweet. "AH, BUT THAT'S ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU INTIMATELY!"

put forth what is probably absolutely the worst. As far as painstaking endeavour can master the purpose of *That Tree of Eden*, it is to demonstrate that "education, as we apply it, is not of necessity a good thing for the people." Perhaps not; but if Mr. NICHOLAS CHRISTIAN had so far overcome his prejudices as to learn the elementary principles of syntax, and the simpler forms of grammar, it would have been a charity to the reader. The long-winded tract is so pragmatically pompous as to be almost amusing.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"IN THE NAME OF HONOUR—PLAY!"

(Fragment from an Athletic Romance of the Period.)

PEERLESS CRICHTON was the most popular, as he was indeed the most accomplished personage in his part of the country. Morning, noon, and night he was bombarded with applications for help. He could write, paint, and compose. There was nothing he could not accomplish. It was early morning when, on entering his breakfast-room, he found visitors already assembled.

"My dear fellow," said a man with a careworn face, "our last piece was a frost. Can you knock us up another by Tuesday?"

"Consider it done," said CRICHTON, cheerfully. "I always am pleased to oblige a friend."

"And I, Sir, wish to appeal to your goodness of heart—my son is ill. He had promised to finish a portrait that an Australian millionaire is taking back with him to the land of the Southern Cross. He is unable to finish it. Will you accept his task?"

"With very great pleasure," replied CRICHTON. "If one painter cannot help another at a pinch what would the world come to?"

"And you, my dear fellow, must run up the villa for the bride and bridegroom. They are away for a month, and it is my earnest desire that their nest should be ready by their return. My daughter will be so disappointed if I do not keep the promise made to her mother before she went away."

CRICHTON silently pressed his visitor's hand in token of assent. Then there was a chorus of friends who wished him to join various boards of management—according to them, with such advantages his fortune was assured.

"I have already too much to do," he returned, with a smile. "After I have written the play, painted the portrait, and built the villa I will consider my own affairs."

At this moment there was a hurried ring, followed quickly by the appearance of a post-office messenger.

"Telegram, Sir."

CRICHTON opened the envelope, and after reading its contents, uttered an exclamation:—

"I must leave you at once," he cried, rushing away to pack up.

"But how about our theatre, our Colonial patron, our son-in-law?" cried the chorus.

"They must wait. A thousand apologies, but they must wait!"

"But why do you hurry away?"

"Because, my dear friend, I have just received a wire saying that I have been chosen to play for my county at cricket. Am I not right to sacrifice everything to accept the responsibility?"

And his friends, in spite of their personal inclinations, were compelled to answer the question in the affirmative.

At the Seaside.

Landlady (to shivering lodger). No, Sir, I don't object to your dining at a restorong, nor to your taking an 'apenny paper, but I must resent your constant 'abit of locking up your whiskey, thereby himplying that me, a clergyman's daughter, is prone to larceny.

[*Lodger immediately hands her the key as a guarantee of good faith.*



ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.

Aunt Fanny. "I DO LIKE THESE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES. THE BATHING COSTUME IS SO SENSIBLE!"
Hilda. "OH, YES, AUNTIE! AND SO BECOMING!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART IV.

SCENE—*The Dining-room at "Sunny Bank." Lunch is proceeding; Miss* LYDE *is seated opposite* NORA, *who has her back to the light;* BOWATER *faces* GERALD. KEZIA *is waiting.*

Camilla (*to herself*). Not another word about that manuscript! I'm dying to know if it really is mine, and yet I can't very well—— (*Aloud.*) Mr. BOWATER, you're making a very poor lunch. Do let me give you another cutlet?

Bowater (*to himself*). If she knew the effort that every mouthful——! (*Aloud.*) Indeed, no more, thanks. In this hot weather I am almost a vegetarian. Indeed, I often feel inclined to give up animal food altogether. (*To himself.*) Will she be drawn into an argument on vegetarianism? Such a *safe* subject!

Camilla. But, my *dear* Mr. BOWATER, surely such a hard-worked man as you cannot afford to do without substantial nourishment? Why, putting aside the ordinary business routine—of which I know nothing—the mental and physical strain of reading and forming a decision upon all the innumerable manuscripts you receive must be enormous.

Bowater (*to himself*). She's working round to it! (*Aloud.*) Oh, I—I get through them somehow. And I shall be off for my holiday very soon, now—to the Engadine. Where did *you* think of going this summer?

Camilla. Why, really, I've made no plans at present. And so you are going to the Engadine? How you must be looking forward to getting away from authors and all their works. Not to have even a type-written novel to toil through! For I suppose the typed ones aren't *quite* so much of an infliction, are they?

Bowater (*to himself*). I'll get her to discuss type-writers—*they're* harmless enough! (*Aloud.*) Well, you know, I never can rid myself of a certain prejudice against the type-writer, except for purely business purposes. Somehow it seems to me to produce a mechanical—I might almost say an unliterary—effect upon even the best style. Mere fancy, no doubt. I wonder, now, if *you* have any feeling of that sort.

Camilla. I never could bring myself to use one. But it's strange you should feel so strongly as that. Do tell me, was this anonymous novel you were so carried away by written in the ordinary way, or was *that* type-written? It would be interesting to know.

Bowater (*to himself*). It would. (*He tries to catch* GERALD'S *eye, in vain;* NORA *endeavours to prompt him, noiselessly, but he fails to notice*). ALABASTER must know which it was. Why can't he—— Well, I must hedge, that's all! (*Aloud.*) Oh—er—of course I should not allow a mere prejudice of that sort to influence me in the case of a work of superlative merit.

Camilla. But do you really place it as highly as that?

Bowater. My dear lady, all I can say is that I am proud to think that the author should have entrusted it to me. (*To himself.*) That's the simple truth. I *am* proud to publish anything by *her!*

Camilla. And you know nothing about the author, not even if it's a man or a woman?

Bowater. I have no direct information. If I judged by the—er—virility of the style, I might be led to conclude that only a man—— On the other hand, there is a delicacy and charm in the treatment which seem to betray a feminine touch. Mr. ALABASTER thinks it must be a woman's.

Camilla (*not entirely pleased*). I'd no idea that Mr. ALABASTER—— You have shown it to him then?

Bowater. I wanted to see how it would impress him. These young fellows fresh from the University, you know, *ought* to be good judges if they're not. He can tell you himself what he thinks of the book. I believe he knows more about it than I do myself—has it almost by heart.

Gerald (*reluctantly*). Well, if you ask me, I—I've never read anything at all *like* it.

Camilla. But have you discovered a new JANE AUSTEN, or CHARLOTTE BRONTË, or GEORGE ELIOT, then?

Bowater. Ah, *there* we come to comparisons. But she has a style and manner which are quite her own, eh, ALABASTER? You wouldn't say that she belonged to any particular school?

Gerald. No, I don't know that I should. (*To himself.*) Or *been* at any!

Camilla. Mayn't I be indulged with a peep at this wonderful book? Perhaps you have brought it for me to see? I remember



["LI CHUNG TANG is anxious to have a Model Farm organised and managed under Government."—*Echo.*]

PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED FARM, BY OUR CHINESE ARTIST.

you were carrying a mysterious-looking black bag this morning. Was it inside?

Bowater. Oh, I—I left the bag at Mr. ALABASTER'S on my way up. But *that* manuscript wasn't in it—that 's at the office. (*To himself.*) So it is, at the *post*-office. (*Aloud.*) I—I 'll send it over to you in a day or two, if I may. I 'm sure you 'll be delighted with it.

Camilla. I ought to be, if you think so highly of it. What is it called, by the way?

Bowater (*to himself*). I 'm in for it now! (*Aloud.*) Why—er—*Stolen Sweets.* [KEZIA *represses a slight start.*

Camilla (*to herself*). Dear Mr. BOWATER! How little I—— But he mustn't know just yet! I wish KEZIA had more control over herself. (*To* KEZIA, *in an undertone.*) KEZIA, you haven't given Mr. BOWATER a fork. (*Aloud, to* BOWATER.) *Stolen Sweets?* Really. And what is the story?

Nora (*to herself*). He mustn't break down now, after getting on so well! That horrid KEZIA suspects something, I 'm sure. She 's quite capable of telling CAMILLA! (*Aloud.*) CAMILLA, wouldn't it be nicer to hear all about it by and by, in the garden?

Bowater. Yes, it 's too long a story to tell here. I couldn't do it justice—could I, ALABASTER?

Gerald. No, I 'm afraid you 'd find it rather difficult.

Camilla (*to herself*). I *can't* wait, it 's too tantalising. (*Aloud.*) Surely you could give me *some* idea of the plot?

Bowater. I should spoil it by a bare outline. It—it doesn't depend so much on plot as on treatment, brilliancy of style, marvellous character-drawing, and—and so forth.

Camilla (*restraining her delight*). I see. But—but there *must* be some scene that struck you as particularly brilliant?

Bowater. It—it 's so extremely difficult to make a selection. But that scene, the one you and I were talking over just before lunch, ALABASTER—*you* know, where—er—*Lord Helborough*——

Camilla. Lord Helborough!?

Gerald (*coming to the rescue*). *Helbourne*, I think Mr. BOWATER said. The scene where he decoys the heroine into a deserted house, and swears he 'll get her dismissed from her situation unless she signs a deed surrendering all her estates and title——?

Bowater (*gratefully*). As Countess of—of Chislehurst. *That* 's the one I meant. Magnificent!

Nora (*to herself*). I *distinctly* saw that wretch KEZIA smirk. I 'm afraid to look at CAMILLA.

Camilla (*to herself*). How nearly I—— But fortunately he didn't notice. I daren't meet NORA'S eye; she must have seen what a fool I 've been making of myself. (*Aloud, with a somewhat forced laugh.*) Dear me, but all that sounds *rather* melodramatic, doesn't it?

Bowater (*to himself*). Trying to make me run it down. So like a woman, that! but I 'm not to be drawn. (*Aloud.*) Melodramatic? Well—er—perhaps—in the highest sense of the term. But the villain, *Lord*——, the title I mentioned, he 's capital, done with such insight, such consummate knowledge of—ah—Society. And the heroine, a most charming and pathetic creation! But every page is the work of a woman—that is, if Mr. ALABASTER is right, and it *is* a woman—a woman of true and unmistakable genius. (*To himself.*) She 's all that, I 'm hanged if she isn't, whatever her book may be! And I *know* ALABASTER 's mistaken about it!

Camilla (*to* KEZIA). Put the claret-jug on the table and leave the room. (*To* BOWATER.) Then you expect the book to make a sensation, and have a great success?

Bowater (*cautiously*). Oh, as to that—well, there is so much uncertainty in these matters, as you know. But it *deserves* success. Of that I am quite certain. And the writer may rest assured that I shall do everything in *my* power to ensure it.

Camilla (*to herself, watching* KEZIA, *who is still lingering about with the claret-jug*). I don't want to speak sharply to KEZIA, but I shall have to, if she persists in staying in the room much longer. It is mere inquisitiveness! (*Aloud.*) Well, Mr. BOWATER, the author, whoever she may be, should be a proud and happy woman when she hears how highly such a judge as you are thinks of her work.

Kezia (*suddenly depositing the claret-jug in the nearest arm-chair, and flinging her arms round the neck of the startled and horrified* BOWATER). Oh, I am! I am!

[*She sobs and laughs hysterically on his shoulder; the ladies sit speechless as the truth dawns upon them, and* GERALD, *after an heroic struggle to command his features, gives way and gurgles helplessly behind his napkin. Tableau.*



Lady (engaging Servant). "I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ALL STRICT TEETOTALERS HERE. I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T MIND THAT?"

Mary Jane. "OH, NO, MUM. I'VE BEEN IN A REFORMED DRUNKARD'S FAMILY BEFORE!"

WANTED, AN EDICT OF "NANTS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was horrified to read in a paper of absolute responsibility of the number of deaths which have occurred during one week of the present "drowning season," and I ask you to urge that the art of swimming should, in preference to pianos and pedestrianism, be taught in all Board Schools. It is, in my opinion, and no doubt in yours, criminal that boys and girls should not be instructed how to save their lives when accidentally thrown into water. Since the time when no boy was allowed to boat at Eton without "passing" in swimming, I believe that not a lad has been drowned. What has been done at one school can be done the kingdom over. Let Parliament look to it, with your support, and accidents will cease.

Your obedient servant,
LONG STROKE.

Outside Messrs. Cook's Office.

Charles (reading placard). "Norway. Land of the Midnight Sun." What's that mean, 'ARRY?

'Arry. Oh! one of that bloomin' NANSEN'S expeditions to the North Pole! There's moonlight in those parts all day long, and wice wersay!

Edwin James Milliken.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 6, 1840.
DIED, AUGUST 26, 1897.

BY his death, not entirely unexpected, seeing that, for weeks past, owing to protracted illness, he had been absent from our Council-Board, we of *Mr. Punch's* Staff have lost a staunch friend and an invaluable fellow-worker. An earnest student of Literature, he was gifted with a power of keen discrimination, a retentive and accurate memory, combined with the rare talent of most happily applying past "situations," whether in history or in fiction, to the illustration of contemporary instances. Though of strong political convictions, MILLIKEN was a true Liberal in the fullest sense of the word; always most anxious to thoroughly master both sides of every question, whether political or social, that might arise in the course of discussion, before expressing a decided opinion. MILLIKEN was a born poet; his wit and humour finding their natural expression in verse, both grave and gay. What THACKERAY did for "*Jeames*," MILLIKEN effected for "*'Arry*." His Byronic "*Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage*," which, after achieving an exceptional popularity in *Punch*, subsequently, on being published separately, went through several editions, will always remain a characteristic specimen of the man and his work, at once satirical and sympathetic.

Farewell! good Friend and Fellow-Labourer! *Requiescat.*

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

(As especially observed at the seaside.)

SOME folks spend their bottom dollar
Rushing o'er the Continong,
Toiling round against the collar,
Jostling with a madding throng.

Some co-operate in travel,
Educated as they go—
Dons and lecturers unravel
All the learned lore they know.

Others cultivate Nirvana
In a hammock or canoe
With the herb *nicotiana*
And a cup of fav'rite brew.

But of *dolce far niente*
To the most absurd degree
Devotees you'll see in plenty,
When you're "by the silver sea."

Here's a couple, honeymooning
Right in front of where we sit;
With their curious way of spooning,
Do they mind us? Not a bit!

Tell me, do the warm sea-breezes
Bear a germ that love inspires,
And with sheer *abandon* seizes
Lady-trippers and their squires?

Scotland for Ever!

Benjamin Barking Creek (thinking he is going to pull the mighty leg of the MACTAVISH). But you must allow that the national emblem of your country is the thistle.

The MacTavish. And for why? Because we grow it for ye Southrons to eat!

[Exit B. B. C.



LUCK AT LAST!

Ceres (to British Farmer). "LET ME INTRODUCE MISS PROSPERITY."

Farmer. "LAW, MISS, YOU DO BE QUITE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS! WELL, I'M HEARTILY GLAD TO SEE YE, AND I HOPE YE'VE COME TO STAY!!"

["The rise in wheat values in this country during the past six weeks has been from 8*s.* to 8*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, and as the harvest in England has been unusually early, and better (with scarcely an exception) than the rest of the world, the farmers have benefited."—*Daily Paper.*]



HIS "FIRST."

Brown (good Chap, but never fired a Gun in his life). "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, I DON'T MIND CONFESSING THAT I AM A BIT NERVOUS, YOU KNOW. *I HOPE NONE OF YOU WILL PEPPER ME!*"

TO THE EMINENT DAILY PARAGRAPHIST.

I CANNOT let the season wane
Without a tribute to your skill,
Although my sides have ached with pain
When taking every day your pill.
It is a bolus silver-clad
That 's swallowed by the common herd;
And e'en the "Labbyest" of Rad
Will swallow anything absurd,
Provided that the "par" contains
An inuendo somewhat blue,
No matter where the fiction stains
(It 's purity compared with you).
And so I gladly drink your health
With all the tribe of Cock and Bull.
You brim the cup, you win your wealth,
And from a drop make columns-full;
But while your humour some folk suits,
Let me remind you *there are boots!*

A Direct Insult.

The MacTavish (throwing down a trade circular). Here 's a confounded Lowlander frae the Border spelling whuskey without an "e," and expects me to patronise his mixture of English gin and German potatoe speerits! To Heligoland wi' the loon!

[*And the poor traveller afterwards got into trouble.*

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

YE MISTRESSE AND YE MAYDE.



THERE was a laydie who was both frugale and carefulle. It is sayed of her that she wolde make her mayde slyde downe ye banysteres toe save ye stayre carpettes; and she herselfe wolde tread on ye unfrequented partes; alsoe that she wolde turne ye pictures face toe ye walle when she expected not companie, soe that their coloures shuld not fayde, and such lyke. Alle though she maye not have been borne wythe a sylvere spoone in her mouthe, one was alle ways there when she toke her meales, ffor she was of refyned taste.

One morne she went intoe ye kitchen. "What," cryed she toe her mayde, "a wastynge your houres a syttynge all thys longe while overe your meale!"

"Nay, mystresse," replyed ye mayde, "I have not wasted one momente, ffor I have been eatynge ye whole of ye tyme."

"And my sylvere spoone!" cryed ye laydie, takynge it uppe from ye tabie. "Have I not tolde you, wench, never toe use ye plate in ye kitchen?"

"Nay, mystresse," sayed ye mayde, "no parte of your sylvere spoone has passed my lippes, neithere have I stirred pot wyth it. I did but use it juste now for a shoe horne!"

Why ye mystresse did cloute her ye mayde did marvayll gretlie.

THE DIFFERENCE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.—Half-readies and Whole-readies.



A REMINISCENCE OF A RECENT BANK HOLIDAY.

'Arry. "'Ow much an hour, Guv'nor?" *Horsekeeper.* "Eighteenpence." *'Arry.* "All right. I'll have a ride." *Horsekeeper.* "Well, you 've got to leave 'arf a crown on the 'Orse!"

"DOWN SOUTH."

It would be difficult to particularise the many varieties of clerical costume that may be seen on board the *Empress*, the *Monarch*, or on any one of the Bournemouth boats, when making their voyages, either half-way round the island, or all round it ("a circular tour"), or when facetiously touching it at points, giving it playful nudges on the coast, saying, as it were, "Here we are again!" and then going off full speed.

In respect of dress, the majority of the English clergy, *en vacance*, affect a sort of holiday compromise.

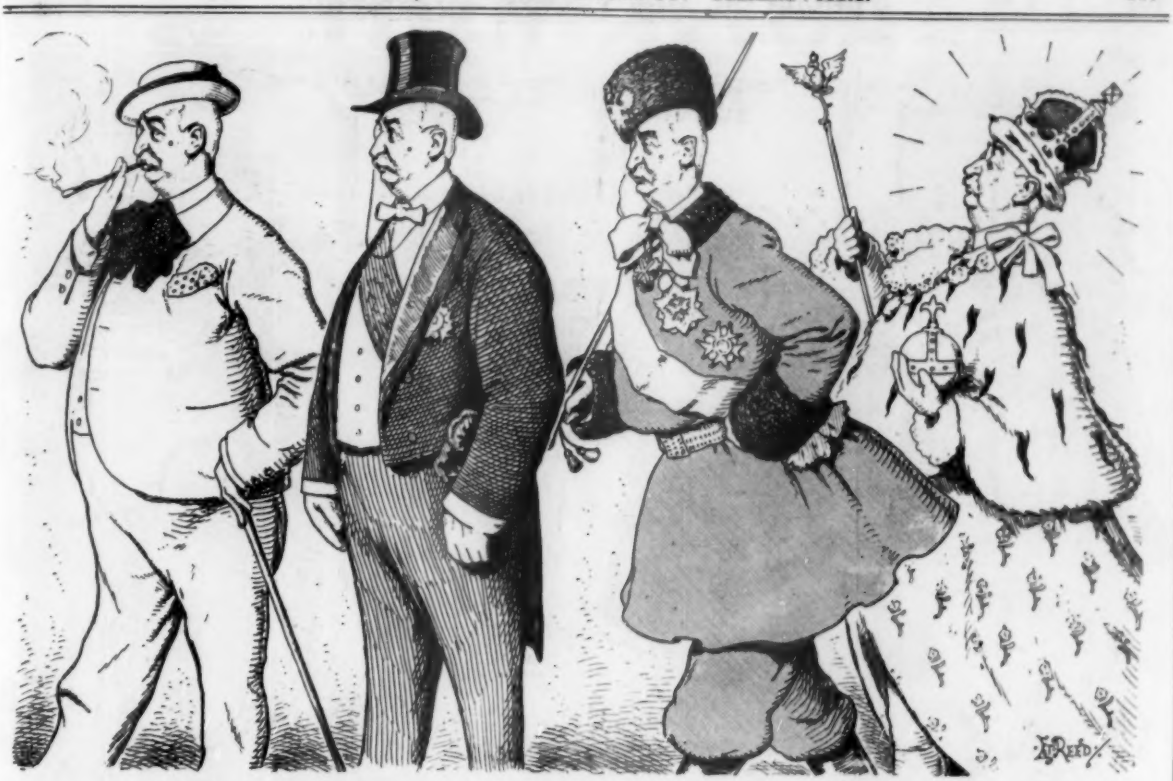
Sad-coloured trousers, and short coats made of black alpaca, do not stamp their wearers as belonging to any particular calling in life, while yet retaining for them a certain air of such mysterious respectability that the ordinarily unobservant traveller, unless he catches a glimpse of the distinctively clerically-cut waistcoat, and the white band which does economical duty for a tie and a shirt-collar, would not feel himself justified, supposing him to be of a sporting turn, in laying odds on the wearer's profession. The soft black felt wide-awake indeed might be taken as peculiarly characteristic, if "clericals" invariably stuck to it. But they don't; and as tweed caps, black silk caps, hats of black straw, hats of dark brown straw, and hats of mixed black-and-white straw, are equally in fashion, it is only by the collar and the vest that their wearers can with any degree of certainty be identified with his reverend order.

Numbers of thoroughly-prepared tourists there are too on board, sitting stiffly on their chairs (the first and chief object of every traveller on these boats is to secure a chair and the best position for it), resolutely shutting their eyes, metaphorically speaking, to the fact that they are on board a vessel, as they try to lull themselves into fancied security against *mal-de-mer* by keeping their heads rigidly bent over their newspapers or books, making brave attempts to ignore the sea, and practising on themselves a further deception by making believe that they are quite at home and reading the morning paper in their own comfortable easy chairs. While nervously alert to the slightest sound, and painfully conscious of the least oscillation, they vainly delude themselves with the idea that they are deaf to all noises, and to any "disturbing causes"; yet they durst not budge an inch from their moorings; and how inconsiderate and even cruel do they not think the conduct of the first mate, who disturbs their temporary serenity by requesting them to go through the prosaic and really, as it seems to them, quite unnecessary formality of answering his polite but not totally disinterested inquiries as to their destination, inquiries which he follows up with an uncompromising demand for immediate payment in exchange for a ticket.

The official's demands having been complied with, the seated travellers are left to settle down again as comfortably as possible, when they are once more politely disturbed (the routine is carried out with the utmost courtesy) by the sailor who has come to receive a penny for the chair, in exchange for which he hands a numbered ticket. They are now the happy possessors of a ticket for the pier, a ticket for the boat, and a ticket for the chair, and these they stow away in secret pockets, causing themselves, subsequently, much agitation and anxiety through being unable, at the critical moment of collection, to remember where on earth they had hidden them away, and irritating a considerable number of their fellow-passengers who have got *their* tickets all ready and waiting, and who audibly express their disgust at "the stupidity of persons who *can't* have their tickets in their hands, and who selfishly obstruct others from getting off the boat."

There are some children, the inevitable baby who can't be left at home, or else "mother couldn't have come," the comic man, a few (very few) 'Arrys, and just a sprinkling of 'Arriets, nautically-attired men with glasses, trying to look as if they had just come off their yachts; bicyclists of course, their bicycles, regarded with considerable disfavour by the officials, being stowed away somewhere or other; demure girls, laughing girls, flirting girls, fathers and mothers in full consciousness of "standing treat," but all in excellent temper, ready to give and take, and thoroughly determined to enjoy their outing, come what may.

If the weather only "keeps fine," if the sun shines, if the sea and the waters of the Solent are only calm, then how nautical they all become! Not a soul on board but is every inch a sailor!



THE EVOLUTION OF FELIX FAURE-TUNATUS THE FIRST.

They point out to one another which is the Prince of WALES's yacht, which is the German Emperor's,—all wrong of course,—while some well-informed person, knowing rather less about it than anybody else on board, confidently corrects everybody, until the captain, casually overhearing him, sets him right on every point, and so, quietly, but effectually, sits on him; whereupon the nautical impostor disappears, and is neither seen nor heard any more; and the captain, having delivered himself oracularly, and said as much as he was going to say on the subject, remains perched up aloft, subsiding into the quiet perusal of a newspaper, occasionally raising his eyes to sight his glasses, or to address some remark to the man at the wheel, with whom only the captain has the privilege of holding a conversation.

So we go on, round the island, seeing the yachts; then, on another occasion, to Portland to inspect the battleships, and humming "*Rule Britannia*" as we glide swiftly along, looking at the vessels of every nation.

Doing this from day to day, the landsman becomes emboldened, and, in an expansive moment, says to his companions twain, "Why should we not go to Southampton and take a cruise to the Channel Islands?" For response they sing, "We will! We will!"

So now for the "Daylight Trip," on board *The Saucy "Stella," The Flying "Frederica,"* or, *The Lively "Lydia"*! Away! The Rover is free—to go to Jersey! Away!

"ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST."

(*By Our Up-to-date Spectre-beholder.*)

I WAS really quite pleased with my spectral visitor. As I sat in my study at work she was most careful not to interrupt me. She never opened or closed a door, but glided through the walls without creating the least disturbance.

"I would feel grateful for a chat," said I, one evening, after my work was done, "if you have no better engagement. But if you have, pray do not let me clash with your arrangements."

The spectre, which was on the point of vanishing through a book-case, most graciously returned to an arm-chair, and, so to speak, over-shadowed it.

"Are you able to speak?" I asked. And my visitor moved her head in the negative. "Can you hear?" She nodded in the affirmative.

"What do you think of the situation?"

I am not a proficient in gesticulation, but as far as I could understand her signs, she seemed to hold strong views on the subject of education. From what I could gather she appeared to be in favour of endowing voluntary schools, and was not adverse to the reduction of the grant to State-assisted institutions. She also seemed to consider that the British occupation of Egypt was perfectly defensible.

"And I presume you believe in apparitions?" I murmured, smilingly. "Your presence here is a proof of that faith."

Well, no, she did not. Her wonderfully explanatory byplay suggested the reverse. I gathered, from her attitudes, that she thought that the subject was open to the introduction of fraud. Not only this, the imagination might play tricks and cause one to fancy real what was unquestionably imaginary.

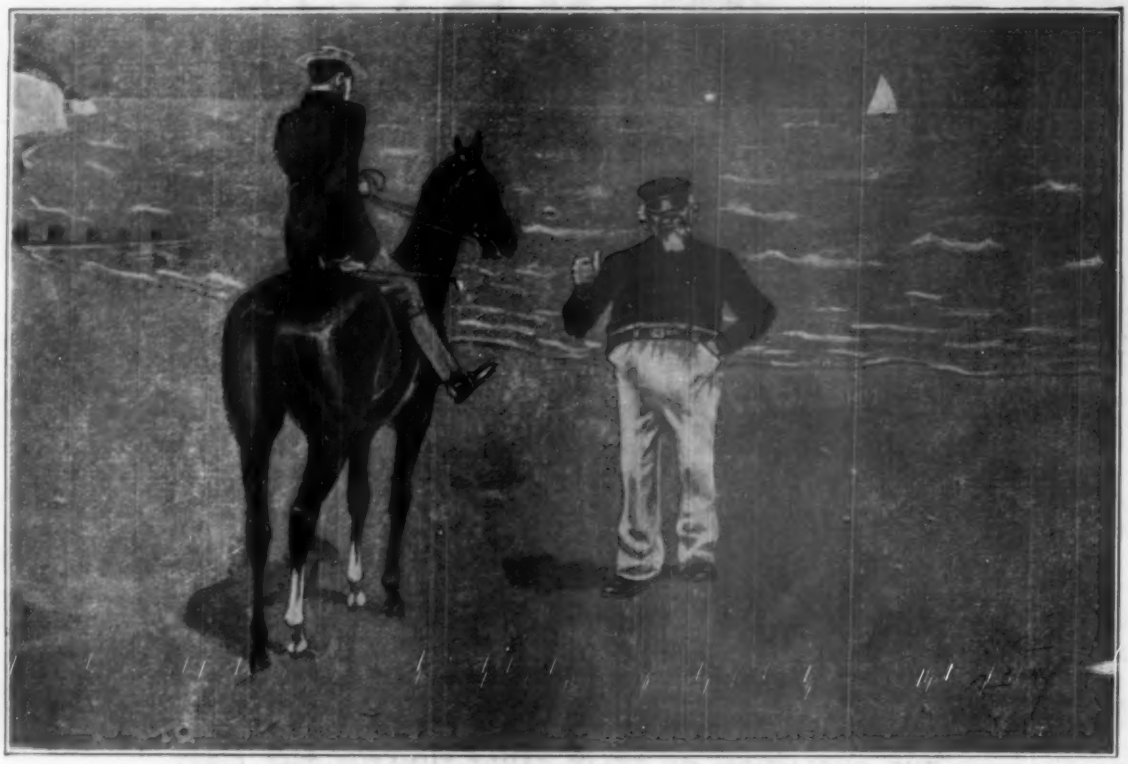
"Have you, yourself, been seen before?" I asked, with some interest. In a moment she had told me by her pantomime that she had appeared to an army doctor, a professor of history, and a well-known chemist. She sketched, with much brilliancy, the characteristics of each. The medico was fond of professional jokes, the man of science of good food, and the chemist of artificial flowers. By this time the night was growing late, and I felt that it would be well if I returned to my books. My visitor immediately took the hint and began to disappear through the tapestry.

"Good evening, I hope I shall see you shortly." She drew herself up to her full height, and certainly was imposing. Then she smiled sadly, and vanished.

I have nothing more to write, beyond expressing my mature opinion that I am quite sure that my visitor was no less a person than Queen ELIZABETH.

To Bombastes.

"MAXIMS of civilisation?" That 's your fun.
Your only maxim is—a Maxim gun.
And "civilising," in your cynic mirth,
Means—sweeping "niggers" off the face of the earth.



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Ancient Mariner (indicating the Ocean). "IF THAT THERE WAS ALL *BEER*, GUV'NOR, THERE WOULDN'T BE NO *'IGH TIDES!*"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A jealous person of the male persuasion, having heard from his lady-love of the attentions of an artist in Italy, writes a metrical letter never despatched.)

How little you know of the state of affairs
When you write in that absolute way.
My life is a desert of horrible cares,
Whereon sunshine can never more play.
The one small oasis I hoped was my own
I have lost with the change of your heart,
And now I am friendless, forsaken, alone,
Yet too gentle to say "We must part!"

Yet you know it and knew it when penning those lines
(Did your mother assist in the text?),
You say that you wrote them 'mid scent-bearing pines,
By a lake that no storm ever vext,
While the peeps of blue sky were like windows above
O'er the branches that swayed in the breeze,
While the birds sang of happiness, dreamland and love,
As they flitted about in the trees!

Your picture was worthy to show on the walls
Of the New or at Burlington House,
To be labelled, "*The Springtide that Autumn recalls*,"
Or, "*Another Chance yet for the Mouse!*"
It would probably sell if your dear artist friend
Would embellish the work with your face,
Some beauty to paint you he 'd possibly lend,
And *if* he can draw, well, some grace!

But the picture for me is the one that I framed
In the glow of a yesterday's gold,
It is fresh as it was when the subject, unnamed,
Was quite young, though to-day it is old!
When I called you the Mouse and you styled me the Cat,
Because I had caught you at last,
Through one long afternoon you said "This" and I "That,"
And your "This" rhymed to "Kiss" in the past.

But now since you cozen to spots and *that* man,
Who is MILLAIS and LEIGHTON combined,
I will hie to Beersheba or even to Dan,
So long as our love 's left behind.
So long as I never—— Good Heavens! what 's this
You write in "P.S." over-page?
"You *must* not be angry, or take things amiss,
He is eighty—and old for his age!"

KEW-RIOS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is to be hoped that a recent decision of the Richmond magistrates will not convert the lovely domain known as Kew Gardens into a general picnic-place. The wiseacres in question have declared that hand-bags might be taken into the pleasaunce, an importation hitherto forbidden. Perhaps the worthy dispensers of local law have never seen Kew Green after a Bank Holiday celebration. I did once, on the sly, after dark. Kew Gardens, under similar license, would simply be ruined for ever, and paper and ginger-beer bottles be as common as flowers. My friend the Pelican, who shares the islet on the pond with me, declares that he would rather retire into the wilderness were hand-bags permitted, but then, like myself, he does not live on bread-crusts, like the ducks. But, chatting together last night, after a copious fish dinner, we came to the conclusion that the Public, who pay for the maintenance of the Gardens, ought certainly to be admitted to their property before mid-day, despite the opposition of Mr. THISELTON-DYER, his personal friends with free admission, and his staff of German Generals in disguise. The excuse made about interference with students is a yarn, which I should like to relate to the Marines, whom, in my childhood, I occasionally flitted across in the Solent. To sum it up briefly, the programme of both the Pelican and myself is, "No hand-bags, earlier hours, and whitebait three times a week."

Your obedient servant,
PHINEAS THE CORMORANT.

Kew Gardens Hotel.

P.S.—We see your paper by means of an arrangement with the Mandarin ducks, who take it in, but are unable to read it.

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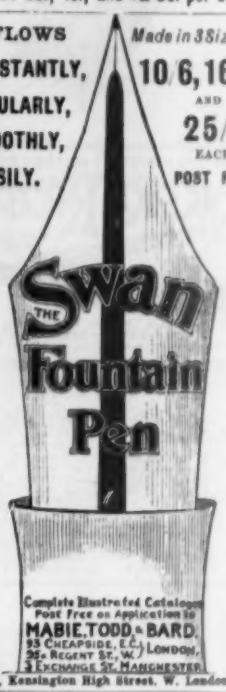
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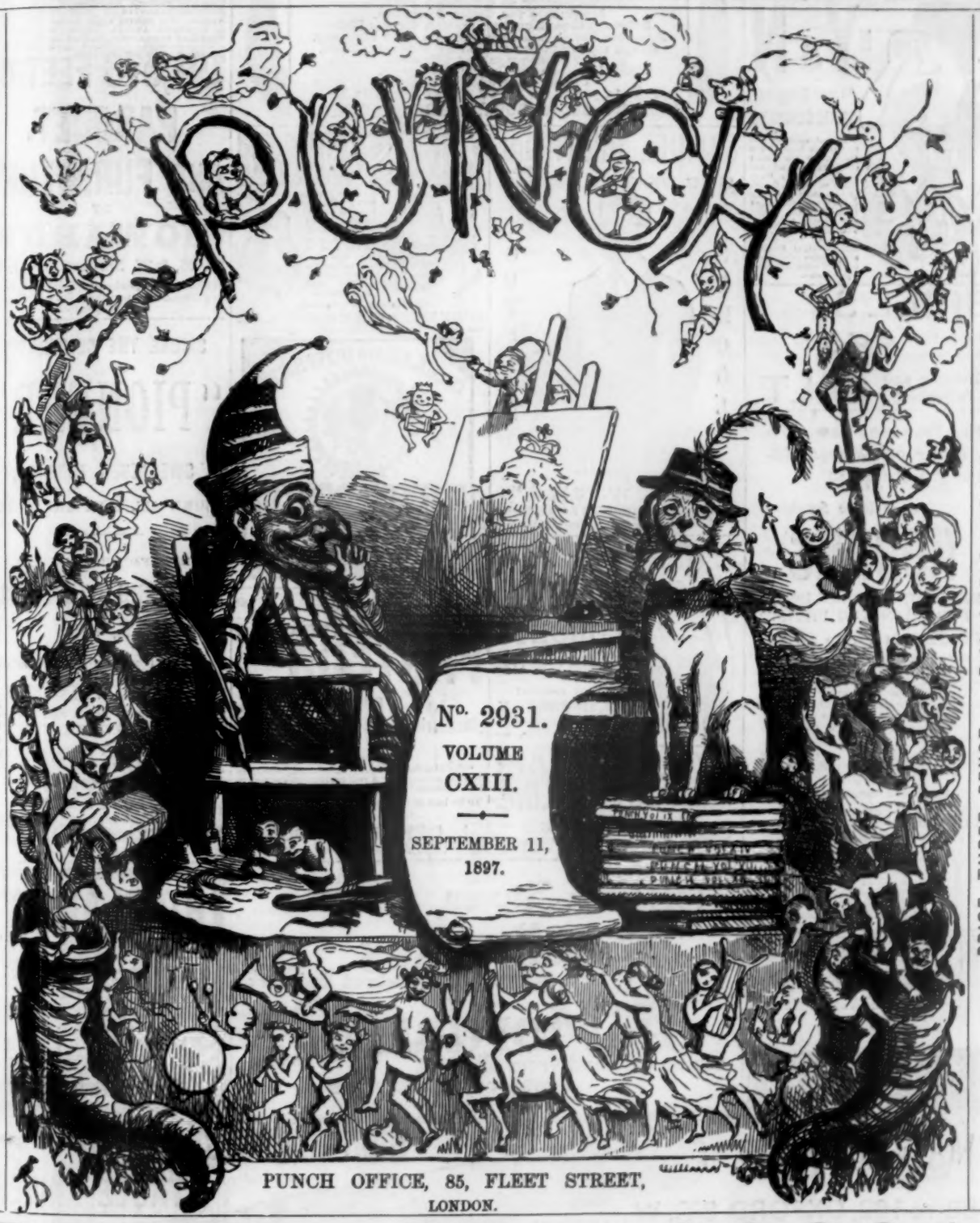
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AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

A MATCH OF CRICKET.

DEAR MISTER,—For to avoid the great heat and for to respire the air of the sea, I have quitted London there is three weeks, and I am gone to Eastbourn. If I have respired the air of the sea! *Mon Dieu!* Since all that time he has made a time of the most stormys; withcut cease some wind, some rain, some tempests. Impossible of to make excursions in sea, one would not be *en mer* but *dans la mer!* Impossible of to repose himself tranquilly on the *plage* at the middle of a hurricane; impossible even of to stroll on the promenade! Two times I have essayed of to carry a new hat of straw. Each time he is parted all to the far, *tout au loin*, at the beyond of Pevensy probably. The umbrellas are absolutely unuseful. Alldays he must to walk himself in mackintosch and in casket of voyage. Even one desires to carry a "south-western" hat, as the marines.

By a such time, what to do? One speaks to me in the hotel of excursions in train to Hastings and to Brighton. But is it that he makes fine there down? At Brighton—ah no, by example! I recall to myself the tempests at Brighton there is nine months. And however. One speaks to me of the games, that which you call a "match of cricket" or a "cricket-game," which have place at Brighton. He appears that these games are the most remarkable in the department of the Sussexshire, and that one there sees to play the famous Indian, who calls himself—*sapristi, quel nom!* How to write him? Try we. RANHJTJSHIHJTJHTIHJ, or something as that. Eh well, I have never seen a great cricket-game. Impossible of to find a hurricane more violent at Brighton, evidently one can to refuge himself in a tribune, at the least it is something to do. I go there.

Thus I part the thirty and one of the past month, provided of a mackintosch and carrying on the head an impermeable casket. After some time I arrive to Brighton. *Tiens!* He makes fine. I mount in "fly," I say to the coacher, "Go to the cricket-game," we file enough quick, and we arrive. As soon as entered I encounter a little boy who sells some programmes. I buy of them one for better to comprehend the game, and then, seeing a tribune at the shelter of the wind, I pay one shilling and I sit myself therein.

Before me extends herself a verdant prairie. All around there is some tribunes, some benches, and a great assistance. That has almost the air of an arena, and I think to the *plaza de toros* at Madrid, where I have seen one time the courses of bulls. The national sports, english and spanish. But what difference! Not of lacerated horses, not of tortured bulls, not of blood-stained sand! Ah no! A simple prairie of beautiful "*gazon anglais*," and at the middle some peaceful men, dressed of white, who amuse themselves to pursue a little ball. A ball, not a bull. *C'est charmant!*

Naturally I have often heard to speak of the cricket, but I have never studied the game. In effect I know not of him even the origin. But seen that the hindoo princes play him, I suppose that he comes from the Oriental Indias. I am sure of it when I perceive among the players at Brighton two men in long white robes. They have absolutely the air of to be Hindoos, a little pale at cause of the bad english climate, excepted that each one carries on the head a melon hat—*chapeau melon*—at place of a turban. Evidently also at cause of the bad climate, for to protect themselves from the rain. See there then the famous Prince and one of his compatriots. I believed him all young, but I am deceived myself. Naturally I desire to comprehend that which they do. *Tiens, le programme!* I regard him. I read "Sussex County Cricket Ground. Sussex *v.* Surrey." That, that is easy to understand. But that which follows—thousand thunders! It is a veritable cryptogram in cipher language, as the little announces in the french journals. "b. l-b. w. n-b. Total." *Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire? Et encore*, "lbw b Jephson" and "st Butt b Hartley." It is incredible that it may be some names. But yes! The Hindoos, for sure! BLBWNBTOTAL, LBWBJEPHSON, STBUTTBHARTLEY. It are the others, the compatriots of RANHJTJSHIHJTJHTIHJ. Perfectly.

Then I commence to study the game. What is that which they do? I perceive that the two Hindoos rest planted there, while that one of the players in european costume throws a ball, which another hits of a species of little oar, or of long trowel in wood. Evidently the ball should to hit a Hindoo. That comprehends himself. But the player with the little oar succeeds never. Each time that the ball goes herself away, that one there runs violently towards one of the Hindoos, brandishing his oar, but another player encounters him, and he retires himself. In same time other players run very quick, they entrap the ball, and they throw her against a Hindoo. But he holds himself there, immovable, tranquil, calm,—the imperturbable Oriental. Then all the players change of position, and they attack the other Hindoo. But they hit him never. Then I comprehend that they do this express, *exprès*. They wish not to hit him. It is the english generosity towards a conquered nation. *C'est admirable!*

Still one thing which I have remarked. The player who carries the oar puts himself before three little sticks, upright on the turf. One or two times he who throws the ball is suchly maladroit that he makes to fall two of the sticks. All the world cries, and the oarsman is suchly angry that he plays not more, but retires himself. It is droll that the players have not something of more solid for to mark the position of the oarsman. But these sticks are evidently of oriental origin, for it is one of the Hindoos who gathers them, *les ramasse*—ah no, picks up them. Probably since the epoch of the Aryans the Hindoos have picked up some similar sticks. Ah, the eternal patience of the imperturbable Oriental!

I am very content of to have seen a game so interesting, of which I have could to seize the most remarkable features. I go to see again one game some part, *quelque part*, and then I shall write a study on "The Cricket" for a french review.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

Had Him There (?)

Young America (*to Young England, on board of a Transatlantic Liner*). You see, our great WASHINGTON was the one man on earth who never told a lie.

Young England. Then how was it he swore allegiance to King GEORGE and served against the French?

Young America (*calmly*). I didn't say he never swore. I said he never lied!



FASHION À LA SHAKSPEARE.

"I HAVE A SUIT WHEREIN I MEAN TO TOUCH YOUR LOVE INDEED."—*Othello*, Act III., Scene 3.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—I read that a Sixth International Congress has been called together for the purpose of considering "The Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors." Admirable! Why should alcoholic liquors, or any other liquors, be abused? I trust this Congress will unanimously pronounce its opinion of the unchivalric—it 's a difficult word, and on occasion, after dinner, for example, it takes me some time to pronounce, though I can write it with ease and elegance—Where was I?—Oh! yes—the unchivalric conduct of those who abuse good liquors that never yet did harm to any man. Brandy saves life; sustains life. Why abuse it? Doesn't whiskey benefit the gouty man? And as for all other liqueurs or liquors—but this reminds me, I have not yet tried "all other liqueurs and liquors." So, to be fair, *I will do so.* And when I can speak from knowledge I will write again. Till then, your very good health.

MARQUIS DE TROIS-ETOILES.
Château Vieux-Cognac.

DARBY JONES ON THE ST. LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—I have never been able to comprehend why the race for the St. Leger should be styled a Classic Event. It seems to me, nowadays at least, to have few of those attributes with which your Superior Mental Genius would associate Bucephalus and Atalanta. In my humble and altogether unpretending opinion, this once noble contest (so called after Colonel ST. LEGER, who was not of kin to the Anglo-Irish celebrities with the same name, of whom Viscount DONERAILE is now chief) is only "bucked up," in vulgar parlance, by the elegant articles of that famous writer and estimable gentleman, the Hon. FRANK LAWLEY, supported by the storming of the Butterscotch Metropolis by hordes of irresponsible pitmen, who swarm from the Black Diamond Golcondas of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland.

Mr. LAWLEY is an Aristocratic Scribe, second to none. He has the Godolphin Arabian, Waxy, Eclipse, SAM CHIFNEY, and the glories of Yorkshire past and present at the tip of each of his digits. Quite rightly he appreciates Doncaster, as I do his good and genial work, belikening myself to a cook's mate admiring the tact of an Admiral of the Fleet. But of the diggers and delvers into the bowels of our globe I cannot conscientiously speak with such enthusiasm. Board schools have neither changed their language, nor elevated their tone. I am not, Sir, as you may well believe, knowing me as well as you do, a Count DE GRAMMONT, Beau BRUMMEL, or Lord CHESTERFIELD in my deportment, nor do I habitually quaff the rarest produce of Champagne and Burgundy, as is the custom of the good and great, but I cannot say that the Pitman is a Creature of Joy to me. His voice causes temporary deafness, his boots are so wide in structure and so heavy in expression that they possess the might of a steam hammer combined with the torture of the rack, while the tongue which he uses is possibly that in vogue among the natives of Behring's Straits, as described by that eminent traveller, Mr. HARRY DE WINDT. Frankly, Sir, I do not appreciate the Pitman at Doncaster. He may be adorned with all the virtues of the Zodiac, but he appeals to my regard in no sort of way. He stamps on my corns without apology, he makes my ribs sore with his elbows, and like a Teutonic warrior, he treats Doncaster as a sort of Alsace-Lorraine. He has one redeeming point: he provides us with Winter Warmth.

I can, as I pen these lines, see your noble brow contract and your magnetic eyes flash with fire in the endeavour to discover whether an action for libel, *Pitmen* v. *Punch*, would lie in HER MAJESTY'S Law Courts. All I can say is—Try the game yourself and verify my assertion, instead of intrusting to Me a special mission as perilous as that of ANDREE to the North Pole. Far be it from me to deny that the Tykes and Tykesses do not also muster in their thousands of each and every degree. You will find at Doncaster many samples of the Nobility and Gentry, but as my esteemed friend, Count CRACKEMOFF, of the Siberian Dragoons, observed to me only last night, "The stranger is done at Doncaster." The jest is only too apparent if pronounced in phonetic and foreign fashion.

Wafting any further complaints from my brain, I proceed to business. My muse, unrefreshed by those partridges and prawns at which you recently hinted when packing your portmanteau for Southern climes, sings to a bygone popular strain:—

Said the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah,
"What will win, Obadiah, what will win?"
Said the Young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah,
"'Tis the *Irishman*, pounds to a pin!
If you want an outsider, the *Yankee* should be
Among those who are placed by the Judge, one, two, three,
And the *Primrose* may do what we 'd all like to see."
Said the Old Obadiah, "You are right."

Such, honoured Sir, in deathless verse, is the dictum of

Your old and stalwart henchman and defender to the death, DARBY JONES.



She. "AND WERE YOU SUCCESSFUL WITH YOUR FIRST CASE, DOCTOR?"
He. "Y-YE-ES. THE—ER—WIDOW PAID THE BILL!"



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XIV.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART V.

SCENE—*The Dining-room.* KEZIA *has just released the unhappy* BOWATER *from her embraces. All have risen from table.*

Camilla (*to herself*). A literary rival in my own parlour-maid! I wonder what one is expected to do. I really don't know.

Gerald (*to himself*). BOWATER 's let himself in for a nice thing! His expression when he was being hugged! (*He all but explodes again at the recollection.*) I believe NORA must have known it all the time! Hang it, it 's too bad of her!

Nora (*to herself*). How very, *very* unfortunate! But I couldn't possibly know. It was all GERALD'S fault!

Bowater (*to himself, savagely*). What the douce am I to say to this detestable girl? It 's a deliberate plot—that 's what it is, and ALABASTER or—or *somebody* shall answer to me for it!

Kezia (*to the company generally*). I 'm very sorry if I 've taken a liberty, but my feelings got the better of me for the moment. To hear my own book so highly complimented—it was really too much for me!

Camilla (*with a somewhat laboured graciousness*). I am sure Mr. BOWATER will excuse your excitement, KEZIA. Genius is such a rare and precious gift, and his recognition of yours was so thorough, and so obviously without the slightest suspicion of being intended for your ears—(BOWATER *suppresses a groan*)—that it was only natural you should be overcome.

Kezia. I always felt I had it in me to be a genius, as I 've told Cook many a time, though, being herself illiterate, she treated me with low derision. And I had to write *Stolen Sweets* in fits and snatches in the pantry or my own room, on the washstand, where her blighting influence couldn't reach. As to the title, Miss LYDE, you may think I borrowed it from that story of your friend's—but it would be erroneous. I thought of it quite independently, and why should I change it just because there happened to be another——?

Bowater. A story by a friend of Miss LYDE's? What story was that?

Kezia. Well, Sir, this is how it was. Miss LYDE came to me one day——

Camilla (*hastily*). All that is of no interest to Mr. BOWATER, KEZIA. It is *your Stolen Sweets* that he has expressed such warm admiration for.

Bowater (*feebly*). Yes; but perhaps—— It just occurs to me. There *may* be some—some unfortunate confusion between the two.

Camilla. Hardly, as it is clearly KEZIA'S that contains the scenes between the Viscount and the Countess of Chislehurst, which you quoted as particularly striking. But I should like to ask her privately about the other manuscript, if you will excuse me, Mr. BOWATER. Will you come into my study, KEZIA, and tell me exactly what was done with it?

[*She leads the way;* KEZIA *follows unwillingly.*

Bowater (*with suppressed rage*). Well, ALABASTER, you have made me the victim of a very successful practical joke. I sha'n't forget it.

Gerald. If there 's any practical joke, it isn't mine. I told you from the first that *Stolen Sweets* was rot—but of course you didn't think *my* opinion worth anything! You insisted on my following your lead and cracking it up at lunch, and I did. And this is all the thanks I get for it!

Bowater. You distinctly told me that *Stolen Sweets* was written by Miss LYDE.

Gerald. I—I was given to understand so.

Bowater. Your own common sense should have told you Miss LYDE *couldn't* have written such stuff.

Gerald. I 'd never read anything of hers. How was I to tell it wasn't her usual style? I was taken in myself.

Bowater. Then am I to understand that Miss VYVIAN has been amusing herself at our expense?

Nora. As if I should play such a trick as that! My Aunt told me in confidence that she had sent you a story anonymously, but when I heard from GERALD that he had advised you to decline a novel of the very same title, and with the same initials and address and everything, why, I couldn't help saying something—and then he got it all out of me. If he hadn't talked, it wouldn't have happened!

Bowater. Yes, Sir, you had no business to mention particulars which you had learnt in a confidential capacity when reading for me. It was a gross breach of trust.

Gerald (*angrily*). There was nothing secret about them! At least, you never told me so. But that 's enough for me. I 'm not going to stay here to be told I 've been betraying your trust—after doing everything I could to pull you through a mess that was mostly your own making!

[*He stalks out of the room, and leaves the house.*

Nora. Dear Mr. BOWATER, *don't* look like that. I 'll do anything I can.

Bowater. Don't you think, Miss VYVIAN, that you 've done rather too much as it is?

Nora. But I 'd better go over to Fitcham and get KEZIA'S novel for you, hadn't I? It would be quite as awkward if she found out you had declined it—now. And after all, it will be all right so long as you publish it.

Bowater. "All right!" I *must* publish it, I know that—I can't get out of it. But have you any idea what it will mean to me? I shall stultify all my past career, undo at a blow the reputation I have built up as a publisher of some taste and discrimination. Worse still, when your Aunt comes to know what wretched twaddle I have been praising to her as a work of true genius—— Great Heavens, *genius!* What will she think of me? how can she ever respect me again? And I was in hopes that—someday—— There, that 's over, but unless you want to drive me quite mad, don't tell me again that it will be "all right"!

[*He buries his head in his hands.*

Nora (*to herself, as she leaves the room*). Poor dear Mr. BOWATER, I can't bear to see him so miserable. I wonder, if I told CAMILLA——!

IN THE STUDY.

Camilla (*to* KEZIA). But tell me what put it into your head to send your book to Mr. BOWATER?

Kezia. Why, to tell you the truth, Miss LYDE, it was your dictating that letter. Before that, I didn't know who to send my story to, or the proper way to write to a publisher, or any-

thing. And the letter mentioning *Stolen Sweets*, which happened to be my very own title, it struck me—why shouldn't I send *my Stolen Sweets*. And almost before I 'd time to think, I 'd done it.

Camilla. I see. But what about the *other Stolen Sweets?*

Kezia. Well, I thought it would create confusion, having two titles alike, so—I knew your friend wouldn't mind—I—I took the liberty of going over her manuscript, and scratching out the title wherever it was put.

Camilla. So you sent it without any title at all?

Kezia. I fully *intended* to, Miss LYDE, and did it up and addressed it and everything, and then, somehow, I couldn't make up my mind to send it, and put it away in a drawer in the kitchen dresser. And when I looked for it the other day, it wasn't there, and the Cook, whose Philistiniah ways are a severe trial to live with, told me as calm as you please that she 'd taken it for some of my scribbling, and put it on the fire. I *was* annoyed with her.

Camilla. And why didn't you come and tell me at once?

Kezia. Well, you see, Cook begged me not to—and I 'm not the person to tell tales of a fellow-servant, however inferior.

Camilla. Particularly when your own conduct—— KEZIA, I 'm afraid you have behaved rather deceitfully. I begin to see why you were so obliging about going over to Fitcham, and why you did your best to prevent my going there this morning.

Kezia. Indeed, Miss LYDE, I never touched your bicycle. The valves *will* get unscrewed at times. And you 'll excuse me, but your tone is not *quite* the thing from one literary lady to another You seem to forget that I am no longer a mere drudge, but your equal—I *might* say, your superior, for, with the highest respect for your talents, Miss, which are very well in their way, nobody has ever referred to you that I know of as a 'Eavenborn Genius. And, after what those gentlemen said, you 'll hardly deny that *I* 'm one!

Camilla (*good-humouredly*). No, indeed, KEZIA, and believe me, I congratulate you most cordially on your success. I could certainly have *wished*—— But there, I mustn't scold such a distinguished author, and after all, you have done no harm, though you might have. Now you can go. Of course I cannot expect you to continue your duties, but if you would kindly mention to BESSIE that we will have our coffee in the garden——

Kezia. Oh, Miss LYDE, I shall be very willing to bring out coffee—as a friend, and perhaps you will allow me a few minutes' interview later on with my publisher. I 'm told that geniuses can command their own prices nowadays, and he 'll find out I 'm quite able to take care of myself.

[*She goes; a little later* NORA *bursts in.*

Nora. CAMILLA, you 'll hate me, I know, but I *must* tell you. Poor Mr. BOWATER is nearly out of his mind, and I feel I ought to do something. (*She makes a full confession.*) *Now* do you understand?

Camilla (*bitterly*). I understand that I have been living in an atmosphere of bad faith and trickery and deception! (*Rising.*) The best thing you can do now is to go to Fitcham and see if you can recover that manuscript without making any *more* mischief.

Nora. CAMILLA, don't be *beastly* about it! Where are *you* going?

Camilla (*at the door, grimly*). I am going to have a little talk with Mr. BOWATER. [*She goes out.*

Nora (*to herself*). Poor Mr. BOWATER! I 'm afraid I haven't made things *much* better for him. I 'll go and get my bicycle, but it will be a long time before I ever do anybody a good turn again, that 's all!

FOR NEITHER DEFENCE NOR DEFIANCE.

(*Prophetic Report of the Last Volunteer Muster.*)

THE thousands of citizen soldiers stood at attention when the General in command of them (who had just completed his work at the Autumn Manœuvres) made his appearance, ready to harangue them. By the progress of science each volunteer could hear every word that was addressed to them. No speaking-trumpet was required, as a recent improvement in the telephone had practically annihilated space.

"My friends," began the warrior, "I wish I could call you my comrades. That I cannot is no fault of mine, but must be attributed to the decision of the Commission on National Defence. So, with all possible respect, I salute you once again as my friends—for are you not my countrymen?"

There was a murmur not altogether of approval, but the armed mass soon relapsed into expectant silence.

"I am aware that you have spent the better part of your lives in attaining your present commendable efficiency. And in doing this you have but followed the example of your fathers, who also imitated the action of their progenitors. It does you infinite credit that you should put in so good an appearance."

At this there was a feeble cheer. For a moment the Force looked lively, but resumed their air of despondency as their chief continued.

"To reach this level you have had to work hard. Nay, more, you have had to subscribe liberally from your pecuniary resources. For soldiering, either regular or amateur, costs considerably more than nothing. I think I may say that the price of the Volunteer Movement, from its inception to the present day, must be given in tens of millions."

At this declaration (which was uttered in a tone of proud satisfaction) there was distinct cheering. The armed host felt that they had received a compliment.

"And having said this, I have little more to utter. You are aware that we are on the point of being invaded. You also know (on excellent authority), that if 50,000, or, at most, 150,000 men of the enemy reach our shores in safety the downfall of the empire is a certainty. If you could be landed upon the hostile shore you might be of some slight value. But this is impossible. So as you are not wanted you may stand at ease—in fact stand easy."

Relieved by this command from the statuesque front the Volunteers had hitherto assumed, the body became more sociable. They conversed amongst themselves, and came to a decision. They appointed one of their number to address the inspecting officer.

"Sir," began the delegate, "you tell us we are proficient. You say that we have cost millions?"

"You have," was the prompt reply. "Had the money spent upon your development been expended in the reduction of the empire's financial burden there would have been a considerable reduction in the National Debt."

"And yet, if I am not mistaken, you hinted that we were quite useless."

"Certainly—absolutely valueless."

"Then what shall we do?" And as this question was put the gallant warriors again became silent.

"Well, my friends," returned the General, after a few moments of consideration, "I really think you had better disband as a preliminary to bidding one another good-bye, and going home to tea."

There was a sigh, a cheer, and a rush. In a moment the citizen soldiers scattered North, South, East, and West. And thus ended the story of the Volunteer Movement. It ended—and for ever.



DANGER IN THE BALL-ROOM.

"WHAT A BEASTLY COLD YOU 'VE GOT SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

"IT 'S NOT A COLD, IT 'S HAY FEVER. I GOT IT DANCING WITH THAT GRASS WIDOW THE OTHER NIGHT!"



Village Dame (to eminent Landscape-painter). "LAW, SIR, I DO OFTEN WONDER HOW YOU CAN 'AVE THE PATIENCE TO BIDE HERE DAY AFTER DAY, DRAWIN' AN' DRAWIN'! BUT, THERE, ONE THING, YOU 'AVES PLENTY O' COMPANY!"

THE CELESTIAL BAGMAN.

[In *Truth* Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., says, "A corps of clever commercial travellers in one province of China would be of more advantage to us in the struggle for the world's markets, than a dozen new ironclads or millions on millions of naked, lazy negroes brought under our sway in Africa."]

THE British Bagman's trip of yore
Was in his native land;
He ne'er was bade his stock to store
With goods for foreign strand.
But now he permeates the earth,
And with each British sample,
Confronts the foe with British worth,
And challenges example!
Far-seeing LABBY, who'd defy
E'en Zeus himself with lightning,
A wider prospect can descry,
The Bagman's prospects bright'ning.
He seeks—no doubt he'll pay the cost—
A corps of "Coms." all "clever,"
To travel where they grovel most
In poverty for ever.
There was a certain journalist,
Who read of Chinee millions,
And he, in Labbyistic mist,
Resolved to pile up billions.
So his paper printed then
In choice Celestial tongue,
With articles to please CHEY-EN,
Or tickle LI-FOO-CHUNG.
But when it came to sell to the same,
He never found a buyer;
The Chinee likes the selling game—
At purchasing he's shyer.
And so this editor who thought
He'd be a millionairion,
His lesson very dearly bought,
An out and out barbarian.
Then, gentle LABBY, let us leave
Your Chinee scheme to you, Sir.
You would not wilfully deceive,
For you are always true, Sir!
But if the Bagman wants to deal
In something somewhat bigger,
For ironclads let him sell steel,
And trousers for the Nigger!

HOMING.—His Grace of BEAUFORT recently wrote an interesting letter to the *Times* concerning the "Homing Instincts" in animals. In the Paterfamilias genus this instinct in early September becomes very strong, especially on referring to his bank-book. Then the Return-Homing Instinct asserts itself. And the journey back again is, Paterfamilias thinks, the best return he can have for his money.

Amid the Sussex Turnips.

Tenant of Shooting (affably, to surly keeper). How do the coveys run this year?

Surly Keeper. Run! D'ye think ye're going to deal wi' a bloomin' lot of French red-legs?

PROPOSITION.—Last week, Mr. JOHN MORLEY went to Butterstone. The name of the place is not indicative of its being in an atmosphere sympathetic with this eminent politician. Perhaps it may be renamed "Butter-Gladstone" in memory of the Philosophic JOHNNIE'S visit.

THE SLOW TRAIN.

ON Southern lines the trains which crawl
Deliberately to and fro
Make life a burden; of them all
This is the slowest of the slow.
Impatiently condemned to bear
What is indeed an awful bore,
I've seemed to be imprisoned there
Three days, or more.

The angry passengers complain;
Of new electric cabs they talk.
They sit and swear at such a train,
And ask, "Shall we get out and walk?"
It's true the time seems extra long
When spent in such a wretched way,
My calculation may be wrong—
Three hours, say.

The other day I had to come
By this slow train, but facing me
Was no old buffer, dull and dumb;
I chatted with my *vis-à-vis*.
A pretty smile, a pretty dress,
Gay spirits no fatigue could crush;
With her it was a quick express,
Three minutes' rush.

For once I sadly left the train,
For once the time too quickly passed.
I still could angrily complain,
Why travel so absurdly fast?
At lightning speed that special went
(I'd paid the ordinary fare),
Now looking back it seems we spent
Three seconds there.

KLONDIKE SURPASSED.—Our English goldfields. Our fields at harvest time, "ripe with golden grain."



POOR RELATIONS.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE (*together*). "BON JOUR, M'SIEU LE PRESIDENT. YOU HAVE SURELY BROUGHT BACK SOMETHING FOR US FROM RUSSIA?"

M. FAURE. "WELL—H'M—I'M AFRAID—ER—— (*Aside.*) VERY AWKWARD THESE TROUBLESOME PEOPLE TURNING UP—AND AT SUCH A MOMENT, TOO!!"



A SHOCKING SHOCK.

Fitzjones (who has lately started a turn-out, to Friend). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S THE SORT! PICKED HER UP A BARGAIN AT TATT'S!" *Friend.* "AH, NICE LITTLE MARE! PITY SHE HAS THAT NASTY TRICK OF BOLTING." *Fitzjones.* "EOT, MAN! WHAT THE DEUCE DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT HER!" *Friend.* "WELL, YOU SEE, I SENT HER UP LAST WEEK!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A worn Lyrist meets Three Fair Cousins at a pic-nic, and marvels that they be so free from cars, and is refreshed thereby.

My dear little cousins, in number just three,
Like the goddesses known to the past,
I'm not Paris to give with a hand all too free,
An apple for discord to last.
Diana, or Venus, or Juno you play
One and all with delectable grace,
You are sweet with the sempiterne promise of May,
That no Winter can ever deface.

My dear little cousins, I'd fain let you know
(Here my cousinship breaks into praise)
That I love your dislike of the Up-to-date Show
That is seen in these Down-to-date days!
You've discovered the secret of living one's life,
You can laugh with the best in your mirth,
And the tears that you shed are not gendered by strife,
For you envy no being on earth!

My dear little cousins, 'twas simply delight
That made our encounter so gay,
For when Venus was ready with repartee bright
Where was I in my feeble essay?
To parry her thrust I had never a foil
(All her quips were like lines from a play),
Then Diana would, huntress-like, mark me for spoil,
And then Juno would bring me to bay.

My dear little cousins, 'mid bracken and grass,
How I longed to be young once again,
Not with mind of a cynic and hide of an ass,
That is callous of Fortune and pain!
But with just the same heaven-sent spirit of joy
That is fearless, frank, yet debonair.
This you showed! and indeed I was once more a boy,
Not a pilgrim 'mid deserts of care!

My dear little cousins, to you much I owe;
You unwittingly roused a worn sense
Of the thrill of the music of long, long ago,
When I knew in my soul but one tense—
The Present. I construed it longtime and oft,
Now the Past in the grammar of life.
My dear little cousins, you made my heart soft,
And I felt that I—— Goodbye! My wife!

At Bonnie Blinkie Castle.

Mr. Lysander B. Chunks, of Chicago (who has rented the property of the Duke of B. B.). I see this mansion described in the guide-books as "palatial." Why, it isn't in it with the Mastodon Hotel, Milwaukee!

English Guest. Then why didn't you hire the hotel?

In a Somersetshire Inn.

Mr. Fitz-Archibald Smith (of London, to the Landlord). Is there a hair-dresser in the village? I want to be shampooed and shaved.

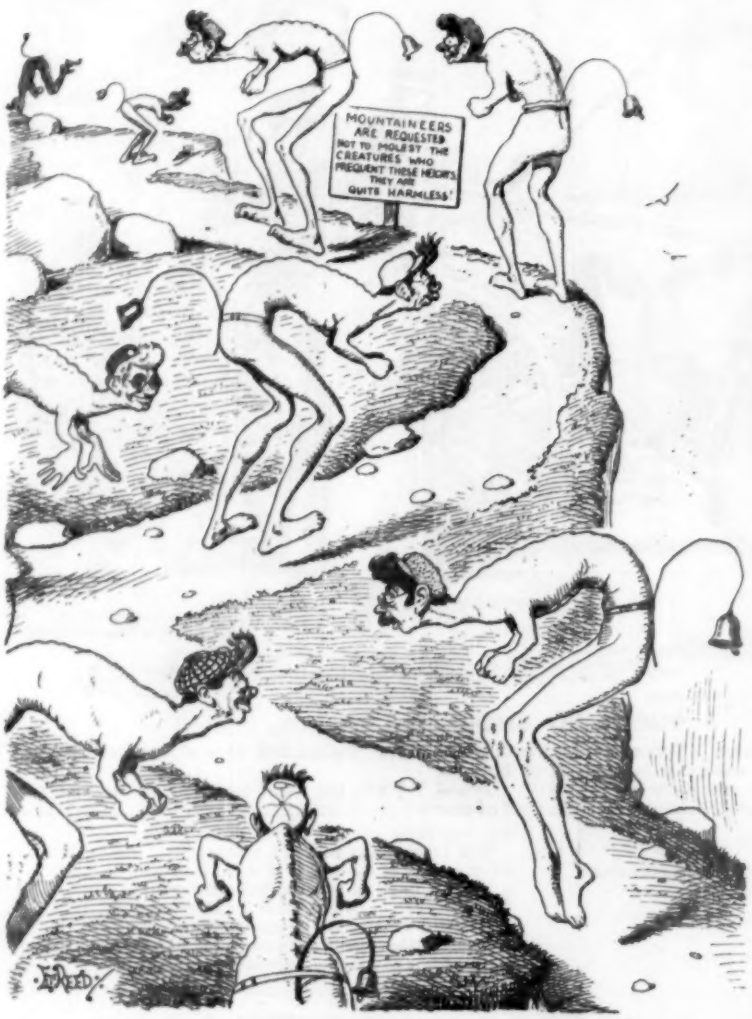
Landlord. Well, Zur, I doant know much about the shampoodling, but our ostler's used to clipping horses. Would 'e like to try him?

At the White Hart, Windsor.

Little Snopkins (who has hired a boat for the day, to Coffee-room Official). Waiter, 'ow's the tide?

Coffee-room Official (with cutting irony). This isn't 'Ammersmith, Sir! [*And even then* SNOPKINS *didn't understand the rebuke.*

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*difficult, apparently, to snare*).—*Q.* Why are haters of cats to be avoided? *A.* Because they are most un-feline.



AWFUL FATE OF THE CYCLIST SCORCHER!

(*About* A.D. 1950.)

DRIVEN AT LAST BY A LONG-SUFFERING PUBLIC FROM ALL THE HAUNTS OF MEN, HIS LIMBS ADAPTED TO ONE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION ONLY, HE IS COMPELLED TO HOP ABOUT AS BEST HE CAN IN INACCESSIBLE MOUNTAIN RETREATS!

"FALSE MODESTY."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having read with interest the discussion under the above heading in the columns of a daily contemporary, I feel bound to submit to you what seems to be a common-sense view of the subject. Briefly, it is that no one should be allowed to indulge in sea-bathing, either at Broadstairs or elsewhere, except in full morning-dress, with chimney-pot and umbrella in the case of men, and matinée hat and sunshade for ladies. The reason for this is obvious. If people want to wash, they can best do so in the privacy of their own dressing-rooms. But the occasions when it is necessary for them to swim are when they fall overboard, or when the ice gives way, or at other times when they have all their clothes on. Consequently, that eye-sore of British watering-places, the bathing-machine, should be promptly abolished, and no more paddling and bobbing allowed. Persons desirous of practising natation, having, of course, previously learnt on dry land, ought either to be pushed off a pier-head without warning, or sent out to sea in a boat with the cork removed from the keel. They will then be far too busy saving their own and other people's lives (or escaping their clutches) to bother about False Modesty. Trusting that this suggestion will have due effect,

I remain, Sir, Yours rationally,
Z. Y. X.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was at large the other day, and thought I would look in at the Royal Aquarium to see if I could pick up any ideas on the burning question of bathing-costume and False Modesty. Sure enough, I arrived in the nick of time to see a "Professor" make a sensational dive from the roof, enveloped in a flaming sack. Here, then, is the ideal bathing-dress. Let everyone set the Thames or the Channel on fire (before the next change in the moon) by donning an asbestos suit soaked in petroleum, and simultaneously lighting each other up. We should solve the question of False Modesty at once. All the jelly-fishes within the four seas would turn pale with envy, if the experiment were conducted at night; and think, too, what a splendid signal to Mars it would make! I positively tingle and glow with delight at the prospect. Yours warmly,

BARMIE FITZDOTTEREL.

DEAR SIR,—It is quite time the question of bathing-costume was settled for good and all. I do not know what some of our seaside resorts are coming to. The dress, or, rather, almost undress, of the masculine bathers is really shocking. This is no place for maiden ladies where I am staying. I will not reveal its name, for fear we should be invaded by further crowds of unappropriated spinsters. I live half a mile from the shore, but I have an excellent pair of field-glasses, specially bought for the holiday season, and I declare that, when I look through them every morning at the scenes of mixed bathing in this Jubilee year, I blush by the hour together. If it is not put a stop to, I shall have to stay here till the last trippers have gone.

Yours modestly, PRUE DE COBHAM.

SIR,—What is all this ridiculous discussion about, I ask? Is it because the sea-serpent has declined to turn up, and the big gooseberry crop has failed? When at the seaside we are all artists, of course—at least, I pose as one. I can't draw a line, but I can get along with a kodak, and manage to take a good many snap-shots in the course of a morning. What is the especial attraction at this time of year, you inquire. Why, the female form divine, to be sure; and the more of it the better. Only let nobody be allowed to bathe in public whose figure has not been passed by a committee of experts. I am happy to offer my services as judge. We flock to see "Living Pictures" at Music Halls. Then let us have them at the seaside, only they should not be caricatures. That would be an offence to the susceptibilities and the innate modesty of BROAD STARES.

RUSSO-FRANK ALLIANCE.—"Our Own," writing from Paris to the *Times* last week, said that "The female proof-readers of the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* have exchanged greetings with the male proof-readers of the *Temps*." Charming *rapprochement!* Almost touching! The next step is clearly to exchange photographs; but, in this case, each male proof-reader will stand only a poor chance, as his portrait must necessarily be *d'un homme usé par le Temps*.

EMOTIONAL.—Members of the British Association are enjoying themselves at Winnipeg, where they are Winnipegging away at agricultural subjects. At any one of their final banquets, when the men of science were entertained with sumptuous hospitality, the struggle to pronounce clearly and distinctly the final toast of the evening, "Success to the British Association," must have been a noble effort, most touching to witness.



CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, &c.

The Rev. Cyril. "I WONDER WHERE THIS MOUNTAIN FASTNESS IS THAT *BAEDEKER* TALKS SO MUCH ABOUT!"
Charles (his friend). "THERE IT IS, MY BOY, LOOKING AT US OVER ITS SHOULDER!"

"DOWN SOUTH."

WEATHER uncertain. We refuse to consult forecast.

"It is no use looking at a glass," growls Number Three of our Trio, shrugging his shoulders, "it 's sure to pelt."

Number Three's views, previous to starting, have been decidedly optimistic; but from the moment we are irrevocably committed to the journey, he becomes a hopeless pessimist. Before departure we had regarded ourselves as Three Sandboys of the jolliest description; now, however, once launched at Southampton, with our tickets, there and back by rail and boat, in our pockets, the sand in the composition of this particular Sandboy, who may be labelled as Number Three, has become a sort of Quick-Sand, in which the sanguine cheeriness of the other two Sandboys stands a fair chance of being absorbed and lost for ever. But the aforesaid Other Two Sandboys are wary, and mentally register a vow to "look always on the sunny side," even in the event of a solar eclipse.

"First-rate boat, the *Lydia*," say the two cheery ones, rubbing their hands as they survey their comfortable cabin.

"Not so good as the *Frederica*," mutters Number Three.

We point out to him that these ships are twins; but for retort he only shakes his head in a despondent manner, and observes, "Ha! well! you 'll see!" Then, casting a melancholy glance around at lowering clouds, mischievous-looking sea, and hazy coast, he adds, with the air of one who has completely resigned himself to fate, "We shall be in for a precious nasty dusting," and therewith disappears.

We laugh. The Quick-Sandboy is a prophet of ill. Let us to lunch. Excellent lunch. "No ice," growls Number Three. The ice, however, appears, just as Number Three has finished; whereupon we two cool our brandies-and-sodas with it, and drink his very good health. "Ah," says he, as he steadies himself, by holding on to a fixed seat, after lurching against the corner of the saloon door-way, "I only hope we sha'n't lose our 'very good health' before we get to Jersey." And, warily, he ascends to the upper deck. Then, after a brief struggle with the moveable seats of our fixed chairs, from which we emerge with damaged knees, we carefully navigate our course to the "companion," and go by rail (clutching it vigorously) up on deck. Picturesque view of the Needles on our left; while, on the right, the coast of Dorsetshire is gradually becoming fainter and fainter, and, in this respect, bearing a striking resemblance to some among our fellow-passengers.

"Delightful passage!" we two Sandboys exclaim simultaneously, as the ship lollops between the waves, with a thorough sailor-like roll, and we cannon one against the other, and narrowly avoid falling over a bundle of rugs heaped upon a deck-chair. Out of this bundle quickly emerges an angry face, framed in a travelling-cap that completely envelopes the rest of the head. To this head, with glaring eyes, we humbly apologise, and then it occurs to us that the best thing to do will be to retire to our cabin, take some coffee and liqueurs, and gradually acquire our sea-legs.

Quick-Sandboy mumbles something about "preferring the fresh air to the stuffiness of a cabin," and quits our society.

Sandboy Number Two, after remaining some time in the cabin, apparently asleep, while an innocent infantine smile lights up his temporarily-inexpressive features, suddenly opens his eyes, and after looking about him in a dazed kind of way, he nods with feeble gravity at me, and hurriedly observing that he "will go and see how far we 've got," he makes a dash at the door, which opens unexpectedly, precipitating him, head foremost, out of the cabin with the celerity of Harlequin when he leaps through a shop-window. Only, Harlequin invariably finds, on the other side, four men at hand to catch and land him safely; but this arrange-



HEARD ON THE SANDS.

"TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL, DEARIE!"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUVER. I AM HOLDING BY THE WINGS!"

ment is lacking to Sandboy Number Two, and when I unsteadily stagger up to close the door I can see no trace of him. Doubtless, he, too, has sought safety in flight to the upper deck.

I have the cabin to myself. The ship is decidedly rolling. The cabin is certainly very comfortable. And if—— But no matter. I have an interesting book. Let me dispose myself to read, and so be indifferent to the rough weather. I read, I doze, I succeed. *Veni, vidi, vici!* Two or three times the door becomes unhooked, swings outward and returns with a bang. I have to struggle with its hook and eye. Then I return, by a circuitous route, to my couch and plump myself down again.

Outside I can hear "great guns," the splashing and dashing of waves emptying buckets of sea-water over the deck. I catch sounds of lurching people, bumping people, and sliding people . . . . . and then the rattle of tin and crockery—and I know that if I go outside my cabin I shall, like *Lady Macbeth's* waiting-maid, "see what I should not." So, copying the admirable example set by Brer Rabbit, "I lay low and say nuffin."

Guernsey.—I emerge. Grateful and fresh. Here, on deck, is Sandboy Number Two, who says, "Splendid sea! But off the Casquettes we *did* get a dusting." By this process of "dusting" to which he has been subjected, he seems to have had all the colour taken out of him. But he "comes up smiling," and protests he has never enjoyed himself so much—under similar circumstances. Quick-Sandboy growls, "Deuce of a passage! Devoutly hope we *shall* get to Jersey. But fancy having to come back again!"

It is strange to remark that once in calm water, the decks, which but a few minutes before had been clear, suddenly become alive with people whose motto is "Resurgamus," and who, so to speak, "rise to the occasion," from various mysterious depths of the vessel. Pluckily, after several rounds with Neptune, they mostly "come up smiling," though with a visible effort. A goodish number of them appear in all sorts and conditions of unwellness, and are so changed since I last saw them, hale, hearty, and hopeful, at Southampton, that "it would be difficult," as Quick-Sandboy remarks, "for even their own mothers to recognise them."

Guernsey islanders come on board, selling, or attempting to sell, grapes and fruit. Their chance is a small one, and their time limited. In another quarter of an hour we are off. We pace the deck cheerily. Fair sailing now. "Not for long, though," says Quick-Sandboy, who credits the elements with any amount of trickiness. Through glasses we inspect Alderney, Sark, the Casquettes. The evening is turning out beautifully. Hallo! beginning to lurch again. "Said so," remarks Sandboy Number Three, grimly.

Retirement to cabin; for meditation. Meditation occupies an hour. Sandboy Number One, whose face has almost entirely recovered its normally healthy tone, summons me to see the view and the commencing sun-set. St. Owen's Bay, then St. Brelade's: lovely! "I've seen finer," observes Quick-Sandboy, disparagingly. The *Lydia* comes round the point with such majestic stateliness, in so elegant and self-contained a manner, and so absolutely steady, that no one, seeing her now, would ever suspect her capable of such "goings on" as we, who have been with her all along, can testify to. But all 's well that ends well; and everyone is well now, and eager for the shore; and all, including the Quick-Sandboy, heartily compliment *Lydia* on her admirable conduct in the most trying circumstances over which she could not possibly be expected to exercise any control.

St. Helier's.—Landed. Mysterious man in uniform addresses us in a language which is uncommonly like broken French or broken English, but is not exactly one or the other. Sandboy Number Two interprets. Man in uniform is the conductor of Grand Hotel 'bus, and is explaining to us that as we are "first come" we can be "first served," by being put into a chariot and driven straight to the Hotel, while the omnibus is loading up. Accepting the thoughtful islander's generous offer, we are driven at a rapid rate along the front to the Grand. Haven't seen Jersey for years. It has spread out right and left, but, in a general way, 'tis much the same.

We are shown our rooms at the Grand Hotel. Sandboys Numbers One and Two "are satisfied," like *Cox* and *Box*. Quick-Sandboy, however, who has far and away the best of the three rooms, mutters, in a depreciating tone, "Um! Yes—it will *do*." "Will he change?" No, he won't change, because he might get a worse. We tell him it is a first-rate room; as it really is. But he refuses to admit it, and then wanders disconsolately about the Hotel bewailing the tardy arrival of his bag. The Two Other Sandboys induce him to take a turn before dinner. He consents.

"Now," says Sandboy Number One to Sandboy Number Two, as we stand looking out over the deep blue sea, and gazing at bold and dangerous rocks toned to a bright purple in the last glow of the setting sun, "now, this is worth coming any distance to see!"

"Magnificent!" murmurs Number Two.

"Devonshire and Cornwall are just as fine," growls Number Three, "and one hasn't got a confounded sea passage to get at 'em."

Suddenly he starts. "Ah!"

"What 's the matter?" exclaim the first two Sandboys, considerably alarmed, while many of the promenaders make a halt, deeply interested.

"My bag!" almost shrieks the Quick-Sandboy. And before we can interfere, he has broken from us, dashed across the road, and made for the hotel, where, in another couple of seconds, the cause of his anxiety, the bag, from which he has been separated for about the space of fifteen minutes, is once again in the arms of its distracted owner.

Comparing notes, the Two Sandboys own to a "don't-quite-know-where-we-are" sort of feeling, coupled with a distrust of our legs, while, at the same time, conscious of a whizziness in the head, as if the works, after having been set whirring violently round and round, were now gradually slowing down again. But, —what cheer, my hearty! Avast, my messmates! Dinner it is!

TROP FORT!

["Dawn-parties" are the latest fashion in France.]

'TWAS the grunt of a Frenchman, I heard him complain—
You have called me too soon, I must slumber again;
Mon Dieu! I was due at a dance on the dew
At daybreak this morning—a thing I eschew!

'Tis scarcely a mode that is *très rigolo*
On a series of visits at cock-crow to go;
Though at sunrise the ladies their friends may invite,
'Tis better to *five-o'-cloquer* at midnight!

For whether I wake at or sit up till five,
At that hour of the morn I 'm more dead than alive;
The milkman and burglar around may then roam;
But for *me de grand matin* there 's no place like home!

They may say 'tis Watteau-like and full of romance
To rise with the *one* lark that 's still left in France;
But the only engagement so early I keep
Is a duel *pour rire*—so once more let me sleep!

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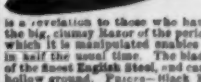
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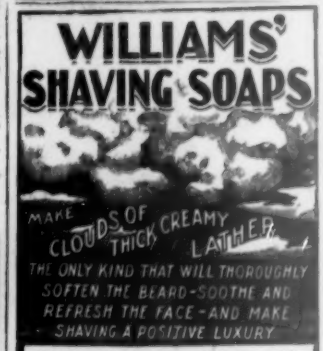
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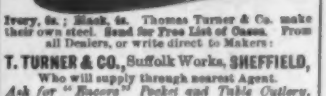
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Master. "AND YOU CAN SPEAK FOR THIS YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER, DENNIS?"

Man. "INDADE, AND I CAN, SORR. I'VE KNOWED HIM IVER SINCE HE COME TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN, SIX MONTHS AGO, AND HE 'S NIVER BEEN BEFORE A MAGISTRATE—NOT WANST!"

A LITTLE CUBBING.

Wednesday.—Lady GOODWORK's bazaar—most enjoyable way of spending quiet, instructive afternoon. Introduced to divinity in blue serge at crewel-work stall—charming little brunette and great sportswoman. Talked hunting and fishing. Said she had caught, this autumn, salmon (or was it cod? forget which, not having sporting proclivities myself) of twenty-five pounds, and that she was *so* looking forward to hunting season. Said she "hated men who weren't sportsmen." Promptly lied to her, and said I was devoted to hunting. Could see I went up immensely in her estimation—was pleased. Introduced to her father, Sir HARDRIDE FOXINGTON, who said I must hunt with them—was *not* pleased. "Come for little cubbing, next week," he says. Don't know what he means, but accept; doesn't sound so dangerous as hunting, anyhow. Ask guardedly, "Where do you cub?" Sir H. looks astonished; so I smile, as though I had spoken in joke; smile always safe investment in such cases. He laughs boisterously, and says, "Come down to Hackhunter Hall; I'll put you up all right." Nods knowingly at me—I nod knowingly at him. Wonder what "putting me up" means? Giving bed for the night, or mount to enable me to cub? Must order new breeches; haven't ridden, even in Park, for years.

Saturday.—New breeches home—uncomfortable—almost painful. Have them altered four times during day—rather worse at end of time than at first. Can't be helped. Look up train in *Bradshaw*, and practice saying "Hoic" in aggressive tones. Haven't the faintest idea what it means, but suppose everyone who cubs ought to make remarks of that sort at intervals: believe there is some word that comes after "Hoic" to complete sentence, but am not sure.

Monday.—Arrive at Hackhunter Hall, and am most hospitably received. My enslaver looking more charming than ever. Really think I might do worse. Think she would consent; seemed so impressed with me at bazaar. Excellent dinner, though pattern of plates trifle too *prononcé*, and drawing-room curtains a shade too primary in colour. Talk exclusively sporting—rather thin ice for me. "Got nice horse for you to-morrow," says Sir H., "takes hold a bit, but fine jumper." What does "Takes hold a bit" mean? Query, "Takes hold of a bit," eh? "Must start six sharp," he adds. "Oh, not till evening?" I say. Sir H. laughs, and calls me "a wag." Hate "wags"—and then full horror of situation breaks in on me—realize that he means 6 A.M. Never heard of anything so inhuman; felt inclined to protest, but didn't dare. Drawing-room—music—bed.

Tuesday.—Knock at my door. Raining. Hooray! surely they won't cub in the wet! "Shaving water, Sir, and will you have your bath quite cold or——" "Come in," I say. "Suppose this rain will prevent our starting, eh?" "Oh, no, Sir," says faithful servitor. "Master never stops for rain, nor the young mistress neither." Hate faithful servitor on the spot. Of course, *he* can be cheerful; *he* hasn't got to sit on wet saddle in the early morning. Groan and turn over in bed again. "You 'aven't too much time, Sir." Wish faithful servitor would die suddenly. Exit F. S. Dash into tub. Peep out of window. Raining harder than ever, ugh! Why such an ass as to come? and how the deuce *do* you cub, anyhow? Descend stairs—greet inamorata and Sir H. Watch them eat breakfast. I breakfast out of tall tumbler. Sir H.'s Etonian son (little beast), with mouth full of pie, stares at me, and says, "I say, Mr. CRANER, you do look in a blue funk." Could cheerfully have followed his funeral at that moment. "We must be off," says Sir H. Proceed to Hall door. Am armed with long-thonged implement like fishing-rod. "That 's your horse," says Sir H., indicating beast trying to hit groom over head with fore-paws. "The ginger one?" I ask, fearfully. "The chestnut," he replies. Try to get on—can't. Try other side of him. Groom giggles. "I'll give you a leg-up," says Sir H. Leg-up much too vigorous. I perform aerial flight over *Ginger's* back and alight gracefully on far side. Try again—succeed—gather up reins and thong in inextricable tangle, and bump off down drive. Bump along many (they say only two) miles to meet. Stirrup leathers too long. *Ginger* keeps going sideways. "Ah, he 's full of beans, *you* know." I *don't* know; wish he wouldn't assume that I knew his hunting slang. "You 've only to sit and hold him, and he 'll give you lots of fun." Think this highly likely. Saddle very hard and unsympathetic. Stirrup leathers too short, now. Wish *Ginger* wouldn't arch his back and squeak—so upsetting. Arrive at meet. Inamorata says, "You must give me a lead if we come across anything big." Try to smile jauntily—don't feel jaunty, somehow. Gallop up and down wood for no particular reason. Stand still again and shiver—still raining. *Ginger* strikes ground repeatedly with fore-paw, sending mud-showers into eye of irate person on right. Irate person gasps, and turns to say things to me, so jerk *Ginger's* reins, and with terrific splutterings, smothering all around, gallop off. Huntsman getting warm, and "Hoic-ing." Cannot hoic, myself, too much out of breath. Must apologise to Sir H. for this omission, later on. All dogs rush off together—we follow as far as forbidding post and rails. No gate. Inamorata gallops up and jumps rails. Shut my eyes as *Ginger* actually pricks up ears and tears along towards them. Haul at his stupid head in vain—up he goes into the air. I go up much higher than he does. Descent absolutely terrible—sit on his ears for one moment, waving arms about for something to catch hold of—find nothing—am grovelling in mud, whilst *Ginger* speeds gaily on after hounds. He has evidently not even missed me! Walk home. 12.35 back to town. Shall not cub again. Bazaar much better fun.

Pub and Club.

(*Mem. by a Moderate Drinker.*)

WEALTHY folk who pass *their* Sunday
Eating, drinking, dawdling, dozing,
Working folks' unworking *one* day
Would subject to "Sunday Closing."
But 'tis they who 'd void the poor man's cup
Who perhaps most merit—shutting up!



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Old Hand. "NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T SHOOT ANY OF US, OR THE DOGS, OR YOURSELF." *Novice (sarcastically).* "WHAT ABOUT THE BIRDS?"
Old Hand. "OH, YOU WON'T HIT THEM!"

THE NEW NOVEL-WRITING.

(A slightly-anticipatory Interview.)

"IF there is one thing that I hate more than another," said the Eminent Author, "it is being interviewed. My nature is the most modest and retiring one imaginable. I detest advertisements, except those of my books; and it is monstrous that, for a simple, unassuming man like myself, publication should involve publicity. Besides, how am I to enjoy the quiet so essential for working out my colossal masterpieces, if my privacy is to be invaded in this way? No; I simply refuse to be interviewed by any journalist——"

"In that case," I said, rising to leave, "I will not trouble you further."

To my surprise, the Eminent Author locked the door and placed his back against it. "Don't be foolish," he said, irritably, "and let me finish my sentence. I refuse to be interviewed by any journalist who devotes less than two columns to his description of my house and his eulogy of myself. You've got down all that about my modest and unassuming character? All right; now we can get on. Please take down all I say. The illustrious and world-famed novelist who is the subject of our sketch is descended from an old county family, and was born in the year——"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but I don't want all that. It's been published already within the last month in a dozen papers."

"In a dozen?" he exclaimed, angrily. "In thirty at the very least! In a dozen, indeed! What do you take me for? Do you think I am a miserable second-rate writer who is only interviewed once a week or so?"

I made my apologies. "But what I wanted especially to know," I continued, "is the system by which your talented books——"

"My colossal masterpieces," he amended, sharply.

"By which your colossal masterpieces are put together. For I understand that the labour of compiling them is shared by you with a good many other persons?"

"Certainly it is," said the Eminent Author. "In former times, as perhaps you remember, there was a quite absurd idea in vogue that a writer must have a close personal acquaintance with the scenes and modes of life he depicted. The death-blow to that fallacy was struck by a Manx novelist, who enjoyed a certain repute in his day. It was he who first hit on the plan of having his proof-sheets revised by a dozen different people who were authorities on various subjects. This, you perceive, was a great improvement, as it freed him from the necessity of having any but the most superficial knowledge of what he wrote about. I, however, have carried the system further with the most splendid results."

"And, in fact," I suggested, "you have no first-hand knowledge of your subjects at all?"

"Exactly. And you will perceive that this greatly facilitates the production of colossal masterpieces. Take the work, for instance, that I have at present in hand. One of its most thrilling and dramatic scenes takes place in a coal-mine. Now, I haven't the least idea what a coal-mine is like, so the whole of that chapter is being written for me by the superintendent of a mine. Again, there is in it a delightful little idyll of love in a Devonshire village, and of course a large number of rustic characters are introduced—readers always like them. What do I know of Devonshire rusties? How can I learn how to displace the consonants and vowels in order to reproduce their dialect? 'Go and study them for myself,' you say? No, thank you. I don't take the least interest in the creatures. Besides, that isn't my work; I've got to stay at home and be interviewed. No: all that part of my book is being written for me by a competent Devonshire man. Then my scenery is supplied by an eminent R.A., and a writer in a ladies' fashion journal dresses my heroine. In fact, there are about two dozen persons just now at work on my behalf. Owing to this system, I can produce a new book every three months with the least possible trouble, and my income is simply enormous."

"I congratulate you heartily," I said. "And now would you mind telling me what exactly is the work which you yourself do? Are you responsible for the plots?"

"I have been, hitherto," the Eminent Author replied. "But if I can only find a specialist to supply me with them ready-made, I shall certainly employ him; it would save so much trouble. Then I should simply have to combine the materials supplied me by my various agents, and could produce a colossal masterpiece every week. What an improvement on the old days, when a novelist had to do the whole thing—plot, and character-study, and local colour, and scenery—himself!"

"It is indeed," I assented. "And the simply enormous income—you share that, of course, with your collaborators?"

The Eminent Author rose. "I have told you enough," he said: "and, as I said, I hate being interviewed. I would fain be alone—alone with the mighty thoughts that crowd upon my master-mind, thoughts which will delight thousands of readers, and make my name immortal. Here are seven photographs of myself, and some views of my house. Now go away, please. The interview is concluded."

Hawke Notwithstanding.

Horatio (to CLEOPATRA). And so he died of a broken heart at the end of May.

Cleopatra. Poor fellow! What a pity he didn't wait to pick it all up again over Goodwood or the Leger.

SUGGESTED START FOR IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.—A sample of Indian sunshine for an equivalent in English rain.



A TRUE BELIEVER.

Constantia. "OH, UNCLE BURLEIGH, IT 'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL! SHE TOLD ME THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS ABOUT MYSELF! SHE SAID I WAS BORN A TWIN, AND LOST BOTH MY PARENTS AT THE AGE OF FIVE, AND INHERITED AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE FROM A VERY FAIR MAN!"

Sir Burleigh M'Garel, G.C.B. "BUT, TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION, NONE OF THESE THINGS ARE SO."

Constantia (hesitating). 'N—NO." (*Puzzled.*) "BUT ISN'T THAT JUST WHAT MAKES IT SO EXTRAORDINARY!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

On a cold and rainy September day, a Sportsman recollects an incident of days gone by

THE end of the Summer is with us again,
There 's a Winter-like sniff from the mould,
There 's an icicle chill in the drip of the rain
That prophesies shortcoming cold.
The swallows are packing their boxes to fly
To a land where there 's sunshine galore,
And the very last rose is preparing to die,
While we 're putting the filberts in store.

I am writing to you in the thickest of coats,
With a horrible cold in my head,
And a *soupçon* of one of those very sore throats
That may possibly end me in bed.
I have never a comforter—barring the line
You address me, infrequent and rare.
It 's so welcome! And do you, dear, ever repine
For the letters I should have sent—*where!*

To the place where we met, when I hoped for the best,
A Dead-Alive village unknown,
But dearer than any to us—it was blest,
When we mutually murmured, "My own!"
But since we have parted, for ever and aye,
And we do not play "Where, When, and How,"
I suppose there is something about this cold day
That has made me remember you now.

What is it? I think I have got the right clue,
Unromantic, but none the less sure,
It was something appealing to me, not to you,
Though it made of our love-stress a cure.
On just such a day we were perished and faint,
On a walk in a country-side lane,
And I said a harsh word—then came tears, then the —— Saint,*
That is coloured again and again!

* Is "Saint" quite the right word?—ED.

THOSE WHO ARE ALWAYS WITH US.

THE Tipster, who knows the winners of a great Double Event, say the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

The Personage, whose great-great-grandmother danced with the Duke of WELLINGTON on the Eve of Waterloo at the Duchess of RICHMOND'S Ball.

The Individual, who once shot forty brace of partridges to his own gun in three hours.

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The Lady, who is collecting for a hospital in the East End, and would be thankful for the smallest subscription.

The Member of the Club, who is supposed to be at Homburg or Marienbad, but has kippers or buttered eggs every morning in Pall Mall—unless exchanged to other premises in the vicinity.

The Weather.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON "POLITICAL WEATHER."

(With apologies to the Young Person of the "Daily Graphic.")

["The political weather is very much like the natural weather . . . . . I believe that in public affairs you will see a great change before long."—*Recent Speech at Malwood.*]

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART VI.

SCENE—*The Garden.* BOWATER *is seated dejectedly in one of the wicker chairs, as* CAMILLA *comes out from the house.*

Camilla (*to herself*). He *is* here! If I can only make him thoroughly ashamed of himself! (*Aloud, sweetly.*) Ah, Mr. BOWATER, I thought I should find you in the garden. . . . No, don't move, I'll take this chair. (*She seats herself so as to face him.*) I'm so interested about this wonderful novel of KEZIA'S. What a triumph for you to have discovered such a genius! How proud and delighted you must be feeling!

Bowater (*to himself*). I'm really not equal to going into raptures just now. (*Aloud.*) Oh—er—it is gratifying, naturally, though I should hardly—er—I mean to say, "Genius" is perhaps *rather* an extravagant term to use.

Camilla (*to herself*). I thought he would try to wriggle out of it! (*Aloud.*) But you used it at lunch. You placed KEZIA—or Miss STILWELL, as I suppose we ought to call her now—on a higher level than JANE AUSTEN or GEORGE ELIOT.

Bowater. Pardon me—on a *different* level.

Camilla. Well, but you must have ranked the author of *Stolen Sweets* very high indeed, or you would not have been so unusually enthusiastic!

Bowater (*feebly*). It is—er—just possible that I was—er—betrayed into some slight exaggeration.

Camilla. You are much too acute and conscientious a critic to give any praise that was not thoroughly deserved. And why *should* you—when you had no reason to suppose that the author was present?

Bowater. Oh—er—as to *that*, I can assure you Miss—er—STILWELL'S connection with the manuscript took me completely by surprise.

Camilla. It does seem extraordinary. I always considered her rather a superior sort of girl, it is true, but even now I can't think how she can have acquired sufficient culture to impress such a fastidious judge as you. And then it 's so marvellous, too, that, although, as I know, her employers have always been mere commoners like myself, she should have managed to draw a viscount, wasn't it? and a lady of title and their surroundings with such unerring accuracy. She *must* be a genius!

Bowater (*uncomfortably*). I—I fear her work is—er—marred by crudities and—er—solecisms which——

Camilla. Which did not strike you until you discovered that it was written by a parlourmaid? Really, Mr. BOWATER, I thought you were above such petty social prejudices!

Bowater. Miss LYDE, you seem to think I am trying to get out of publishing her book!

Camilla. After all your praises? Oh, no, I know you too well to believe you capable of such meanness as *that*. Such an advantage for her, poor girl, to be taken up by one so generous and even princely in all his dealings! With *you*, she is certain of a substantial reward for her labours. (*To herself.*) It serves him right—he *deserves* to pay!

Bowater (*to himself*). This is rather *too* much! (*Aloud.*) I—I feel bound to explain that the manuscript of which I expressed such warm admiration this morning was *not* Miss STILWELL'S.

Camilla (*to herself*). I wonder what *next* he will say! (*Aloud.*) Indeed, then whose *was* it?

Bowater. That I can't tell you. It was an anonymous story which I received a few days ago, and left at Mr. ALABASTER'S on my way here, with a note to tell him how highly I thought of it.

Camilla (*to herself*). He actually supposes he can persuade me that—— I do believe if I only lead him on, he will pretend—— I'll try him. (*Aloud.*) How curious! The fact is, a friend of mine—— I wonder if it could by any chance—— Do you happen to recollect what it was called?

Bowater (*to himself*). I only wish I could! (*Aloud.*) Why, oddly enough, the title has quite escaped me.

Camilla (*to herself*). He 's abominably cunning! (*Aloud.*) Well, my—my friend's manuscript was type-written, in blue ink, and the title was missing. Does that help you at all?

Bowater (*to himself*). It 's *saved* me! (*Aloud, eagerly.*) Miss LYDE, I 'm almost—I 'm *positively* certain it 's the very same! This novel was typed in blue ink, too, and, by Jove! I remember now, the front page was gone. And, if I may say so, there was a touch about the book that irresistibly reminded me of——

Camilla (*quickly*). Not of *my* work, Mr. BOWATER! You are *not* going to say that!

Bowater. I was. Indeed, I remarked as much to Miss VYVIAN. I felt almost certain you had written it.

Camilla (*to herself*). Perfectly shameless! (*Aloud.*) But it was *Kezia's* novel that you praised at lunch, you know.

Bowater (*taken aback*). Er—that is so. But, for the moment, I—I got it into my head that it was *yours*.

Camilla. Because of the "crudities" and "solecisms"? So many thanks!

Bowater (*distractedly*). No, no, *no!* Look here, Miss LYDE, the truth is, I've never read a single line of *Stolen Sweets—there!*

Camilla. I think you forget that you mentioned a scene in the book that particularly struck you, and spoke of its masterly style and treatment, and all the rest of it. It seems a little singular that you could do that if you had never read a line of it!

Bowater. If you remember, I—er—only did it by frequent appeals to ALABASTER, who *had* read it.

Camilla. Then it was Mr. ALABASTER who *really* admired it?

Bowater. Well—er—he didn't exactly. (*Helplessly.*) It was an unfortunate misapprehension—quite impossible to explain.

Camilla. You seem to find it so. Well, Mr. BOWATER, I will admit that I *did* take it into my head—I see now how foolish it was—to—to test the sincerity of the appreciation you were kind enough to profess of my literary work by sending you a story anonymously. The result has been—disappointing.

Bowater. Don't say that, Miss LYDE! Wait at least till I produce this other manuscript, and I am in great hopes that I may succeed in convincing you that——

Camilla. That it was the novel which you recognised as a masterpiece? You may succeed in doing that, Mr. BOWATER, but you cannot persuade me that it was mine—and I will tell you why. Mine was never sent at all. It was accidentally destroyed.

Bowater (*to himself, crushed*). Just my infernal luck! (*Aloud.*) Oh! I—I was not aware of that.

Camilla (*drily*). So I imagined. It *is* a little unfortunate, isn't it?

Bowater. But you have probably kept a copy? If you would permit me to glance at it.

Camilla. I thought your enthusiasm wasn't dependent on that little formality . . . . No, Mr. BOWATER, it is really no use. I happen to know all, and I don't intend to surfeit you with a

rival instalment of *Stolen Sweets*. You seem to me to have enough already. Seriously, how can you expect me ever to trust you again after deceiving me so shamefully?

Bowater. What was I to do? I found—or *thought* I had found—that I had inadvertently rejected a novel of yours, unread. Can't you see that I was ready to—to go to any lengths rather than let you suppose that I (I who, whether you believe it or not, Miss LYDE, have always felt the most fervent admiration for you, not only as an author, but as a woman) could deliberately offer you such a slight?

Camilla. All I can see is that the consequence of your diplomacy has been to make a dupe of my poor KEZIA.

Bowater. I—I could not foresee that. And if any reasonable compensation——

Camilla. What compensation will satisfy her now that you have turned her foolish head by your praises? Unless you either tell her the whole truth—which surely would be rather humiliating for you—or else invent some pretext for throwing her over, which I hope you would scorn to descend to, I really don't see what you *can* do now except publish her book for her.

Bowater. But it 's bound to be a failure. Would that be doing her any real service?

Camilla. I 'm afraid not. But, on the other hand, I believe it would almost break her heart if she found out that her story had been rejected, and I do ask you to spare her that.

Bowater (*gloomily*). Very well. I 've brought it on myself, I suppose. I—I 'll publish her confounded story!

Camilla (*relenting slightly*). I knew you would. After all, it mayn't be so bad, you know. I 'll go in and send her out to you, and then you can arrange about terms and all that.

[*She goes into the house.*

Bowater (*to himself*). If I could only put myself right with *her*—— But that 's hopeless, now. We shall never be the same again, never! (*He sinks into sombre meditation; a little later,* NORA *comes out.*) Miss VYVIAN! did you go to Fitcham? Had the manuscript arrived?

Nora. Yes, this morning. But fancy! That sly KEZIA had left instructions that anything for "M. N." was to be forwarded here. You see, she knew all the letters would come into *her* hands first.

Bowater. Then she 'll get it this afternoon, and see I 've declined it! Miss LYDE will never forgive me now!

Nora. No, no, it 's all right. Luckily, the postmistress hadn't sent it off yet, and she knows me, so I persuaded her that, as I was going back to Sunny Bank, I could take it just as well. And I 've just left it with my Aunt, who wanted to—to look over it. You don't mind, do you?

Bowater (*with a sigh of relief*). Mind? No, my dear Miss NORA, so long as that girl hasn't got it! Very many thanks. It 's quite safe in your Aunt's hands. This is the first gleam of luck I 've had this afternoon! (KEZIA, *now divested of cap and apron, comes out.*) Ah, here comes Miss STILWELL, we—we are going to discuss business, I believe.

Nora. Then I 'll leave you together. Don't make her more conceited than she is already.

Bowater (*grimly*). I never felt less inclined to be complimentary in my life!

[*He rises to receive* KEZ'A, *who advances with a self-important simper as* NORA *departs.*

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AU REVOIR.

DEAR MISTER,—I am desolated. At cause of a very pressed affair at me in France I am forced of to part immediately. I quit your country so interesting with the most great regret. But I hope to return after some time.

I write at Dovers. I am come from Eastbourn by the railways at the border of the sea. What voyage! The train arrests himself at all the most little stations. One changes of carriage two times, the trains are in delay, one misses the one that one hopes to entrap, the carriages and the line are one cannot more old and more bad; one is shaken, one is pushed, one is furious. But in fine it is finished, and one arrives.

I am gone to make a little walk in the town. It is not very gay. At each window one perceives a long view, *longue-vue*. He appears that the inhabitants of Dovers serve themselves of the long views for to peep at all the ships who pass, and also for to regard Calais, town as sad as the their. That should to be very amusing! I have seen the prison of the forced ones, *forçats*—an abandoned prison, desert, the walls falling; nothing of more miserable! I have seen also the Cliff of SHAKSPIR. *Tiens!* I knew not that he possessed a ground, *terrain*, at Dovers. I believed him inhabitant of Stratfordonavn.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE ELEPHANTS WORK FOR THEIR LIVING, WHY NOT THE NEW GIANT TORTOISE? THE EXERCISE MIGHT IMPROVE HIS DIGESTION, SAID TO BE IMPERFECT.

At the hotel I encounter one of my friends, Mister JOHN ROBINSON, who goes to make a little excursion in Bavaria and in Austria, just to Vienna. I have counselled him of to write to you his impressions of voyage. As soon as arrived at Nuremberg he will put himself to the work. Permit, *Mister Punch*, that I address to you this mister.

I hear to whistle the packet boat. Mister ROBINSON parts for Ostende. Me I go to Calais in one hour. Unhappily the sea is very agitated. Eh well, it is not a long traversy. At the hotel one has spoken to me of a French, arrived since eight days, who has not dared to traverse at cause of the bad times. Yesterday he made very little of wind. But, seeing that, the goodman resolves himself to attend again one day, hoping to traverse the sea calm as a lake. To-day she is again very agitated, and he can no more attend. The poor man!

At the moment of to part, dear Mister, I think to the day where we shall see again ourselves. In attending, be willing to agree the expression of my best sentiments of friendship. I squeeze you the hand very cordially. *Au revoir.* AUGUSTE.

Song of the Silent Highway.

BEAUTY and gaiety—*must* they be banned
Still half a year from our city's fine river?
From the ghoul Dulness, who so lords our land,
Who will our town's noble tideway deliver?
When sly old PEPYS to his business once went,
Oft 'twas by "fly-boat, by barge, or by wherry."
Won't modern London with him be content
Who makes her great river more useful—*and merry*?

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW."—Time of the signature of the Greco-Turkish Treaty of Peace.



TOMKINS, WHO HAS RECENTLY MADE HIS APPEARANCE *EN AMATEUR* AS THE MELANCHOLY DANE, GOES TO HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN "IN CHARACTER." UNFORTUNATELY, ON REACHING THE CORNER OF THE STREET, HE FINDS *THE ROAD IS UP*, AND HE HAS TO WALK TO THE DOOR! TABLEAU!!

ON A COMMON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We were so happy on that Common. You must bear in mind that it was not an ordinary Common. It was an Uncommon Common. And so we sat among the heather and the second crop of gorse, admiring the tethered sheep, and the dog Pixie, and ourselves, and wondering why the world was ever dark and dismal. It was a revelation, and yet we were not so far removed from the iniquities of the Metropolis. There were, and no doubt are now, several hundreds of fowls on this Common. No one appeared to have the least animosity against those bipeds. At all events, we had not. We extolled the condescension with which they treated Pixie, having no fear of his threats, but, on the contrary, appreciating the humour of the situation, and knowing that one hundred chickens could readily dispose of one Maltese Terrier. But Pixie was still to be lauded for his courage, and, when he was not looking for imaginary rabbits, he never failed to be the Joy of the Household, save and excepting when the members of it were cleaning their bicycles, or finding out whether the gardener or Dirtman had lodged in the Summer-house during the previous night. A quaint and curious creature the Dirtman, a kind of Pelican that would manage to exist in a Desert of Temperance on the promise of an Oasis of Whiskey. But I imagine he survives on apples, when the whiskey is wanting.

Some of the Commoners made the Neighbouring Aristocracy regard them with an unfavourable glance. They, the Aristocrats, were not accustomed to look upon matrons, men and maidens chewing cake by the roadside and consuming tea on the turf. It afflicted their fancy, but nevertheless the Commoners were still happy and contented. In the evening, when the Common was no longer desirable property, they retired to that hospitable Home, where every one was welcome, and then made merry with Japanese Fans, sketches in pen and pencil, and illustrations of Nursery Rhymes, in which the Engaged Young Lady made a most acceptable Spider when demonstrating the Legend of Miss Muffet.

My object, Sir, in writing this letter is to point out how much superior a Common is to the vulgar sea-shore or common beach of commerce. On a Common you can do anything in reason. By the sad sea waves you are more or less held by the enemy, who prowls from morning until nightfall. Let me strongly recommend the trial of a Common to you next year as a scene of recreation and recuperation. If you chance on my particular pitch, you will probably recognise

A CONGENIAL DONKEY.

P.S.—I don't give the name of my Common, nor that of the nearest railway station, but they *are both there*. *Verb. sap.* Commons are always better than piers. Parliamentary joke, registered.

At Homburg-v.-d.-H.

Colonel Twister (*in the hotel smoking-room*). Yes! I once played a game of pool at Senecarabad, holding the cue in my teeth, and captured all the loot!

Captain Longbow. Pooh! That's nothing! About a month ago I matched myself at shell-out against FRED FANDANGO, and clutching the cue between my toes, walked in lying on my back!

Colonel Twister (*taken unawares*). But how the deuce did you manage to see the table?

Captain Longbow. See the table! Why, had the cloth lighted with Röntgen rays, of course! Saw through the slate!

[*The* Colonel *abruptly says "Good night" to the company, and leaves for Schlangenbad next morning.*



"BROTHERS IN ARMS."

["The stanchness and devotion of the whole force, and particularly the excellent conduct of the native officers when thrown on their own resources, are worthy of the highest praise; .... and the fact that at the very first the men saw all their British officers shot down, makes the stanchness and gallantry of the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men even more praiseworthy."—*London Gazette Despatches quoted in the Times, Sept.* 8.]



EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Dealer (to Timmins, who is trying a hunter). "PULL 'IS 'ED UP, SIR! PULL 'IS 'ED UP, AND JAM THE SPURS IN, OR 'E 'LL DOWN YOU!"

A SONG OF DEGREES.

["Bogus Degrees—How they are got and paid for."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

I'M the Chancellor, the Beadle, and the Doctors
Who lecture on the *Asinorum Pons*,
I'm the tutors, and the bull-dogs, and the Proctors,
The porters, undergraduates and dons.
I'm the 'Varsity, and on consideration
Of modest and most reasonable fees,
I'll remit you, carriage paid to any station,
The very latest fashion in degrees.

I have hoods—green, orange, yellow and vermilion—
In which a Bishop would be proud to strut,
I have garments academic for the million,
All warranted a first-class Oxford cut.
Buy! buy! Who'll buy a Bachelor of Science?
Who'll buy an LL.D. or a B.A.?
My fees set competition at defiance.
Buy! buy! Degrees are going cheap to-day!

Buy! buy! my friends, and when you have succeeded
In adding learned letters to your name,
Persuade your friends that really all that's needed,
Is that they should straightway go and do the same.
They send me, say, a tenner or a twenty,
I give you a commission on the fees,
So, if you get me graduates in plenty,
We'll all grow rich together—by degrees.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

YE WIDOWE AND YE GALLANTE.

A WIDOWE, fayre toe looke upon and not passyng XL—much, and who had but juste caste aside ye sombre habilimentes



of her doole days, and was arrayed once more in garmentes gaye, was a wandering in ye medes with a well dyghte gallante, and he was a whisperinge in toe her eere softe, tendere wordes; atte which she wouide caste downe hor eyen and smyle. And then he downed on hys knee and declared hys passion fore ye dame. "And doe you indeede love me mocho?" sayd she, a turning her head aside while a grette blushe mounted toe her browe, ryvallynge in depthe ye pyany floure. "Love thee!" cryed ye gallante in extacie, rysinge and takynge her plumpe lyttle hande in hys; "why, sweete JAYNE," for soe was she named, "I swere I doe love ye verrie grounde thou treadeste on!" Atte thys she dyd falle on toe ye cheste of her leman with ye wordes, "I am thyne!" And then he dyd kyss her swetlie and mocho.

Now it chanced that ye grounde on which ye fayre widowe was a treadynge was vast in extente: in partes well sowne with corne and in partes of riche fatte pasture; there alsoe rose proudlie on it a statlie mansyone, alle of whiche was, undere ye wille of her late lamented spouse, hers in her owne righte. But thys by ye waye.

On the Brighton Road.

Cyclist (to owner of dog over which he has nearly ridden). Take your beast out of my way! What right has he here?

Owner. Well, he pays seven and sixpence a year for the privilege of perambulation, and *you* pay nothing!

USEFUL PHRASE FOR TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE.—How to establish friendly relations between Englishman and Frenchman. Say "*Que nous nous humectons!*" *i.e.*, "Let us have a drink."



"I SAY, BILL, 'ERE COMES TWO CHAMPION DONERS! LET 'S KID 'EM AT WE 'RE HOFFICERS!"

DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

(An Imaginary Account of an Impossible Volunteer Corps.)

"TOM," shouted the front rank of A company, "what on earth is the good of keeping us at attention?"

"Shut up!" replied the C. O. "We shall have the Inspecting Officer here directly, and a nice mess you would be in if I allowed you to stand easy."

"TOM," yelled the rear rank of A company, "you are an idiot!"

The supernumeraries took up "hear, hear," and passed it down from right to left with marvellous unanimity.

"Well, old chap, how do they look?"

The question was addressed to the adjutant, who had been making up the field state.

"C company have come out in dressing-gowns instead of overcoats, Sir, and the sergeants of F, as usual, appear in slippers."

The C. O. smiled, and murmured, "They always were a rum lot." Then he asked if all the officers were present.

"Many of them, Sir," responded the adjutant, referring to the field state. "Of course, where the senior captains can't get away from their business, their duties are taken over by their subalterns."

"But I say, why haven't the men of that rear company their rifles?"

"They are in the charge of their captain, who keeps them at his establishment. But both ranks have paraded with the tickets."

There was a loud explosion.

"What's that?"

"Oh! nothing, Sir," replied the adjutant. "Only the sergeants firing at one another with blank ammunition. They are always up to some nonsense or other."

At this moment the Inspecting Officer rode up. The entire battalion offered to hold his horse for him—of course, for a suitable consideration.

"Now, Sir, move them about," said the new-comer.

"Blessed if I know how—and if I did, what would be the good? They know how to move about without any telling from me."

"Then give a word of command, Sir."

"Ask me another! I don't know any."

"On my word, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, after a pause. "I think the best thing to do with your precious regiment is to amalgamate it with another."

"Come, that is a good joke!" cried the C. O., with a roar of laughter. "Why, there isn't a corps in the kingdom that would have anything to do with us! Isn't it so, old chap?"

The adjutant, with difficulty suppressing a smile, confirmed the statement of his superior.

"Hallo!" shouted the Inspecting Officer. "What are they after now?"

"We are all going home," returned one of the band. "We have had enough soldiering for to-day, and as it's dry work, we are off for a drink. The canteen is being run by BILLY."

"And who is BILLY?" inquired the regular.

"One of the officers," was the prompt reply of the adjutant.

"Well, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, when he was alone with the C. O., "I can scarcely congratulate you upon your command. Will you be so good as to give me the title of the corps?"

"Wild horses shall not drag the secret from me," returned the inspected, firmly.

And the Inspecting Officer thought it better to be satisfied with the answer, as there was no one to bother about it in Parliament till after the recess.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

(By a Puzzled Private.)

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body meet a body
Need a body fly?
Ilka laddie is a regiment,
Ane, they say, am I;
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm
A prisoner in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' owre the lea,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body dee?
Ilka laddie bangs his rifle,
Sae the same dae I,
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm
A deid man in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Baith as deid 's a rat,
Gin a body greet a body
Whaur 's the hairm o' that?
Ilka laddie has his whusky,
Mine is guid an' strang—
We 'll tak' a richt guid williewaucht,
An' let the lave gae hang.

Valour indeed!

Mrs. Muddlebrayne (to friend, while inspecting Captain WHITAKER'S *magnificent Collection of Medals).* Law! Bless me! 'Ow 'e must 'ave fought to 'ave all them decorations! And my pore 'usband wot served in the Guards only 'ad one!

TREASURE TROVE.—The real grit of the Shamrock found by the Duchess of YORK in Ireland.

THE CLOCKS WHICH NEVER GO.—Those connected with the feet, not the hands.

PROS AND CONS.

(By a Spectator and Lover of Manly Sport, thinking it over at the end of the Cricket Season.)

On the field, or in the court,
Some enthusiasts agree
Pros. give us the prose of sport,
Amateurs its poetry.

He who hunts a ball for gain,
He who hits a ball for perks,
Is not of Olympic strain;
Mere "gate"-grubbing always irks.

Verily, "the play's the thing";
But our games were followed sparsely
If the sole reward they bring
Were the classic crown of parsley.

"Gentlemen" are not all rich,
"Pros." are often gentlemen;
And deciding which is which
Taxes sometimes tongue or pen.

Truly all play and no work
Needs a fortune in the player.
Many a sportsman's bound to shirk
That, though at his game a stayer.

Surely there is room for all;
Lines *too* "hard-and-fast" embitter.
Many a wonder with the ball,
Many a bright and brilliant hitter,

Many a "sportsman" heart and soul,
With no purse of Fortunatus,
Would be kept from glory's goal
By harsh strictness as to status.

Whose the loss? The public's, surely,
And the game's. You may be bound,
Give and take, in games played purely,
Must be good for sport all round.



REMARKABLE OPTICAL ILLUSION!

WERE THEY REALLY *MOTOR-MEN* (SMOOTHLY PROPELLED ALONG THE SURFACE BY AN UNSEEN FORCE) THAT OUR POOR OLD FRIEND SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERED IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, OR WERE THEY MERELY TWO BRITISH WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN DIGGING DOWN INTO THE ROADWAY TAKING FIVE MINUTES' REST *IN SITU*?

"DOWN SOUTH."

At "The Grand," St. Helier's.—Why are so many modern hotels called "Grand"? The epithet conveys no idea of comfort; quite the contrary. Now "comfort," which word may be taken as exhaustively expressive, is the one thing needful to the traveller. Many monarchs have been styled "Grand," but not one has been surnamed "The Comfortable." How well it would sound, "WILLIAM the Comfortable!" A Grand Hotel may be and probably will be as comfortable as the very snuggest of hostelries, but the name is against it to begin with.

At St. Helier's you are agreeably disappointed to find that there is, at all events, nothing grand about the exterior of this pretty châlet-like hotel. Immediately on arriving you feel yourself at home, and the traveller failing to experience this pleasant sensation will soon be put at his ease by the beaming manager, who, as "a host in himself," welcomes you with an air of British cordiality, tempered by the French polish of *la politesse de* LOUIS QUINZE. Straightway he busies himself with your comfort, as though the hotel, "with all its appliances and means to boot," had been placed on its present footing, solely and only for your sole personal use and gratification.

M. LOUIS QUINZE is so delighted to see you. It is as though you had been so long expected, and had arrived at last! What can he do for you in some special way to prove his personal devotion? *A test of sincerity; ask him to change a cheque.*

What greater test of the confidence, begot in the heart of a responsible man simply by your appearance, can there be than this? He has never seen you before in all his life, and (the cheque being changed) may never see you again. He has no means of identifying you with the name you have given. It is late in the evening, and, the money once in the guest's pocket, the guest may wander out to amuse himself in the town, and may never return. But his luggage? It may be somebody else's, and not belonging to him at all. Or it may be an old worn-out portmanteau, which, with its contents, would not fetch the price of a luncheon.

Do these considerations occur to the mind of M. LOUIS QUINZE? If they do, his countenance is still unclouded, not a shadow of suspicion casts even a momentary gloom over his mobile features. On the contrary, he is charmed by your request. Cheque! Why, a hundred cheques if you like! Any amount! A thousand pounds! You honour him by constituting him temporarily your banker! You shall have it whenever you require it. But surely you and your friends will first dine? Certainly we will. Dinner first, cheque afterwards.

"*Pas du tout!*" says M. LOUIS QUINZE, in his pleasantest manner, speaking French, which comes as naturally to him as English, for, presumably, he is a Jerseyman, and master of even more languages than his two native ones. "It is natural! *Chez nous, vous n'êtes pas étranger! Jamais de la vie! Mais—comment!* will you not go to dine? Is not the dinner commanded for the three gentlemen? *Parfaitement! à huit heures et demie!*" We announce our intention of being ready to avail ourselves of the quiet corner reserved for us in the *salle à manger*, within fifteen minutes.

And an excellent dinner it is too, with grouse, and with first-rate wines at fairly reasonable prices. Even Quick-Sandboy is fain to admit this, and having no fault to find with the food, confines himself to the gloomiest meteorological prognostications.

For a few minutes we peer out into the unpromising night; then the two Cheery Ones retire, hoping for the best, while the Quick-Sandboy shakes his head despondently, and, with a melancholy "Good night," goes moodily to bed.

Up with the lark. But, if the Jersey lark is not pressed for time, he will not think of "rising to the occasion" in such wretched weather. A deluge! Rain giving the island a thorough good bucketing. Roads steaming. At breakfast, Sandboys Numbers One and Two sustain a *Mark Tapley*-kind of jollity, while Number Three grumbles. Excellent trio. Merry movement of first and second violins, and slow growl on violoncello.

In midst of tempest we stand under verandah, to see travellers bound for France and England starting in omnibuses and flys. M. LOUIS QUINZE is there, directing movements of boots, porters, conductors, and drivers, while cheerily speeding the departing guests. "*En voiture!*" he cries, as he dashes out, regardless of rain! "*En voiture!* Good-bye! *Au revoir!*" He rushes up to a carriage to shake hands warmly with muffled figures inside. "*Bon voyage! Bon voyage! Monsieur et Madame!*" Here, with the utmost urbanity, he raises his hat, and the rain comes down on his exposed cranium sharp as the shower of a bath when the string has been suddenly pulled. "*Bon voyage!*" he cries, regardless of the *douche*. "*Allez!*" he says to the driver, "*Allez, Cocher! 'Urry! 'Urry! Allez!*" Then, in a tone of determined command, gallantly waving his hand, he shouts, "*En route!*" This is repeated in the case of every single carriage; but when it comes to bidding farewell to a



KINDLY MEANT.

"MISS MAYFAIR, DO YOU OBJECT TO PADDLING?"
"NO, CHARLIE, NOT AT ALL."
"WELL, THEN, IF YOU 'D LIKE TO, DON'T MIND ME."

dozen people or more, crowded into a 'bus, then, always hat in hand, he includes them all individually and collectively in one grand movement of both arms, shouting always with the utmost politeness, "*Bon voyage! Messieurs et Mesdames! Au revoir!* Finally, in an authoritative tone to the driver, "*Allez, Cocher.* 'Urry! 'Urry! *En route!!!*"

The last coach-load is gone, and the enthusiastic host collapses. He mops his brow, resumes his hat, and then, for the first time apparently, becoming aware of the fact that the pelting rain for the last twenty minutes has not been without its damping effect on his coat, he says cheerily to himself and to us, "*Mauvais temps, n'est ce pas!*" and disappears into the house.

Sandboy Number One, who has been making himself acquainted with the traditions of the island, maintains that our manager did not say "'Urry! 'Urry!" but that he had raised the old Jersey cry of "Haro! Haro!" By referring him to this tradition, as given in BLACK'S useful Jersey Guide-Book, it is demonstrated to him that the "*Clameur de Haro*" is only raised in cases of trespass or distraint, when the full cry is "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*" and, after that, the case is formally brought before three jurats on the bench with the bailiff.

Query.—In Jersey, should a traveller be unable to pay his bill, may he shout "*Haro! Haro!*" &c., and be off by next boat? Quick-Sandboy thinks it quite possible, and we recommend him to remain in the island, and, after we have left, try it.

Off to Eastern Station. To Pontac. Stop to visit a church. Directed, in French, by peasants, we walk a mile to obtain the keys. Not much to see when we 've got 'em. "'Urry! 'Urry!" We can't retrace a mile's-worth of steps to deliver up keys.

Happy Thought.—Knock at door of nearest house. Lady appears. Certainly, with pleasure, she will take care of the keys. Of course they will be called for. We reply, "Of course," which is a natural supposition, seeing that Sunday is close at hand, and that, if the clergyman is not then in possession of the keys, there will be no service. Vain will it be for him to cry "*Haro! Haro!*" So yielding up the keys of the situation to the kindly matron, we rush for the train. *Note.*—Everywhere along the roads and in the fields might be written up, "*Ici on parle Français.*" Also, politeness is the special characteristic of the Jersey islander; so far, at least.

In St. Helier's it is the same thing; everywhere English-French. Quite a friendly alliance. The Jeweller describes himself, over his shop, as "Jeweller—Bijoutier." "Butcher" is likewise "Boucher," "Shoemaker—Cordonnier," and so forth. You can deal with all the Jersey tradesmen in either French or English; it is an example of "Whichever language you like, my little dear; so long as you pay your money, you can take your choice." Quick-Sandboy regrets that he was not a Jerseyman, and brought up from his earliest infancy to speak two languages with equal facility. Alas, it is too late now! We propose leaving him in the island, where he can become naturalised. Offer rejected.

Waiting for train. Visit to hotel at Pontac. Excellent concert-hall with glass-roofed verandah; little tables laid out French fashion for dining *al fresco*. Everything here intended for fine weather enjoyment. Luxuriant garden, with pumpkins, marrows, damp chickens, draggle-tailed pea-hens, moping white turkeys, and index-fingers directing visitors to all sorts of invisible amusements, including an Echo, which is kept tame on the premises. From a business point of view this is clearly the way to make an Echo answer. A trifle tea-gardenified; but must be most attractive—when the sun is shining. "*En route!* 'Urry! 'Urry!" for station once more. Passing along by the sea-wall (it is still pouring), we see ladies and gentlemen, evidently a French family party, judging by their costumes, bathing merrily together, and dancing a sort of merry-go-round in the sea. The master of these marine revels is a stout man in bathing-costume and a tall hat—the ordinary "topper" of civilisation—who is enjoying himself immensely and encouraging the others to do the same.

By train to Goree, passing golf-links (impossible to get away from golf-links, lawn-tennis, bicycles, and even croquet this summer), the Butts, and La Rocque. Charmingly picturesque, every step of it. Then we ascend to Mount Orgueil Castle. Here we bring joy and gladness to the heart of the warder, who had begun to despair of any sixpences from visitors in this drowning weather, which is enough to damp the ardour of the keenest tripper. But our advent is the harbinger of luck: others arrive; as we proceed, half-a-dozen moist sight-seers suddenly and mysteriously crop up from somewhere, apparently out of various dark dungeons in the neighbourhood of the Powder Magazine. We follow the warder, who is now our guardian and guide. The beauty of the views from the summit of the tower is left to our imagination in this hazy weather. We are pelted off the roof by hail-stones.

"Lucky we 're under cover," quoth Sandboy Number Two, cheerily congratulating ourselves, as we descend the stair-case.

"Luckier if we 'd stayed in the hotel," growls Quick-Sandboy.

We descend. Ere the warder bids us adieu, he summons us, his temporary companions, about him, and in a rough, honest, pleasant way, informs us that "by the rules he is not allowed to make any charge," thus delicately intimating that if our gratitude for his services should happen to take the practical form of sixpence a head (he avoids particularising any sum as clearly inconsistent with his dignity), he personally would have no objection to placing the sum total to his own credit at his bankers. The warder and his re-warders. So having bestowed largesse, we descend the worn stone steps, every one of which contains a small foot-bath of rain-water, then warily through mud-slush, and so we gain the road and arrive at the little British Hotel.

WHAT THE SOUTH SEA WAVES ARE SAYING.

THE season here never begins or ends. From year's end to year's end it ripples on like the late Poet Laureate's "*Brook.*" Men may come and men may go, but Southsea goes on for ever. There is always plenty of "go" in Southsea. On the Clarence Pier there is a constant sequence of melody interspersed with the whistling of steamboats, while the white wings of the yachts in the offing are reflected by the smart but pure costumes of the ladies, who walk the plank without danger from morning till after nightfall. Nowhere can dogowners find such a fine recreation ground for their canine favourites as on the far-famed Common, when not occupied by the brave defenders of our country. Many French visitors look upon the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour as a proof of the valour of their countrymen, because NELSON was killed on board of this famous vessel. Two of the coal-hulks adjacent to the *Victory* were borrowed from the Gaul, and never returned. The Hard, but for the "Nut," would be desolate of seafaring reminiscences, inasmuch as H.R.H. the Prince of WALES acquired that famous Nelson Vase from the philanthropist, who doesn't like too many public-houses. The Mayor is still weak from a recent attack of Burnheart—but expects to recover.

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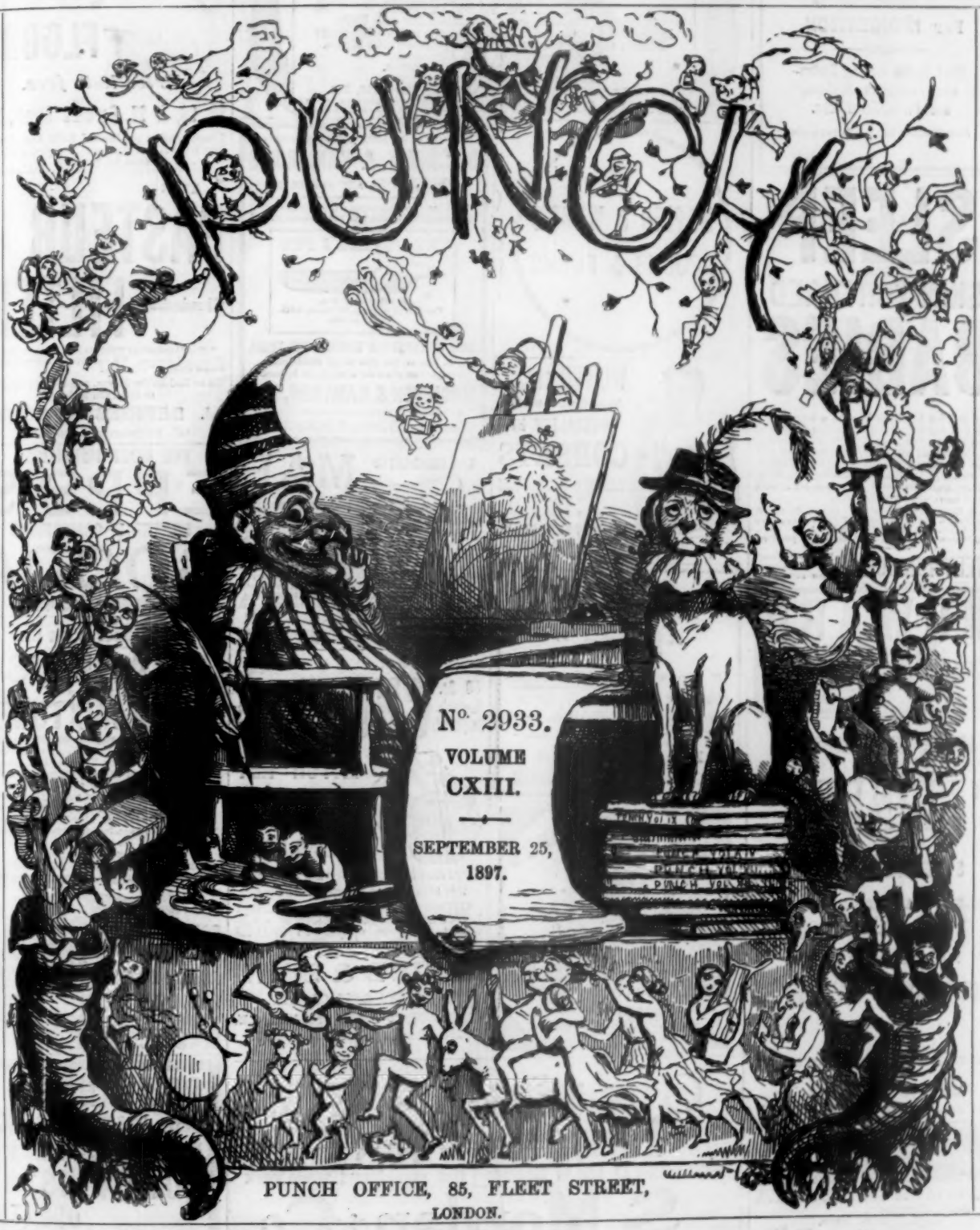
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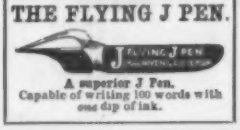
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"IN DEUTSCHLAND GEMACHT."

(A Forecast.)

["FOXES MADE IN GERMANY."—Considerable indignation is being aroused in the hunting districts of the Midland counties, especially among agriculturists, in consequence of the importation of foxes bred in Germany. In Bedfordshire, for instance, owing to the scarcity of cubs, and in order that sport may be assured during the coming season, a large number of young foxes have been brought over and liberated in various parts of the county. Farmers are loud in their protestations against the practice, and allege that they are sustaining frequent and heavy losses by Reynard's nightly visits to their homesteads. The German fox is described as being even more vicious than his English namesake.

Daily Telegraph, August 30.]

A DIARY OF A DINNER.

Het Slooice-Kootsch Hotel,
Amsterdam.
September 9, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As we are in despair of getting anything to eat this evening, and want to get out to the "Stadsschouwburg" Theatre, or the "Panopticum," or somewhere, I venture to forward you the annexed distressing document, in case you can use your world-wide influence with our Head Waiter, and induce him to hurry up a bit. Our experiences are only too typical of many continental dinners. I copy the notes on my *menu*, and hope they speak for themselves, and for yours in high dudgeon, Z.Y.X.

6 P.M.—The bell rings for *table d'hôte* punctually. We, as punctually, troop into a fine saloon. Forty-three in number, we include French artists with black neckties as big as sashes, German students with raucous voices that never stop, a stray American or two, some nondescript Britons, and the rest "various," in game-book language. We sit down.

6.10.—Enter three and a half waiters—the fraction being a very small boy with a large head and a swallow-tail coat down to his heels. We decide to call them FRITZ, CARLO, HENRIK, and JAN, in accordance with their evidently mixed nationalities. The Head Waiter only looks on.

6.21.—FRITZ arrives with the *Potage purée Croûtons* (I quote textually from the *menu*).

6.22.—We have finished the *potage*. I eat a piece of bread. Nothing else occurs till

6.29.—When CARLO clears away our soup-plates. We regard him gratefully, and consult the *menu*.

6.33.—HENRIK strolls round casually with a couple of cold plates, which

6.35.—FRITZ removes again, substituting warm ones. *Faute de mieux*, we reconsult the *menu*.

6.40.—CARLO presents me with a fork, presumably on loan. I thank him, and enter the fact on the *menu*.

6.42.—JAN turns up with *Filets de Soles Joinville pommes nat*, which are speedily disposed of. We begin to inspect our watches not unostentatiously.

6.51.—Clean plates, and a fresh flicker of hope, alas! ill-founded. We now know the bill of fare by heart, and have partially lost our tempers. The illustration of a Benedictine monastery on the card has by this time ceased to interest us.

6.55.—CARLO comes within three tables of ours, and retires.

6.56.—JAN picks up a napkin on the table and puts it down again, in the aimless manner of an "Auguste" at the circus.

7.0.—We work a rule-of-three sum to the effect that, if two courses take one hour, the whole dinner of seven will require three hours and a half. This looks promising. We intimate as much to HENRIK, who totally fails to understand Anglo-Saxon sarcasm.

7.2.—Joy! JAN appears with *Gigot d'Ecosse à la Dubarry*. Come, we are getting on! We shall have a meat breakfast, anyhow.

7.10.—Plates changed. The waiters eye my notes suspiciously, especially as I am entered as a "journalist" in the hotel-book. Result is that

7.14.—HENRIK hands me a fresh knife, as a sort of peace-offering. I go through pantomime of starving man. CARLO has a fit behind a screen.

7.21.—Plates removed inexplicably. Query, is the dinner thus long drawn out, to impress us with the importance of the hotel, the antiquity of Amsterdam, the general stability of the Dutch character, or what?

7.35.—We revolve plans of arson, larceny, letters to the *Times*, and landlordcide.

7.47.—*Paupiettes de veau aux petits pois*. Further comments are needless.

7.59.—CARLO looks in upon us, and explains that the next course is on the way.

8.10.—We give it up, and leave the room, shaking the bread-crumbs off our laps at the rest of the *table d'hôte*.

HONOUR TO HINDOSTAN!

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

WHEREVER there floats the Empire Flag
Let the story be told and told
Of the courage of men, who made no brag,
But died in their frontier-hold!
Died for a Queen they had never seen,
For an Empress who reigned afar;
Died for the glory of what had been,
And the honour of India's Star!
Put down their lives for the common weal
That makes all our Empire One,
And gives us the silent pride we feel
When we speak of the unset sun.
Wherever there floats the Empire Flag,
On continent, island, or sea,
Let the story be told of the frontier-hold
That was kept, and ever will be,
By the men—what matter if brown or black?—
Who could die for the rag called the Union Jack!

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*still lurking amid shadow*).—*Q.* Why is the eighth kitten of a cat like a sea horror? *A.* Because she 's an octo-puss.



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

Custom House Officer (to sufferer). "NOW, SIR, WILL YOU KINDLY PICK OUT YOUR LUGGAGE? IT'S GOT TO BE EXAMINED BEFORE YOU LAND."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Brain discourses on an Autumnal Rose.

THE waning of the year has come,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
And yet we are no nearer home.
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
This rose, which surely must be last,
Unites the Present with the Past,
And still our sky is overcast!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This rose, akin to one in June,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
When Eros sang another tune!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
I pluck these autumn petals frail,
That could withstand the last night's gale,
And plucking them—again that wail!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

Poor little rose! I love you well,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Your sympathy has roused the spell,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Faint is the fragrance of your scent,
An aftermath of bloom storm-rent;
You are not broken, only bent!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

I am not broken, only bent!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
This rose has taught me love was lent,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
It tells of days of joy and pain,
Of sunshine time and time of rain,
Of castles built, may be in Spain!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This autumn rose is more than sweet
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
In cool September's doubtful heat,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Old memories come, old thoughts arise!
Old treasures of the heart I prize!
If only I could see your eyes!
Did you deceive? *I still believe!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY undertakes a delicate and difficult task in the appraisement of fellow-craftsmen in the art of fiction. That he brings to it a cheerful assurance is testified by the title. *My Contemporaries in Fiction* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is somewhat elliptical for conveyance of the precise meaning the author obviously has in his mind. He does not mean, as strict interpretation of the phrase implies, that he, Mr. HARDY, Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, Mr. BARRIE, and others of whom he writes, are fictitious characters. What is unmistakably clear in the title is its frank egoism. Mr. MURRAY is just the man, in other circumstances, to have written, *Ego et Rex*. Which makes more charming his severe rebuke of Miss CORELLI for her "self-approving hysteria" and his lament over CHARLES READE'S "fashion of intruding himself on his reader." But if he is constitutionally, sometimes comically, egotistical, there is, my Baronite assures me, a real noteworthy *Ego* behind. The little volume is, from first page to last, full of keen, sound, informing criticism, the literary style of its setting forth being of itself a delight. This sensation will perhaps not be shared by Miss CORELLI and Mr. HENRY JAMES, for the sting of disparagement is sharpened by the conviction borne in upon the disinterested reader that Mr. MURRAY not only possesses critical faculty in the highest state of training, but that, in approaching his self-appointed task, he has honestly endeavoured to set aside personal prejudice.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XV.

Jack (singing at the top of his voice)—

"THERE'S ONLY *ONE* GIRL IN THE WORLD FOR ME!"—*Popular Song.*

PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET IN THE COLONIES—AND AFTER.

(*News in advance kindly furnished by Our Prophet Reporter.*)

Canada.—Mr. A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N, having bowled and batted admirably in both innings, was listened to with marked attention when he delivered a lecture upon the policy of his right hon. father.

Australia.—Mr. H-NN-K-R H-T-N, having unfortunately retired with a duck's egg, found it utterly impossible to explain his plan for establishing an Imperial penny postage. The disappointed spectators in the cricket-field refused to listen to him.

Cape Colony.—Sir R-CH-RD W-BST-R, having shown admirable discretion in performing the duties of captainship, was invited by the Bench to point out the flaws in President KR-G-R's procedure, *re* the judges of the Transvaal.

London.—On the return of the Parliamentary eleven, the team received the appointment of Additional Masters of the Ceremonies, in recognition of their brilliant association with the greatest of British institutions—the ball.

Bumble on the Bench.

["At the Highgate Police-Court it was pleaded that the owner of a dog without a muzzle was dead. The Bench appeared to think this a frivolous objection, and imposed a fine of 10*s.* and costs."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

O SHADE of *Bumble!* thine the head
This knotty point to clench.
"The law's a hass," as thou hast said—
But what about the Bench?



A FOND DELUSION.

Gerty. "I 'M SO GLAD IT 'S MOONLIGHT, MUZZER. IT WON'T BE SO DARK IN ZOSE HORRID TUNNELS!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART VII.

SCENE—*The Garden.*

Bowater. Pray sit down, Miss STILWELL. I shall be happy to hear your views with regard to the publication of your—hem—*Stolen Sweets.*

Kezia (*seating herself*). Well, Sir, I think you 'll agree with me it 's the sort of story that ought to have pictures.

Bowater. Pictures, eh? H'm! ah! Were you contemplating having them—er—coloured?

Kezia (*pleased*). That *would* give the book a handsomer appearance, certainly—provided, of course, it was done *artistically.*

Bowater (*with weary irony*). Perhaps you would like the illustrations entrusted to the President of the Royal Academy?

Kezia. If you consider him thoroughly compitent, Sir, I 've no objection, I 'm sure. Though I 'd rather see a few samples before deciding.

Bowater. A very proper precaution. However—er—I 'm afraid we must give up the idea of illustrations as rather too expensive.

Kezia (*bridling*). I should have thought myself you wouldn't consider expense any object with a book of real first-rate genius—like you said yourself *mine* was!

Bowater (*to himself*). I don't want to lose my temper if I can help it! (*Aloud.*) Real genius, Miss STILWELL, can afford to do without any—er—pictorial aid.

Kezia (*sharply*). I suppose you mean *you* can't afford to provide it, Sir.

Bowater. In the present case, most certainly not. Now, as to terms. Have you thought at all what sum you would consider satisfactory?

Kezia. Well, I *have* heard of lady-novelists getting as much as ten thousand pounds.

Bowater (*aghast*). But, bless my soul! You don't expect me to pay *you* that, do you?

Kezia. No. I wouldn't mind taking five thousand pounds for mine.

Bowater. I know very few authors who would. My good girl, don't be absurd! Five thousand shillings would be monstrous enough—but *pounds!* You really must be *reasonable,* you know.

Kezia. You 'll excuse me, Sir, but I 'm not so simple as you think. After all you and the other gentleman said at lunch, I can't help knowing my own value. However, sooner than wrangle over it, I 'll come down to a thousand.

[BOWATER *rises impatiently, and goes to the drawing-room window.*

Bowater. Miss LYDE. (CAMILLA *appears.*) Your young friend has made a modest demand of a thousand pounds for permitting me the privilege of losing money and reputation by bringing out this ridiculous romance of hers. I presume that even you will consider that rather too severe a penalty for my—ah—offence?

Camilla (*coming out*). Oh, of course. I will come and speak to her myself. It 's only that she doesn't understand these things.

[*They return to* KEZIA.

Bowater. Miss STILWELL, it 's perfectly impossible for me to pay anything remotely approaching the sum you name, but I am prepared to make you an offer of—— (*He names the terms.*) I assure you that for—er—a first book by an unknown writer, that is as much as you are likely to obtain anywhere.

Camilla. Indeed, KEZIA, you will be a very foolish girl if you refuse it.

Kezia. That 's *your* opinion, Miss. But I 'm afraid your advice isn't so disinterested as it might be. You 're all for yourself, *you* are!

Camilla. I 'm sorry you should think so, KEZIA. I am always anxious to help any literary beginner if I can—especially a friend.

Kezia. There was that friend of yours who trusted you with her story to send to Mr. BOWATER. When I told you just now it had got burnt accidentally, it didn't strike me you were particularly put out. Quite the contrary. It 's my firm belief you were rather relieved than not.

Camilla (*checking* BOWATER, *who is about to interrupt, indignantly*). Mr. BOWATER, *please!* Well, KEZIA, I may have had my reasons for thinking it not altogether a misfortune.

Kezia. Ah, when parties are in the writing line themselves, they 're not always sorry to see their rivals out of the way. But you mayn't be best pleased to hear, Miss, that I was misinformed about that manuscript. It appears that Cook really posted the parcel after all, and then had the malignancy to pretend to me she 'd put it on the fire, and kept the secret till a few minutes ago, just for the pleasure of getting a rise out of me, Miss!

Bowater (*to himself*). Not destroyed! If it should turn out—— But she 'd never believe it *now!*

Camilla. Mr. BOWATER, if that manuscript has reached you, I shall be obliged by your returning it—unread.

Kezia. Well, some people have queer ideas of doing their friends a good turn! Mr. BOWATER, it 's my wish to come to an understanding, if possible. I 'll say five hundred pounds, to oblige you. If that don't suit you, I 'll trouble you to give me my story back, and I 'll find some gentleman who 'll be glad enough to give me my own price for it.

Bowater (*promptly*). Since you insist, Miss STILWELL, I shall be very pleased to meet your wishes (KEZIA'S *eyes light up with triumph*), and return you your manuscript as soon as possible, with my best wishes for its success elsewhere.

Kezia. I might have known what all your fine words were worth! You shouldn't have it now if you went on your knees to me! [*She leaves the garden, furious.*

Bowater. Thank Heaven, I 've got rid of that awful girl! I think you have her manuscript, Miss LYDE. Will you see that she receives it? You might—er—remove the printed rejection form.

Camilla. Yes, we must spare her that. Poor girl, I 'm afraid there are more disappointments in store for her. But I shall not allow her to leave me at present, if I can induce her to listen to reason.

Bowater. And now that it seems that your novel has come into my hands after all—you won't really take it away from me?

Camilla. I—I must. You don't understand how I feel about it. I *wanted* you to like it. But don't you see that, however warmly you were to praise it now, I should never quite—— It wouldn't be the same!

Bowater (*earnestly*). But, Miss LYDE, if I might only tell you. . . . . Confound it all—young ALABASTER!

Nora (*who has entered with* GERALD, *in an undertone, to*

CAMILLA). I'm sure Mr. BOWATER has worries enough without GERALD, but he *would* come!

Gerald (*stiffly, to* BOWATER). Oh, I've brought you your bag. I haven't opened it. After what you said I don't suppose you require *my* services any more.

[*He hands him a small black leather bag.*

Bowater. There, there, my dear fellow, I was irritated. I don't remember what I said, but I didn't mean it. I'm glad to have that bag, though, it may . . . . Miss LYDE, this is the bag I left at Mr. ALABASTER'S this morning. It contains the story I believe, rightly or wrongly, to be yours, also a memorandum written overnight for his benefit, and stating my opinion of the work in no measured terms. I venture to hope that, if you would take the trouble to read it, you could no longer doubt the sincerity of my admiration.

Camilla. Don't be rash, Mr. BOWATER. Suppose the manuscript turns out *not* to be mine?

Bowater. I'll run the risk.

[*He gives her the MS., which she receives with a start.*

Nora (*to* GERALD, *in the background*). Why did you come back? It 's my belief you 've made matters worse than ever!

Gerald. It is not *my* fault if BOWATER *will* plunge in this reckless way!

Bowater (*to* CAMILLA, *as she finishes reading the memorandum with flushed cheeks*). Well, are you satisfied?

Camilla. More—*much* more than satisfied. I never hoped that anyone would see so exactly what I was aiming at, or praise my work so generously as you have done here, dear Mr. BOWATER. I am very, very proud and grateful.

Bowater. And do you still deny me the privilege of being its publisher?

Camilla. No, no. How *could* I? Where should I find a kinder and more sympathetic reader?

Bowater. Then you forgive me for my—er—want of frankness?

Camilla (*giving him her hand*). If you will forget all the horrid things I said to you about it.

Gerald (*to* NORA). I say, I do believe BOWATER 's brought it off after all.

Nora. Of course. I *knew* it would all come right. And really, it 's all *my* doing. I consider I 've managed it uncommonly well, don't you?

Gerald. Oh, come, I say—you might give a fellow *some* of the credit!

Nora. You? Why, what did *you* do?

Gerald. Well, I brought the bag.

Nora. Pooh! Any boy could bring a bag!

Gerald. Ah, and any girl can let the cat out of it!

THE END.

THEN AND NOW.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS (AN ANTICIPATION).

REALLY nothing so pleasant as packing. Such fun to see how many things you can get into a portmanteau. Won't take any books as the "Continong" will be enough for amusement.

Capital carriages to Dover. Everything first-rate. Civil guards. Time-table not a dead letter. Splendid boats, smooth sea, and a first-rate *buffet* at Calais.

Dear Paris! Just the place for the inside of a week. Boulevards full of novelties. Theatres in full swing. Evenings outside the *cafés* perfect happiness. Splendid!

En route. Swiss scenery, as ever, lovely. Mountains glorious, passes, lakes. Delightful. Nothing can compare with a jaunt through the land of TELL.

Italy—dear old Italy. Oh, the blue sky and the *tables d'hôte!* What more glorious than the ruins of Rome? What more precious than the pictures of Florence? What more restful than the gondolas of Venice?

And the people even! The French the pink of politeness. The Swiss homely and kindly. The Italians inheriting the nobility of the Cæsars.

And all this to take the place of hard work. Well, it is to come. Bless everybody!

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS (A RETROSPECT).

WHAT can be worse than packing? And after all the trouble of shoving things in anywhere, you find you have left half your belongings behind! And of course the books you half read during your weary travels are stopped at the Custom House.

Beastly journey from Paris to Calais, and as for the crossing afterwards—well, as long as I live I shall never forget it!

Dear Paris! Emphatically "dear," with the accent on the expense. Glad to be out of it. Boulevards deserted. Theatres playing "*relâche.*" *Cafés* deathtraps in the service of the influenza.

En route! Who cares for Switzerland—always the same! Eternal mountains—yet coming up promising year after year! Sloppy passes, misty views. Beastly monotonous. The Cantons played out.

Italy! Who says Italy? Blue sky not equal to Wandsworth. Rome unhealthy. Art treasures at Florence not equal to collection in South Kensington. Mosquitoes at Venice.

And the people! Cheeky French, swindling Swiss, and dirty Italians!

And yet this is all to be supplemented by the same hard work. In the collar again. Oh! hang everybody!



THE CONVALESCENT CHAMPION OF ETHIOPIA.

PRINCE H-NRY OF ORL-NS.

OUR DOMESTIC WANTS.

["LADY HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Capable, tall, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Small family. Sal. £14.—Address, &c."—*Church Times.*]

GENERAL wanted. Must be lady of title. Excellent references required. Expected to give services in return for a Christian home.—Box B 241.

HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Tall, strong, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Large family. Sal. £12.—Lady C., 6, The Crescent, Norfolk Broads.

WANTED, Lady Help to take charge of eight children, wait at table, and assist in the scullery. Must give services for first six months, while undergoing instruction in duties.—Mrs. Grindem, Fetter Street, Stonehenge.

GOVERNESS, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian required. Knowledge of drawing, painting, and music indispensable. To teach three little girls of impaired intellect. Churchwoman. Meals in servants' hall. Sal. £8.—Gentlewoman, care of Smith's, The Broadway, Brighton.

WANTED, Kitchenmaid, where man cook is kept. Must be lady by birth, good plain cook, and accustomed to dish up entrées. No followers or fringes allowed. Sal. £6.—Apply personally to Housekeeper, The Lodge, Newport, Lancs., Mondays and Wednesdays, between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.

DAIRYMAID wanted. Refined, well educated, accustomed to hard work, good milker, and early riser. Expected to speak French with elder children in the evening, and play harmonium on Sundays. 25 years' character. Age not under 30. Can lady recommend?—W. 635, *Times* Office.



Schoolmaster. "FOR WHAT WERE THE ANCIENT ROMANS CHIEFLY REMARKABLE? WELL, CORKER?"
Corker. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY UNDERSTOOD LATIN!"

DOMESTIC DISCIPLES.

["Is there any reason why a school of domestic economy should not be attached to every high school and private college for women throughout the length and breadth of the land?"—*Daily Telegraph.*]

IN anticipation of the time when this admirable suggestion will be carried out, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit an examination paper for the study of intending candidates.

I. Let A be yourself, and B your husband, and x the contents of your larder (consisting of two mackerel, one chicken, and a small apple-tart). On a Sunday evening B unexpectedly brings home 5 friends to supper. Under these circumstances, simplify the fraction $\frac{x}{A+B+5}$ in a satisfactory manner.

II. (*a*) If 2 housemaids can smash 5 plates in 4 days, estimate the amount of the crockery bill for 6 months, allowing for "Sundays out."

(*b*) "Mistress of herself though China fall." Can you truthfully apply this line of POPE to yourself?

III. What would you expect your husband to say, and how would you proceed to pacify him, under the following circumstances:—

(*a*) His bacon is burnt for the sixth time in succession.

(*b*) His study has been thoroughly "tidied."

(*c*) An enthusiastic housemaid has scrubbed his pet meerschaum pipe with soap and water?

IV. You live in a small, back street, A, close to a fashionable square of the same name. How would you persuade your tradesman that the following formula is true: $A=A^2$?

V. Write a short essay on the manners and customs of the Common Cook. Compose a "character" which will satisfy her, and yet be not untruthful for one who cheats, is unpunctual, and habitually intemperate.

VI. Translate into English, comment on, and suggest suitable replies to, the following phrases:—

(*a*) "Please, mum, it came away in my 'and!"

(*b*) "And what 's more, mum, be put upon I *won't!*"

(*c*) "I never gave no followers a blessed morsel!"

VII. Let A be a nurse, B a soldier, and C your children. How often will you expect A and B to coincide at any given point, and the following process to result: $A+B+C=AB-C$? And how soon will you make $A=A-B\frac{\text{heart}}{2}+$a month's notice?

VIII. State truthfully what food you are able to prepare in the absence of a cook (tea, coffee, and boiled eggs barred). Mention the names of any who have eaten a cake of your manufacture, and add if they are still living.

IX. Can you keep accounts? What proportion of the weekly expenditure do you consider yourself entitled to include under the head "Sundries"?

De Minimis.

Q. "*Læse-majesté!*" And what, dear Sir, is *that?*
A. There 's no clear definition of the thing.
The nearest one is able to get at,
Is—telling truth of Emperor or King.
For instance, 'tis *lèse-majesté*, some state,
To say a German Emperor is not "Great."
Which would not matter, not a jot or tittle,
If only German Emperors were less little.



THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING SO WELL AS I DID."

JOE. "WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BETTER OF THOSE FOREIGN CHAPS, YOU MUST CHOOSE YOUR FLY TO SUIT THE FISH—AS *THEY* DO!!"



EXTENUATING.

Aunt Jane (looking up suddenly). "BARBARA, DON'T YOU THINK HERBERT'S LEGS ARE RATHER TOO THIN FOR KNICKERBOCKERS!"
Barbara (a fond and proud Wife). "OH, NO, AUNTIE, THEY ARE NOT THIN—ONLY THEY 'RE RATHER CHIPPENDALE."

A PHILANTHROPIC PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by those journals which are devoted to the Elevation of the Masses that the London County Council is about to restrain the exuberant voice of the Peripatetic Merchant. In this I am wholly in accord with the Wiseacres of Spring Gardens, inasmuch as it has been for years a daily practice of mine to endeavour to discover what wares the Peripatetic Merchant is extolling. He is always guilty of various howls and yells, which would not disgrace the Zoological Gardens, but otherwise his barbaric discord has no possible meaning to a civilised ear. As I write, a being, presumably with commercial instincts, is parading the thoroughfare in which it is my privilege to reside, uttering a cry which sounds like (written phonetically) "Bur-roo." I have not time to inquire what goods he is endeavouring to dispose of, but possibly they may be potatoes or cat's-meat.*

Suffering as I do from this continual dislocation of the English language, I venture to suggest to the London County Council that it should establish Evening Classes for the Education of the Peripatetic Merchant. Thereat he might be taught to phrase with some regard to vocal and oral common-sense. How pleasant it would be if the Peripatetic Merchant could be instructed (at the expense of the ratepayers) to bawl "Fresh herrings" or "Milk" with articulate emphasis! I might further suggest that a corresponding class for railway porters should be established, thereby preventing many travellers from alighting at stations whereof the presumable names are "Blinker's Extract of Beef," or "Army Cut Tobacco." Trusting that you will bring this idea to the notice of the respected and intelligent authorities in question, I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,
TOBIAS TITTLEBAT.

Chortlebury Chambers, Bloomsbury.

P.S.—Allow me to exempt the muffin-man, with his time-honoured and easily recognised bell, from my indictment.

* It appears to have been "firewood," so my rascal says.—T. T. (*later*).



According to the *St. James's Gazette*, Battlement-shaped Hats are to be in vogue this season. Our artist thinks the idea might be utilised for gentlemen's attire as above.

After the Big Beat.

Owner (to Head Keeper, when the "tally" has been told). This isn't up to last year, GUNLOCK!

Gunlock (semi-defiantly). No, Sir; but last year you didn't invite so many members of the Anti-Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Why, the wounded birds is wuss than it was after Waterloo!

[*Owner collapses, and invites* GUNLOCK *to console himself.*

A PORTENT.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY said in his wrath, "The House of Lords must be mended or ended." The Member for Sark says the beginning of the end is already marked. Anyhow, the Westminster Pier has gone down.

POPULAR PASTIME FOR A PRISON WARDER.—"Putting" on the "Links."

THE ADELPHI DUKE; OR, THE MIGHTY AT 'EM.

We must revise our sayings of famous men. The playing-fields of Eton must retire into obscurity, for the battle of Waterloo, with which they have been connected for more than eighty years, is now won every night on the stage of the Adelphi. I have been there, and having seen the ghastly proofs, know what I am talking about.

Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT is at the bottom of the whole thing. If he had never been a pale-faced, deliberate villain, in a muffin-cap, Mr. TERRISS would never have been unjustly persecuted, would never have suffered punishment for being "the man who struck *O'Hara*," *alias* Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, and it is manifest that the Duke would never have been able, at a critical point, to despatch Mr. TERRISS with a message that appears to have decided the fate of the battle. A heavy responsibility rests, therefore, on Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and, when next he visits Paris, I advise him to adopt a heavy disguise, for our jealous neighbours, in whose minds Waterloo is still understood to rankle, might take strong measures with him. In these days of the Russian alliance Siberia is a mere French department.

I am told we are to have a patriotic boom in Wellingtons, just as the French have been enjoying a boom in Napoleons, and that *In the Days of the Duke* is only the first of a series of stirring ducal dramas. I may express the hope that in the rest we shall see something more of our national hero. At the Adelphi he is a mere flitter, a thing of no substance, and the action of the play would get on quite comfortably without him. Somewhere I have read that in a really good historical drama the great personage ought not to be a very prominent figure. The audience ought to have a pervading sense of his being somewhere in the background, controlling the action. But here, though the Duke is unquestionably in the background, I never had the least sense of him, he controlled nothing and nobody, and it was with a feeling of puzzled astonishment that I eventually recognised his fine aquiline nose (admirably played by Mr. CHARLES FULTON), as he advanced to the footlights in a scarlet tunic and the light-blue ribbon of the Garter.

But to the play. When I arrived the Prologue was half over, and, as I had failed to secure a programme, I had at first to piece the plot together for myself. I gathered that a party of British tourists are staying at a Swiss hotel, let us say the Hôtel Beau Séjour. The walls are lined with alpenstocks, and the open windows command a noble view of the distant Alps. But trouble is brewing. *Colonel Aylmer* has evidently disputed the landlord's bill, and the landlord, naturally resenting this display of British arrogance, has summoned the natives of the Canton to help him. The Colonel is torn by anxiety. If he had not been so old and war-beaten, I should have taken him for Mr. TERRISS. The Colonel's wife, a young and giddy thing, much given to tears and prayer, is also in deep distress. But *Colonel Wellesley*, *Colonel Aylmer's* friend, is touring in the neighbourhood, and is expected to succour his distressed countrymen. He arrives, but, alas, too late, for the infuriated landlord (Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT), dressed in a Swiss artillery uniform, has taken the law into his own hands, and has discharged a pistol full at *Colonel Aylmer*. Judging by the appearance of the Colonel's face immediately after the explosion, the pistol was charged with strawberry jam. The deadly preserve, however, does its work, and *Colonel Aylmer* expires just as *Colonel Wellesley* arrives.

In the ensuing interval of ten minutes, fourteen years speed rapidly away. NAPOLEON is in Elba, and the British army, released from war-like toil, is refreshing itself at an inn near Plymouth, which is entirely under the new management of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS. Mr. TERRISS has grown up, and is now *Captain Aylmer*, a romantic, pale Apollo of twenty-four. He is in love with *Dorothy Maine* (Miss MILLWARD). For the fourteenth time he asks her to marry him, and for the first time she accepts. They retire once more "to the brook by the orchard." But *Beveridge O'Hara* has had his adventurous Irish eye on them, and so has the Swiss landlord, who, having accepted a commission in the British army, has been swiftly promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Rifle Brigade. Anything more uncolonial (if the word may pass in this Jubilee year) than *Colonel Lanson* I never saw. He wears a muffin-cap and a long yellow coat covered with black braid, and looks exactly like a little boy in an ancient picture-book. He has, however, left his frilled drawers and his hoop at home. The two villains conspire against *Aylmer*, who is still in the orchard. In the next scene we find Miss MARION TERRY. She is aged about twenty-two, but this fact does not prevent her from being *Captain Aylmer's* mother. Mother and son indulge in a scene of affection, the idyllic nature of which may be imagined when their respective ages are considered; the villainous *Lanson* walks once more chin-deep in wickedness, Miss TERRY passionately addresses the highly-coloured picture of her deceased husband, the picture brutally refuses to answer her, and the act ends. Still no Duke of WELLINGTON.



F.M. "*The Duke.*" "'Days of the Duke,' indeed! Never set eyes on such a rummy lot *in my time!!*"

In the next act Paris claims us. We are all there, *Captain Aylmer*, *Colonel Lanson* (*extra-sec*, not to say *brut*), *Mrs. Aylmer*, *Dorothy Maine*, *O'Hara*, and *Sergeant Harry Nicholls Bunder*, who, with *Mrs. Bunder*, has deserted the inn near Plymouth and flown to the Seine in the scarlet coat and cape of a Salvation Army Captain of the early part of the century. What harum-scarum, reckless, devils of fellows we are! How we gamble at the Palais Royal, while across our scene of revelry stalks the sombre figure of *Colonel Lanson*, no longer in a muffin-cap, but for all the world like the statue of the *Commendatore* in *Don Giovanni*, followed by *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira* in the masked shapes of *Dorothy Maine* and *Mrs. Bunder*. *Sergeant Bunder*, it should be added, fulfils his destiny by turning up as a Pierrot. The end of it all is that, spurred to desperation by the French accent they have had to listen to in the Palais Royal, *Aylmer* and *O'Hara* fight a duel in a wood beyond the fortifications. *O'Hara*, as I have intimated, gets struck, I might say pierced, and dies in a flood of repentance and moonlight after he has pressed into the delicate hands of *Dorothy* a blood-stained letter, which is to explain everything and everybody, and restore cheerfulness to the gloomy brow of *Captain Aylmer*. And still the Duke remains obstinately in the background.

We are in Brussels, at the Duchess of RICHMOND'S ball. What

of uniforms, if I may borrow from my friend AUGUSTE, what of swords and helmets, what of magnific officers, what of incomparable robes of ball! *Sergeant Bunder* and his spouse have vanished from the play, but the rest of us are all there. Behold, too, Lord UXBRIDGE and the Prince of ORANGE, the two handsomest men in the army; and here from a window'd niche of that high hall comes proudly advancing Brunswick's fatted chieftain—thus, and in no other words, would BYRON have described him had he but seen his substantially-martial form on the Adelphi stage. But hush! Hark! Did ye not hear it? Yes, yes, it is, it is the sound of the bag-pipes, and in a moment the pipers roll in, escorting four stalwart Highlanders, who look strangely real amongst the ball-room mummers. They don't leave us for an instant in doubt as to their object, for before we can recover from the flutter caused by their appearance, they start on a Highland fling with all the matchless ardour of their race. It is a stimulating but prolonged dance. Henceforth let it be known as the *Pas de Quatre Bas*. And now—*aha! enfin je le tiens, ce Vellington;* at last the Iron Duke appears. He issues a few sharp, short orders, scowls at *Captain Aylmer*, forgives him, and then bundles himself and everybody else off to the battle-field. *I have seen the Duke of Wellington.*

I need not linger over the last distressing scene—"Hougomont, Morning after the Battle"—except to mention that all of us, including even the Duke of WELLINGTON, turn up there, and that *Colonel Lanson*, having lived through the night in spite of a hundred wounds—it is his own calculation of their number—finally dies after having, by a gallant lie, ensured the future domestic happiness of *Mrs. Aylmer*, *Captain Aylmer* and *Dorothy Maine*.

THE VAGRANT.

"DOWN SOUTH."

Jersey.—Goree bears a certain resemblance to what Broadstairs probably was about a hundred and fifty years ago, and the lobster lunch at its hotel recalls pleasant recollections of Swanage.

Note.—Visitors intending to return by a roundabout drive, taking St. Martin's Church, Rozel, and Prince's Tower *en route*, will do well to ascertain a day beforehand that a conveyance shall be at their disposal. "What, no soap? so he died." What, no fly, no conveyance of any kind? No. Not so much as a go-cart or a wheel-barrow. There *is* a trap, but that, on this occasion, has been ordered beforehand.

So back, by train, to St. Helier's. Visit the Law Courts, where the proceedings are in French; see the Jersey collection of pictures representing events in the island's history; note the spot where PIERSON fell; inspect the principal tobacconists; make purchases ("We shall have to pay duty on everything," grumbles Quick-Sandboy, who has purchased a few boxes of cigars), and finally lose ourselves in admiration of the bronze statue of a podgy little person in the market place, representing GEORGE THE SECOND, to whom the grateful islanders erected this memorial in return for his princely gift of three hundred pounds towards defraying the cost of a pier. Fancy the generous monarch endowing a Jersey pierage with so vast a sum! And so, in perpetual memory of this royal munificence, the satirical Jerseyman had the statue gilt! Perhaps two-thirds of the royal donation paid for the carving and gilding; while the annual interest on the remainder, carefully invested, defrays the annual cost of regilding.

Still raining! But the Sandboys are not to be done by a drenching, not they! So in the true *Mark Tapley* spirit, with Quick-Sandboy representing young *Martin Chuzzlewit*, we take train for the Western side of the Island. We pass by St. Aubin's Bay, obtain a glimpse of St. Brelade, and journey to Corbière, where, unable to refresh our *corps* with the *bière*, we limit ourselves to the expression of "our distinguished esteem," and . . . then return to St. Helier's, to the genial M. LOUIS QUINZE, and heartily do we welcome the dinner he has prepared for us.

Next morning. Alas! Same old rain. The stormy winds are at it again. The fly is at the door, and our barque is on the sea, as our cheery LOUIS QUINZE, in a shining vest of purest white, waves his hand to us; and we, echoing his genial "*Au revoir*," devoutly wish that we could remain until the sea should be calm as the proverbial mill-pond. But *il faut partir*. And the last impression we have of our day-and-a-bit in Jersey is the smiling face of the hotel manager, as he gracefully waves his hat and cries aloud, "*En voiture!* 'Urry! 'Urry! *Allez! En route!*" And *en route* it is. *Au revoir*, M. LOUIS QUINZE!

The voyage, *da capo*, and worse than ever.

Eight A.M. "So early in the morning!" But for a cup of coffee, a bit of toast, a mere bite and sup, we are unbreakfasted. That line of BON GUALTIER's occurs to me, "The unbreakfasted turned blue." There is safety (for me) only in the cabin, away from my fellow-men, who, as it is Saturday, are represented by a crowd of jovial holiday-makers. How brief is the merriment of the majority!! A few waves—a few big rolls (of the ship) for breakfast, and the crowd melts away, disappears to mysterious depths below, leaving on deck only a few incapables trying to shut their eyes to the stern (and for'ard) facts. "Farewell the tranquil mind!"

Guernsey.—Comparative calm, and grand opportunity for breakfast. What a breakfast! It is ten o'clock, and we sit down unsteadily, but determined, or perish in the attempt. Somebody has ordered "steak and potatoes," and the savoury dish has just been brought in. I suggest to steward that "somebody" cannot possibly manage an entire "steak and potatoes" all to himself. Steward agrees with me: so will the steak and potatoes when I get them. Steward makes a dashing cut at the steak, much to the astonishment of the intending consumer, who, however, is willing to own that it is more than he can tackle, and so it is handed over to me. Never was steak so succulent! never were potatoes so irresistible! And then—"Some chicken, Sir?" Certainly. Chicken be it. "And to drink?" Brandy and soda! Then we are giants refreshed, capable of enjoying ourselves on board the good ship, and compassionating the miseries of others.

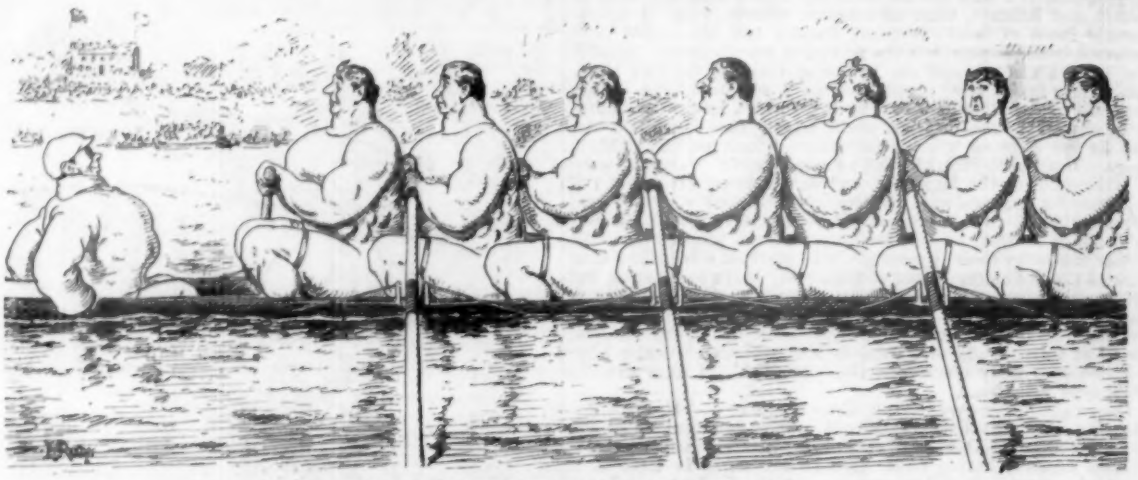
The sun shines; weather improves. We catch sight of Weymouth; then The Needles. "Here we are again!" which seems to be the rallying cry of everyone on board reappearing from everywhere, and *now* thoroughly enjoying the remaining two hours' sail on the comparatively tranquil Solent into the haven of Southampton Water! Even the Third Sandboy has no fault to find with anything or anybody; while we, the Other Two Sandboys, are of opinion (with no extra charge), that there are not many better ways of spending a short holiday than by visiting Jersey, and, *per* Jersey, France, then back again, looking in at all the Channel Islands on the way.

May such a chance, in excellent company, be ours! say the Three Sandboys.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

'SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. THAT 'S THE THIRD TIME RUNNING I 'VE USED THIS CLUB!"



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OWING TO THEIR MAGNIFICENT DEVELOPMENT AND THE CONSEQUENT CROWDING OF THE BOAT, BUT LITTLE HEADWAY COULD BE MADE DURING THE RACE, AND AT THE MOMENT WHEN OXFORD WAS PASSING THE WINNING-POST, THE ABOVE CREW WAS LABORIOUSLY ENDEAVOURING TO "NEGOTIATE" HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE! (OUR ARTIST'S APOLOGIES ARE DUE TO "BOW," WHO, OWING TO THE EXIGENCIES OF SPACE, IS BUT PARTIALLY PORTRAYED. IT IS ONLY FAIR TO HIM TO SAY THAT IN BEAUTY AND PHYSIQUE HE IS IN NO WAY INFERIOR TO THE REST OF THE CREW!)

GOOD-NIGHT!

SEPTEMBER clouds the skies with grey,
And cold winds shiver through the rose:
Now swift and swifter every day
Draws to its dark and destined close.
But still, though wind and rain be keen,
Still are the swaying branches green.

For Summer has not yielded yet;
Still in stray gleams her tresses glow.
But, ah! with tears her face is wet,
She lingers, but she turns to go.
And on the air her whisper dies—
"Farewell, damp earth and chilly skies!"

So let her pass; the shadows fall,
I set the ruddy fire alight;
Its glamour flickers through the hall,
A sober silence holds the night.
And as I sit, dim shapes of air
Appear and fade about my chair.

And once again I pace with you
Through that old city, grey and worn,
Where hopes are high and hearts are true,
And life a cheerful Summer morn;
In that serene, familiar place
Where first I met you face to face.

Small care we knew, we had no fear
To mar our joy in earthly things.
We trembled not, we did not hear
The beating of the sable wings
Of one that waited on the brink,
"The angel of the darker drink."

Oh! joy too fresh and pure to last,
Great days of friendship swiftly fled,
Still to my mournful heart made fast,
With me ye live, ye are not dead!
The hours that linked us man to man
Outweigh a lifetime's rounded span.

Two years are gone, your welcome voice
Makes music still to dull my pain.
You smile and bid my heart rejoice,
Your friendship cheers me yet again.
I call you, and unchanged you stand,
As first you stood and clasped my hand.

And thus recalled at will, you prove
That death is naught and fate is blind.
Life's brightness in your eyes, you move
Through the clear chambers of my mind.
This Nature grants, since death controls
Our breath, but not the world of souls.

I take old OMAR from his shelf—
He knew the stars, and much beside—
"Go, live your life, and be yourself,
And take the gifts the gods provide."
Thus still his voice strikes on our ears
Through twice four hundred rolling years.

I shall not know what none may see,
I cannot pierce beyond the stars;
I let the whence and whither be,
Nor beat vain wings against the bars.
But blood still courses through my veins,
And life is mine, and hope remains.

And you, oh! friend of former days,
Be with me, make my purpose strong.
Still through the world's encircling maze
Help you my faltering steps along.
The last flames flicker, fade and die,
Good-night, dear friend, but not Good-bye.

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IMPERIAL TOAST-MASTER.

So many things to do that I must be more methodical. What with my pictures, my music, my preaching, my soldiering, my naval manœuvring, and my travelling, I have scarcely time to arrange my thoughts about speechmaking. Shall jot down a few memoranda to assist me in an emergency.

Rhenish Town.—Lots about the wine land, and what my family did in the past, with the usual peroration.

English Field Marshal.—Talk about the "brave English Army." It does as well as anything else, and doesn't commit one to anything. Then, after five minutes, the customary peroration.

Launching a Ship.—Get my brother to do this when I can. Better taste to let my name come from him. Still, I can commemorate the happy event at a distance. Mighty power on the sea. Going to outdo Trafalgar. This kind of stuff by the ton, and then the common-form peroration.

Entertaining a Potentate.—Gush to any extent. Call him a War Lord, in the hope that he will reply, "You're another." As the chances are he won't flatter me, wind up with the habitual peroration.

Annoying Bismarck.—Easily do this by patronising him. In my speech announce my gracious intention of supplying him with a pint bottle of port, or half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, or a Dukedom, or something of that sort. When I have secured two or three laughs, conclude with my old-fashioned peroration.

Any occasion.—Safe to talk about my glorious grandfather—leave the pater out of it—and wind up as before.

And now what *is* my peroration. Well, I need scarcely jot *that* down. All that I have to remember is that, whatever I may say about other people in the earlier parts of my speech, my peroration must be exclusively about myself.

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The Damsel, who is waiting for the return of her *fiancé* from South Africa.

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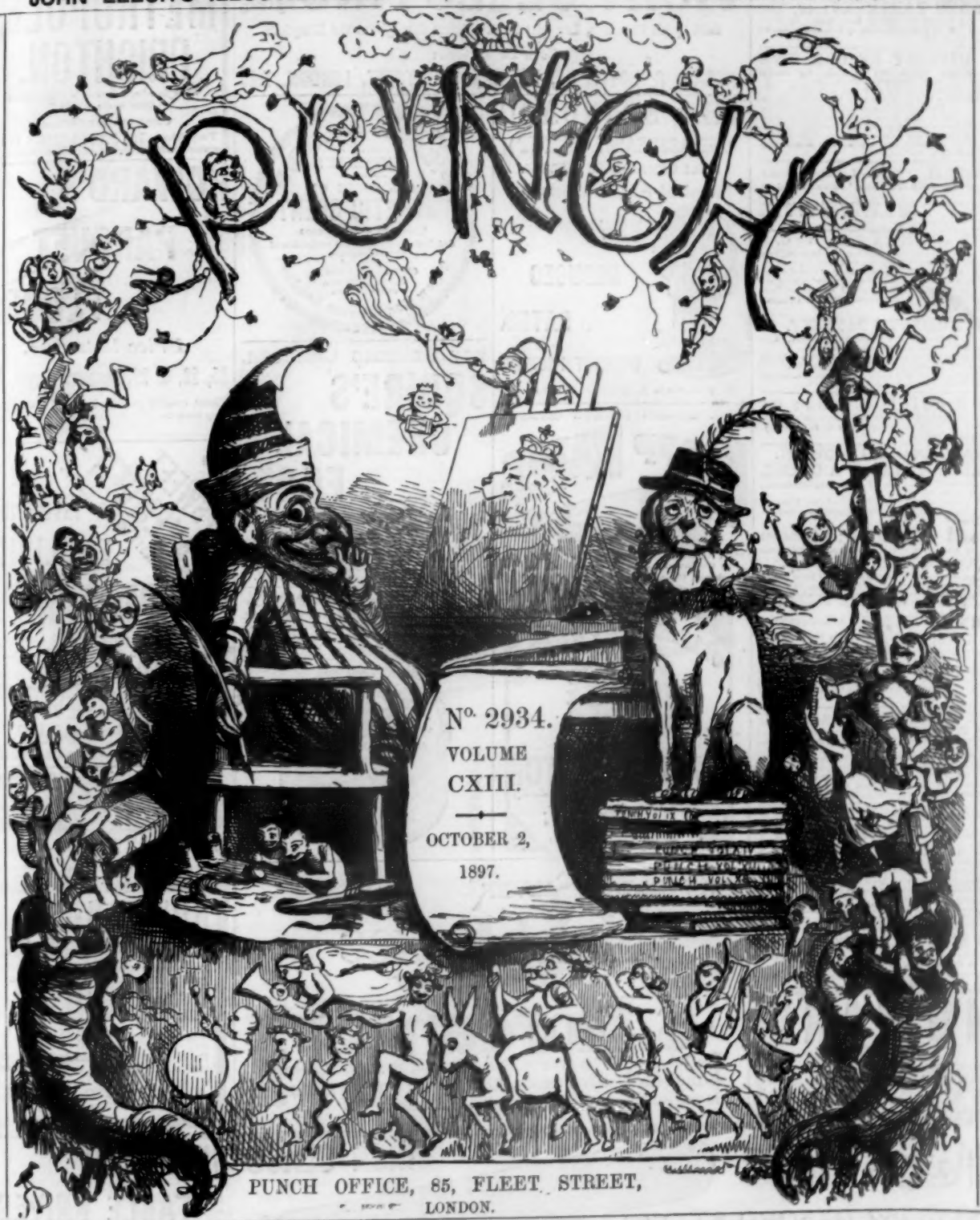
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CUB HUNTING.

Stout Party (hunting by doctor's orders). "TELL ME, HUNTSMAN, IN THE EVENT OF YOUR DOGS NOT KILLING ANY FOXES THIS MORNING, WILL YOU GIVE THEM ANYTHING TO EAT WHEN THEY GET HOME?"

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

En Route,—On board the Ostend boat. Talk to two plump Prussians, probably tradesmen. Polite Prussians, as usual. They have crossed from Ostend for the day, and have spent four hours in Dover. But they have seen enough to be able to point out to me various ridiculous features of English life. The soldiers wear their caps on one side, and carry walking-sticks. *Wunderbar!* Foreign money is not accepted in England. The streets of Dover are very narrow. *Schrecklich!* The weather is bad, the sky is grey, &c., &c. Also the German army is the finest in the world. *Ja wohl!*

Ostend is getting empty. It is chilly and mournful. One can imagine the feelings of the last visitor left in the place at the end of September, after the last bather has bathed, the last child has been dragged from his playground on the sand, and the last *locataire* has been blown out of the last occupied verandah.

I am glad to leave, to avoid such a fate. Man in charge of hotel omnibus looks like a German. Am wondering what language, or languages, he speaks least unintelligibly, when he asks, "*Vous allez à Nuremberg, Monsieur?*" Ah, that's all right. He speaks French. "You go by the Vienna express," he remarks, on arriving at the station. Oh, well, if he likes to talk in English, that will do. So change to English. "*Dies ist auch Ihr Gepäck?*" he asks in the luggage office. Can't stand that. Both of us can't speak three languages at once. Twice three seems like six. Must stick to one. Gently intimate this to him, suggesting French, as we are in Belgium. The poor man is utterly confused. He is very obliging, he wishes to be polite, he tries to do his best, but he is worse than ever. "*Je vous apporterai votre Gepäck*," says he, "into the *Schlafwagen*." I enter the station, I find the train, and soon after the linguistic genius follows me. "*Hier ist le petit sac de voyage*," he remarks, with a pleasant smile, "I put him *dans le Zug*." Which he does. As the train starts he takes off his cap and says, "*Merci bien, Monsieur, glückliche Reise*, good-bye, Mister."

Nuremberg.—Eight o'clock in the morning, steady rain, leaden sky, factory chimneys, fog. I scramble down the wet, slippery steps of the carriage, and find myself in a sooty, Gothic railway station. That is the last straw. Fifteen hours' journey, slumbers broken by bangs and whistles, and by a German who shares my compartment from Cologne to Würzburg (going to bed at midnight and getting up at five), fatigue, rain, gloom, factory chimneys, fog—one could stand them all, but the sooty Gothic railway station at eight in the morning unnerves one completely. The bravest might weep. Repress a rising sob, and hurry down into the crypt, or whatever they call it. Is it here that they bury the defunct *Eisenbahndirektor?* Impossible to say. It looks like it. Hurry along, and get rapidly up the steps into the north aisle, and out into the churchyard. Ah, there is an omnibus, which is not Gothic! It carries me quickly away.

Arrive at the hotel. It is an old building. Follow a waiter upstairs, round a corner, along a passage, up a winding staircase, round another corner, and along another passage. He opens a door. Perceive a dim obscurity. Enter, feeling my way. At last make out in the gloom that it is a rather large room, with a very small window, facing the North, the walls being covered with a paper as nearly black as possible. What little light might have struggled in at the window is kept out by a black mass opposite—a sooty, fortified building, rising high above the hotel. I seem to recognise it. Of course! It is the tower of our Law Courts. I shall never get away from them.

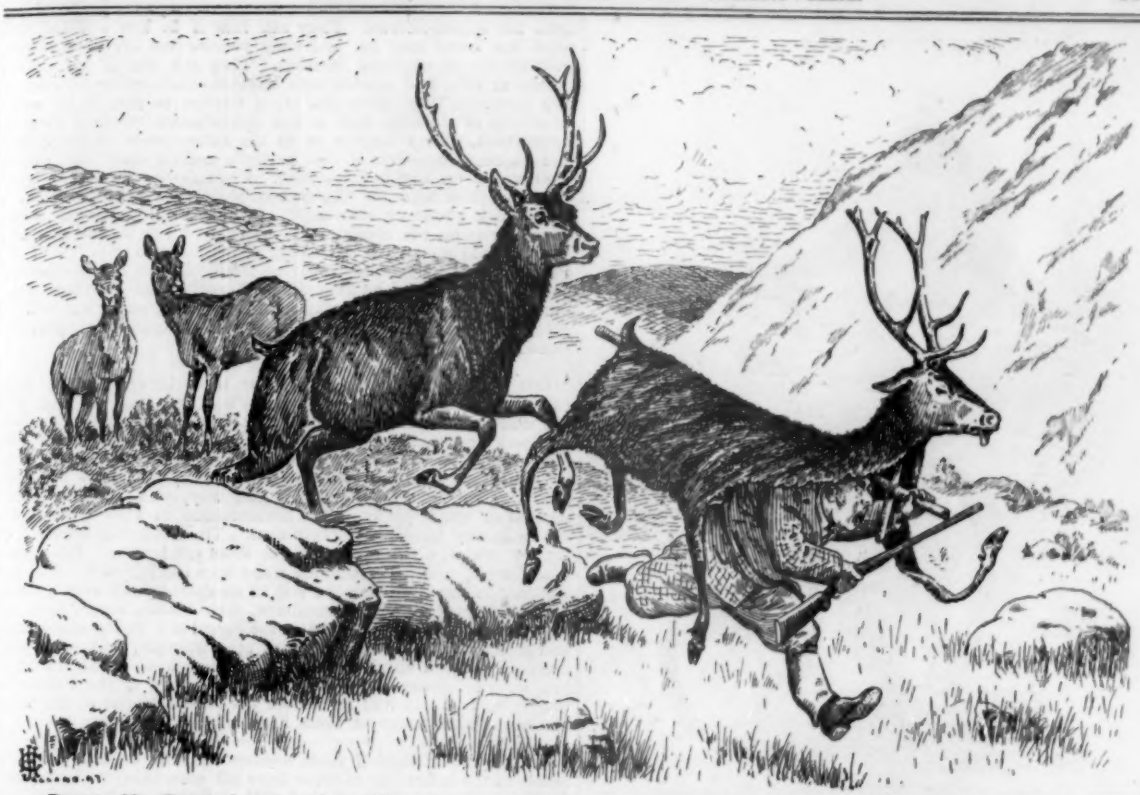
Go out to see the town. It is still raining steadily. A morning for a museum, BAEDEKER would say. So go to the Germanic Museum. Whichever way I go, I get into a dim, draughty corridor, lined with plaster casts of effigies from tombs. Tombs are bad enough, but plaster casts of them are worse. The whole museum is damp and draughty. No doubt by some order of the police—an *ortspolizeiliche Vorschrift*—the windows are kept open until some fixed date, perhaps the last day of summer, according to the calendar. On this damp, chilly, November-like day the place suggests colds, neuralgia and toothache. Toothache! In a country where a "Tooth-physician" operates in a "Tooth-studio"! No, thank you! So go back to the shelter of the hotel. Dinner at one, or even at half-past twelve, is better than that.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

Miss Tabitha (reading to herself from "Times," September 22). "'Women are wanted (in Canada) as Servants or Helps, and they 're also wanted as Wives.' Hm—well——I 'll risk it!"



During Mr. Spoffin's visit to the Highlands, he found a difficulty in approaching his Game—so invented a method of simplifying matters. His "Make-up," however, was so realistic, that the jealous old Stag nearly finished him!

THE MORE THE MERRIER!

(*Extracts from the Private Correspondence of a Hostess.*)

["The custom of issuing formal invitations for one's parties was given up by many of the best hostesses last season."—*A Ladies' Journal, Sept.* 21.]

I.

. . . . And I think it's a really splendid idea, Ethel, and I mean to act on it at once. If it proved successful in London, it ought to answer still better here at Dullington, where we know everyone. It will save heaps of trouble; sending out cards does take up so much time. So, as I mean to have a garden-party on Monday week, instead of writing invitations, I've just sent a paragraph to the *Dullington Sentinel*, saying that I shall be at home to my friends on that day. Of course this plan makes provisioning rather difficult; I must take care that there is enough to eat.

II.

There was *quite* enough to eat, Ethel! Just fancy, I had provided tea for about a hundred people, and only Mrs. Surleigh and Miss Spitfire came—not a soul besides! Wasn't it provoking? And it was so awkward, because the Surleighs happen not to be on speaking terms with Miss Spitfire just now.

III.

I'm more annoyed than I can tell you! Lord Fitzacres accepted a special invitation in the kindest way, and turned up quite punctually. But, just as we were sitting down to dinner, there was a ring at the front door, and in walked that odious Mr. Bounderby, accompanied by his wife, two sons, and three daughters. When I gazed at them in blank astonishment Mr. Bounderby said that they'd heard about my new plan of not sending out invitations, and, finding that Lord Fitzacres was coming over to dine, they'd settled to join our party! I was *furious*, Ethel, but what could I do? When I said that my plan didn't apply to dinner-parties, all the Bounderbys roared with laughter, and pretended to treat it as a joke. Of course there wasn't enough dinner—though there *was* enough to drink, too much, indeed, for Mr. Bounderby. After dinner he slapped Uncle hard on the back (you know how particular he is!) and addressed him repeatedly as "old cock!" Naturally Uncle was disgusted, and remarked audibly that Jack seemed to have picked up some very queer friends. Finally, Jack lost his temper, as well he might, and informed the Bounderbys that, though we weren't going to send out invitations for our next garden-party, *they* might consider themselves specially invited—to stop away. Mr. Bounderby used horrid language, and muttered something about "paying us out," but he took himself and his family off, which was the great thing. But it was a most dreadful evening.

IV.

Ethel, I'm not going to try my plan any longer, and when you've heard about my second garden-party, you won't be surprised. At first all seemed well, about eighty guests had come, including some of the smartest people in the county. I was receiving them in the hall, when, to my amazement, Hopkins suddenly announced "The Ancient and Undivided Order of Hippopotamuses!" I thought he had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and rushed to the front-door where he was standing—and beheld a crowd of about two hundred labourers, dressed out in red sashes, waving flags, and headed by a brass band! Before I had time to ask what in the world they were doing, their leader came forward and delivered a speech. He said that he and his "brethren" admired my democratic spirit, and acted on my 'int in the spirit in which it was offered. They had been doubtful where to hold their annual beanfeast, but Mr. Bounderby had explained my new plan to them, and had told them that I should be delighted to see them all at my garden-party. He added that the "brethren" took it kind of me, and would be proud to drink my 'ealth! As Jack is a member of the Parish Council, we couldn't afford to offend them; besides, I don't think they would have gone if we had told them to. And, so my dear Ethel, they stayed till ten o'clock that night, by the end of which time they had picked all the flowers and fruit in the garden, smashed six cucumber-frames, and trodden the lawn bare. Of course all my friends rushed off, and I expect none of them will ever come near me again! Oh, why did I ever try this abominable plan? Thanks to Mr. Bounderby's revenge, I am the laughing-stock of the whole county. Pity your unhappy friend, Ethel, and be warned by her fate never to try these social experiments.



"THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME SHALL LEND THEE SPEED."

(Sketch in a High Wind on the Sands.)

SCHOOL-DAYS IN FRANCE.

(A Memory recalled by "The Martian.")

I have been dipping into *The Martian*, and although somewhat daunted by the prefatory futilities of the supposed narrator, and perplexed by the planetary complexities of the story, I had to succumb eventually, as, indeed, who could fail to succumb, to the breezy and delightful charm of the real narrator, our lost friend, George du Maurier. The beautiful and versatile *Barty Josselin*, I confess, leaves me cold where the fascinating *Trilby* brought the tears to my eyes. It is the incidentals, the quaint and gossipy reminiscences, the flashes of insight that delight one here as in *Trilby*. And the style is the same, the simple, unaffected style of a clever and engaging man of the world who, having lived a pleasant life amongst pleasant people, possesses in perfection the art of conversation on paper. But it is not of the story itself or even of its style that I propose to speak. The account of French school-life with which *The Martian* opens has aroused memories of certain school-days of my own that were passed in France, and it is on this subject that I have a few remarks to make.

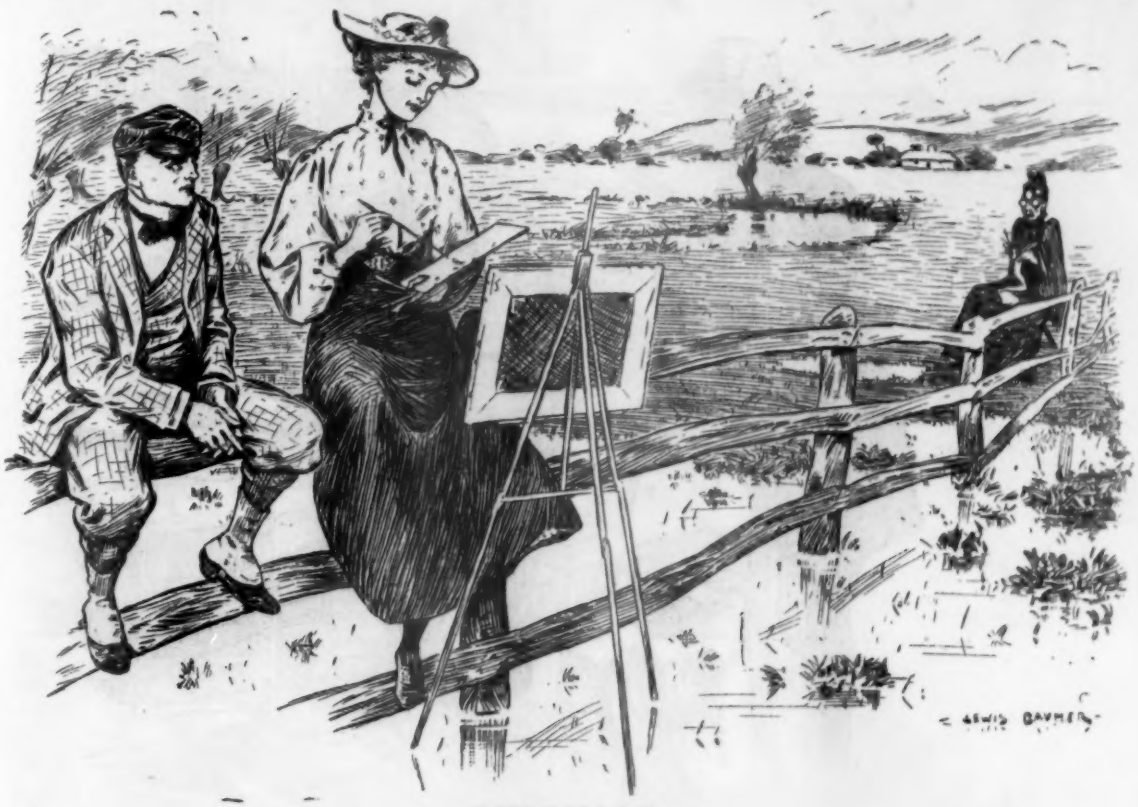
Nearly thirty years ago it was my good fortune to spend some months, not at an expensive private school such as Mr. du Maurier's *Institution Brossard* seems to have been, but at a large French *Lycée*, or public school. Although I was a small boy I had been at a big English school (they used to take us there at a very tender age), and I had, therefore, some experience of the manners and customs prevailing among English schoolboys. I did not know a word of French, and I cannot say that my feelings were particularly joyous when early on a cold winter's morning I found myself plumped down amongst some thirty-five little French boys, who formed the *Huitième*, or lowest class. Now supposing a little French boy had found himself amongst thirty-five little English boys, I doubt whether he would have received a very kindly treatment at their hands. Even a freshly-arrived little English boy has to suffer much from his school-fellows. They ask him if he has a sister, and what her name may be, and they receive his innocent answer with shouts of exultant derision. They ask him if his mother is fond of him, and receive with obdurate incredulity his affirmative answer. They make his life a burden to him if he wears an article of clothing that is not conformable to their ideas of correctness. They inquire as to the antecedents of his father, and express contempt if the parent's calling does not satisfy their views on social exigencies. I remember two very small English schoolboys in the wordy warfare which preceded a fight, each shouting alternate, and, no doubt, equally false, imputations on the other's male parent. "You're the son of a butler," said one, with withering scorn. "And you," said the other, with a fine sense of repartee, "are the son of a stationer." Then they proceeded to fisticuffs, and blacked one another's eyes. For one English boy to say to another, "Your pater's a cad," is always the last dread insult which immediately precedes bloodshed.

But of this primitive, barbarous trait there was no trace amongst my French companions. The little English boy who had come amongst them was treated with the most delicate kindness and consideration. They all did their best to help him on, and as time passed, and he was able to recite his page or two from Fenelon without a mistake, and in a beautiful *Béarnais* accent (the *Lycée*, by the way, was at Pau), they showed as much pride in his achievement as they would have shown in any triumph of their own. The little boy who sat on my left was the son of one of the local *gendarmes*. He wore a blue blouse, confined round his waist by a leather belt. The boy who sat on my right was the son of an *épicier*, and wore a dress, which amongst English schoolboys, would have served as a red rag to a herd of bulls. But I never heard any of the other boys, and many of them were the sons of gentlefolk, and were well-dressed, make a single depreciatory remark to either of these two with reference to the status of his father or the fashion of his clothes. I can still remember my astonishment at the utter absence of chaff amongst these French boys.

On the other hand, I must confess that on certain points of manners the behaviour of these boys left something to be desired. In the class-room they all spat with a disgusting frequency and regularity. At the end of the morning there was a hateful pool on the floor at the feet of every boy. Organised games did not exist. Even the rounders, of which Mr. du Maurier speaks, were unknown. In the play-ground, those boys who were not wandering about aimlessly or playing at horses, were always assiduously engaged at marbles. There were several English boys amongst us, and I remember that we tried to introduce cricket. But we failed miserably, chiefly, I think, owing to the size, shape, and weight of the two bats supplied to us by a local carpenter, who had endeavoured faithfully to base himself upon our description of the implement. We gave up the attempt to describe the splice, and the bats we obtained were perfectly solid.

Every English boy was credited with a complete knowledge of all the details of boxing. We were supposed to be blood-thirsty and terrible fighters, and no French boy of our own size ever willingly engaged in an altercation, much less in a contest, with one of us. I still seem to see one determined fight between two of our French companions. They rushed at one another with yells and shouts. Fouque seized Duval by both his ears, whilst Duval clutched at Fouque's throat—he could not seize his hair because it was cropped. Then they began to shake and kick one another. Upon them thus shaking, clinging, and kicking came one of the masters, a Pole, of immense size and forbidding aspect. He seized them by their heads, tore them apart, and then closed his arms with a determined sweep. I can still hear the resounding collision of those two little bullet-heads. There was no further fighting on that day.

We were day-boys—*externes*, and so far as I remember we had to be at school for the day's work before 8 a.m. Sometimes we went to early school breakfast, which consisted simply of a great chunk of bread and a bowl of coffee or cocoa. Then came the mid-day meal, and at four o'clock a servant with a large basket went round the play-ground distributing more chunks of bread. This was called our *goûter*. Of the evening meal I can say nothing, because I never shared in it. Thursday and Sunday were whole holidays, and on those days we used to see the boarders (*internes*) dressed in their *képis* and their uniform coats parading two and two in a long and melancholy line under the eye of an usher. Still, we enjoyed ourselves, as boys will anywhere, and our enjoyment reached its height when a perfectly baseless



THE SKETCHING LESSON.

It is an extraordinary thing how the only Spot where anything of a decent View can be obtained, always happens to be in the middle of a River or Marsh, or in some Spot equally difficult of access!

rumour went abroad to the effect that the English boys had leagued themselves together in order to create a *coup d'état* in the school, and to commit I know not what atrocities on the unoffending French. Our well-known skill as *boxeurs* added an element of terror to this report.

One of the English boys made a certain amount of progress with his French, for after being at school three weeks he wrote home the following letter:—

Mon cher Papa,—Quand je vous ai vu pour la derniere fois, vous avez dit a moi que lorsque je vous ecrirai tout seul une lettre française, vous voulez donné a moi dix francs, mais je ne les attends pas pour cette lettre. Nous sommes tous dans la plus bien santé et nous esperons que vous etes la meme chose. Nous aimons le Lycée, mais nous n'aimons pas nous lever. Le pere du proviseur est mort hier, il avait cent ans. Je vous assure que j'ai ecrit moi meme cette lettre. Adieu, mon cher papa.

Votre Fils Cheri.

THE ETHICS OF HOUSE-CHANGE.

(Rules laid down by Peregrine Nomad.)

1. When taking a new domicile accept the word of the landlord that the drains are in first-rate condition.

2. Buy the fixtures of the late tenant at a price over and above that which would provide brand-new articles, such as venetian blinds, linoleum, stair-rods, and door-scrapers.

3. Always warehouse your furniture while negotiations, conducted on the Constantinople or Sultan principle, are going on between yourself and the landlord; one, two, or even three house-agents being the accredited diplomatists.

4. Employ an experienced decorator, with customary assistants, and especially a boy with dirty hands, to hang new wall-papers and execute various manœuvres connected with paint and whitewash. If possible, have a good piano in the drawing-room for the artists to stand upon and use as a dinner-table or side-board for pewter-pots.

5. Engage a reliable charwoman (with or without assistant) to thoroughly purify the house after imploring the dustman to call for the leavings of the late tenant. *Mem.*—These personages must be mollified with bottled beer at no regular but very frequent intervals. They are in nine cases out of ten in unholy alliance.

6. Endeavour to get the latch-key, about which the diplomatist house-agents are as ignorant as the Emperor of China, they effecting their entrance into the dwelling by some burglarious method through the kitchen or scullery window. The late tenant has usually taken the key as a souvenir of his sojourn.

7. Provide for the late tenant's cat, which has been left behind, and refuses to quit the premises.

8. During repairs be prepared to receive calls not only from all the local tradesmen, who have been forewarned of your advent, but also greet with joy the rate, water, and gas collectors, who won't believe that *you* are not the late tenant.

9. Overawe the local postal authorities by representing yourself as a friend of their chief at St. Martin's le Grand, and constrain them into not bombarding you with letters and circulars addressed to the late tenant.

10. Make friends with the police of the neighbourhood, and invite them to tea, supper, or breakfast, with your female servants on arrival.

Mem.—By adopting this course you may perhaps prevent tramps from "dossing" in your yet unoccupied chambers. A bottle of Scotch or Irish whiskey placed in a convenient cupboard materially aids the researches of the constabulary.

11. Lastly, if you only inhabit a convenient dog-kennel—stick to it.



INCORRIGIBLE.

Visitor. "Well, my Man, I expect it must have cost you a lot of Money to paint your Nose that Colour!"
Reprobate. 'Ah, an' if Oi cud affoord it, Oi 'd have it *Varnished* now!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cavalier having heard that his Mistress has accused him of being "so-and-so," expostulates with her.

The leaves are turning very brown,
The year is waning fast,
The heather fades upon the down,
The beechwood's thick with mast,
The acorns strew the golden glades
Where bracken makes the glow;
The Winter's coming, Autumn fades;
And we are—"So-and-so."

Amid these trees with shedding leaves
I yet can hear your voice,
Fresh as the song the throstle weaves
To make mankind rejoice.
I yet can trace the path you trod
With fairiest of "go."
Your dainty feet! It's passing odd
That we are—"So-and-so."

That little tiff! Did I begin
The words that caused our strife?
If so, give me the cause of sin,
And make me hate my life!
The days of Spring cannot return,
Those days we loved to know,
Amid the fresh and fragrant fern;
But now we're—"So-and-so."

I could not help my jealous eyes,
Nor check my jealous tongue.
Did you my love so much despise,
That back my love you flung?
No! I would fain believe that you
Are still my dearest foe;
That *you* know I am loyal, true,
And not just—"So-and-so."

REGRETS EN ROUTE.

(*By our Blasé Contributor.*)

That I missed so many chances of doing something more or less novel on the continent.

That I did not try a cup of coffee on Dover Pier *before* starting for Calais.

That I avoided the smoke-room when the steamboat passed through a choppy sea mid Channel.

That I did not "declare" something to the *douane*, to see what would come of it.

That I did not stay a day at St. Pol, and then take the slow train to Boulogne, stopping an hour or so at each of the interim stations.

That I did not go to a third-rate hotel on the wrong side of the Seine to find out what it was like.

That I didn't do the Bois de Boulogne in a fog.

That I left Paris without seeing Père-la-Chaise in a Scotch mist.

That I did not ride a horse in Venice.

That I neglected to spend a couple of days in the Catacombs in Rome.

That I refused to picnic on the top of the Tower of Pisa under an umbrella.

That I neglected to return to Marseilles by a cargo-boat.

That I followed no system at Monte Carlo.

That I went out in summer clothing at Nice.

That I took the train up the Rhine instead of one of the lumbering steam-boats.

That I overslept myself at the summit of the Rigi, instead of catching cold under a blanket.

That I followed the system of *Mark Tapley* without attempting cheerfulness.

Finally, that when I was in Japan, I did not save myself further boredom by personally patronising "the happy despatch."

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

Fond Mother (to her Small Boy):—

My gentle pet! Not seven!
Among the gifts of heaven
Priceless I rank you!
So strong! So gentle!! There!
My sweet!!——
Let go my hair!!
Or else—I'll spank you!

Apt Echo.—The daily papers say, "Captain Lord Charles Beresford has been promoted to be Admiral." "Admirable!" says *Echo*, which in this case is *vox populi*.



A HOME QUESTION.

General Bull. "MY MEN ARE DOING SPLENDIDLY!!"

Colonel Punch (*Head of the Intelligence Department*). "YES, SIR, THEY ALWAYS DO. BUT—IS THE 'FORWARD POLICY' WORTH ALL THIS?"



AN IDYLL.

Hemma. "Oh, 'Arry, hain't this 'eavenly! You 'll promise to give me 'Am Sandwiches always, when we 're Married, won't yer?" *'Arry.* "'Corse I will!"

PAX À LA MODE.

["Though we are the most peace-loving nation in the world, our army is almost always at war somewhere."—*Lord Wolseley at Glasgow.*]

Monday.—Must get on with my article. First line: "There is nothing like——" Of course! Interrupted just as I am in the mood. Took up my revolver and made a night of it.

Tuesday.—Rather sharp fighting. Something more than an affair of outpost. However, came through it without a scratch. Promotion usually tardy; quick just now. Get back to my article—have my heart in the subject. "There is nothing like——" Again! There go the bugles! In for it until to-morrow!

Wednesday.—Close shave yesterday. Nearly knocked over by that last rush. However, came out of it all right. Now once more to that article—quite my view of the subject. "There is nothing like——" Bang! Same old game! Sabre and pistol! Well, it 's good fun!

Thursday.—Yes; really precious hard work. Gave a good account of them, for all that. Those star shells first-rate. Could see the beggars coming, and pot them. But must get back to my article. Pressed for time. No doubt about it. "There is nothing like——" Provoking! There they go again! Believe the risings are subsidised by a rival publisher!

Friday.—Lost a goodish number last night. Surgeons have their work cut out for them. Well, they will be better employed than in drilling their orderlies. And now for my article. "There is nothing like——" Again they go! Bugles! Another brush with the enemy!

Saturday.—First-rate fighting yesterday. But now I will do my article. Everything ready. "There is nothing like——" Again! Shot and shell! Off we go!

Sunday.—No fighting to-day. At least, there shouldn't be. Now to my opinion, "There is nothing like peace." Crash! Bang! Wanted again! "There is nothing like peace." Quite so, and to round it off haply, write it thus, "There is nothing like peace—anywhere!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A flavour of the peculiar humour of Dickens, and a spice of the melodramatic pôwer of Wilkie Collins are to be found in W. W. Jacobs' two stories, *The Skipper's Wooing* and *The Brown Man's Servant*, respectively, bound together in one book, recently published by Pearson, Ltd. The first of these is in the delightful vein of the same author's *Many Cargoes*. But, amusing as it is,—there are plenty of "laughs" in it, a rare quality in any author now-a-days,—it would have been considerably improved had it been less evidently spun out. The second story seems as if it had been originally intended to be the exciting prologue of a startling romance which the author had suddenly found himself disinclined or unable to finish. Mr. Jacobs should continue it, and give us the thrilling story of *The Lost Diamond*, or whatever title he liked to give the continuation of the tale. Anyhow, every reader will, like the recipient of *Sam Weller's* artistic love-letter, "wish as there were more of it." The Baron de B.-W.

KINGHORN AN' LUNNON.

(*A Comparison.*)

The sichts we 've seen! The punds my wife
Has spent instead o' bankit!
But eh! we 're back in bonny Fife,
Sae let the Lord be thankit!
An' Lunnon? Weel, ye ken, it 's gay
An' busy, nicht an' morn, man,
An' there 's a pickle fouk—but eh!
It 's no—it 's no Kinghorn, man.

Ye 'll wanner on, an' on, an' on,
Through miles an' miles o' men, man,
An' yet in a' the crood like yon
There 's a de'il a face ye 'll ken, man.
Na! Lunnon 's oot the warl', ye see,
For look ye, I 'll be sworn, man,
Sic unco things could never be
In ceevilised Kinghorn, man.

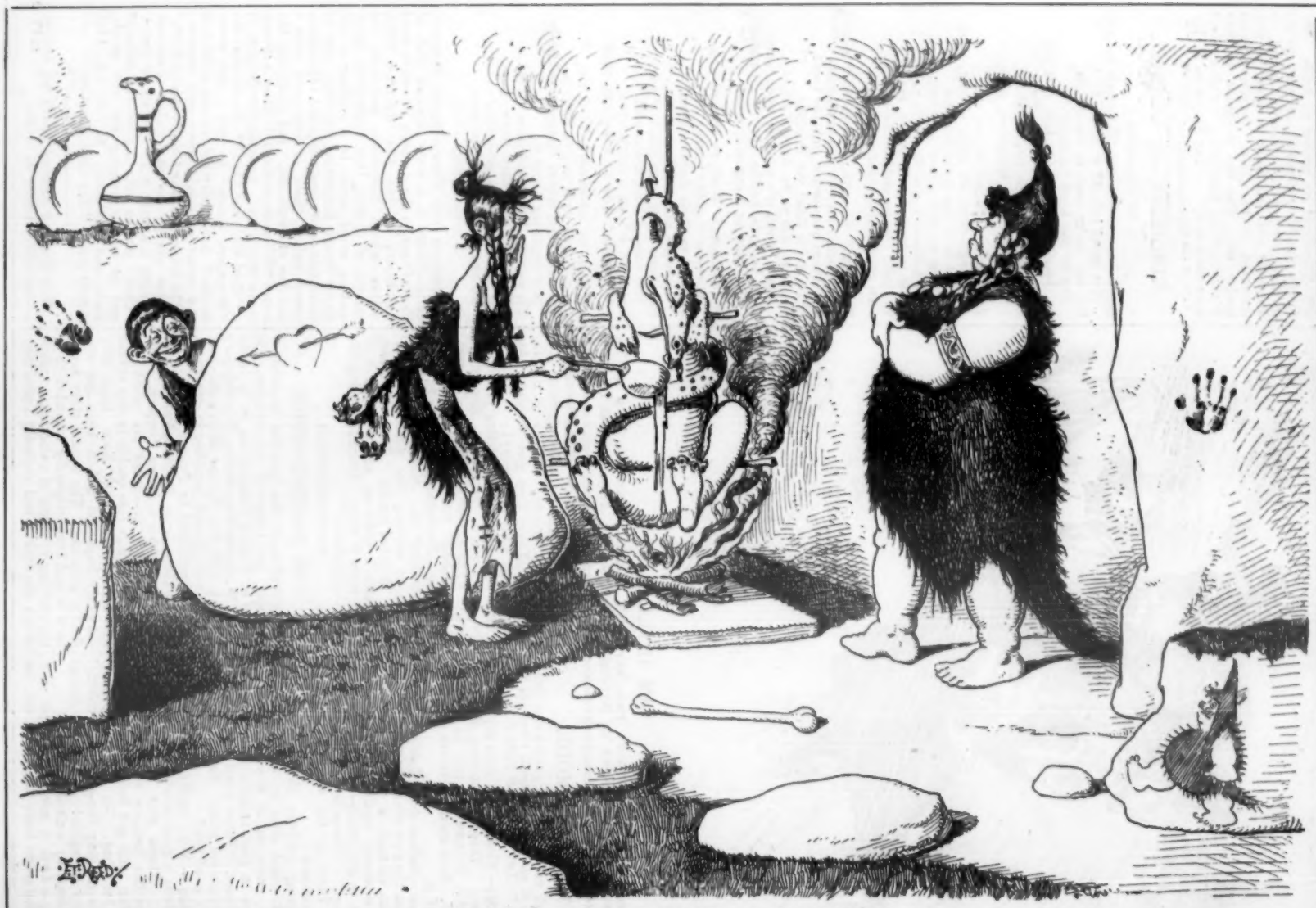
The shops? Ou, aye, there 's shops indeed,
But faith, they 're rale unhaundy:
Ane keeps yer butter, ane yer breid,
An' yet a third yer braundy.
Noo here, gin ye be wantin' oucht,
Boots, butcher's meat or corn, man,
Shag, bonnets, breeks, they 'll a' be boucht
Thegither in Kinghorn, man.

The fashions? Weel, ye ken, we saw
A wheen o' giddy hussies
Paradin' in their duddies braw
Upon the cars an' 'busses.
But dinna think owre much o' yon,
For sure as I am born, man,
For style, it 's no a patch upon
Our floo'er show at Kinghorn, man.

An' then sic ignorance! Losh me,
I 'm feared ye 'll no can doot it,
But nane kent whaur Kinghorn micht be,
Nor onything aboot it.
'Tis awfu'! Yet 'twad seem to ca'
For peety mair than scorn, man,
For mind ye, 'tisna gi'en to a'
To live aboot Kinghorn, man.

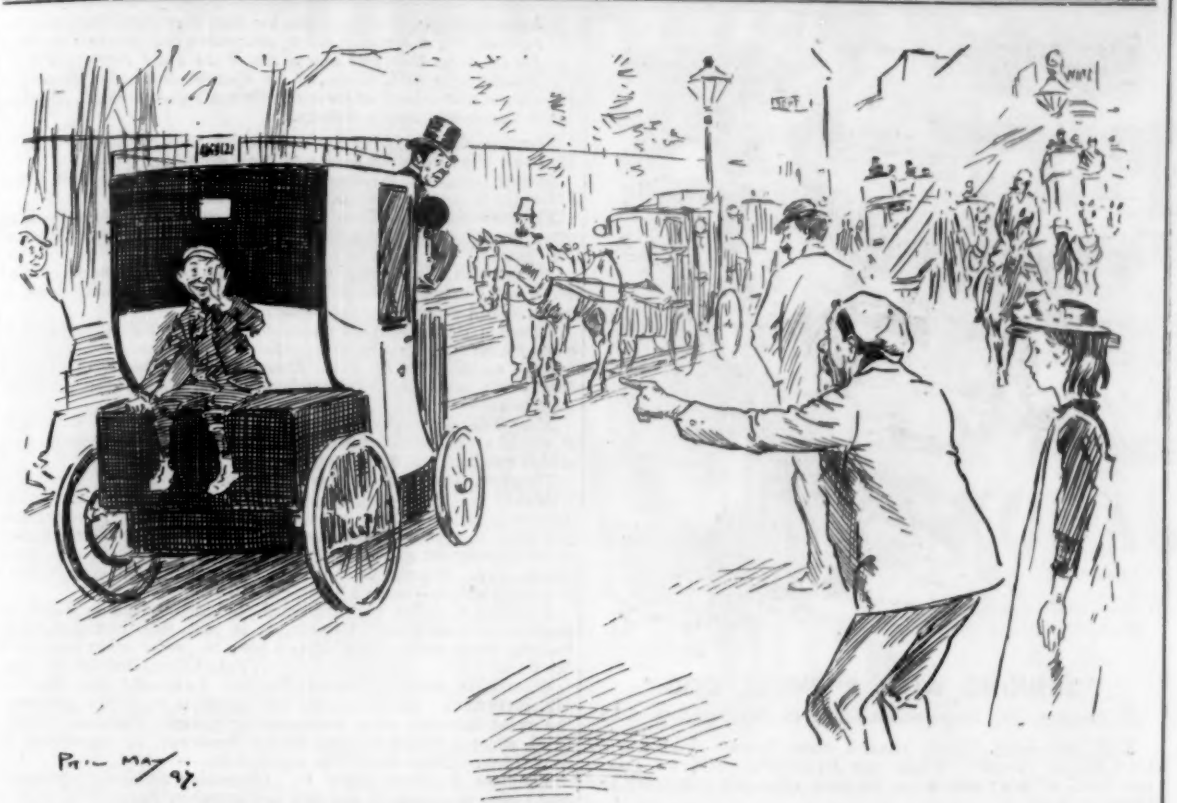
Addition and Considerable Subtraction.—There is a very pleasant club at Earl's Court in the gardens, known to most Londoners as The Old Welcome Club, within whose hospitable precincts the charms of Maitre Dan Godfrey's band, making sweet music in a pavilion of the Earl's Court Exhibition Gardens, can be thoroughly and calmly enjoyed. Of course, every visitor there is welcomed with a genuine old welcome. But supposing the letter "C" were prefixed!! What a change there would be! Imagine the delights of a "Cold Welcome Club!" Fancy what the "Strangers' Room" in such a club would be like! And with what freezing politeness the members would greet one another! "The Icicles, or The Cold Welcome Club,"—that should be the title. Everyone wearing his hair *à la cheveux de freeze*. "Chili" pickles only allowed at luncheon, and of course nothing but cold meats, birds, and vegetables. At 7.30 p.m., Club dinner joint, "The Cold Shoulder."

The Sort of French Leave we should appreciate.—Leave us alone.



THE GREAT "SERVANT DIFFICULTY."

The *Daily News* is quite right. The difficulty of obtaining reliable "Cook-Generals" was already acutely felt in the Remotest Times. "Fringes" and "Followers" were then, as now, fruitful sources of trouble between Mistress and Maid!



"Hi! Whip behind!" "Yah! 'E ain't got none!"

THE NEW DRAMA AT OLD DRURY.

First and foremost congratulations to Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton, authors, secondly, to Mr. Arthur Collins, Managing Director of Old Drury, and then to the company generally on the success, thoroughly deserved, of *The White Heather*. "Come heather! Come heather! Come heather!" and that the public responds to the invitation is evident from the crowded, almost over-crowded state of the house, which is, nightly, quite a "congested district."

The melodrama is remarkable for three things. First, its capital dialogue (when not melodramatic); secondly, for the appearance of Mr. Henry Neville as a smiling villain of the yellowest-reddest dye; thirdly, for the excellent musical-histrionic assistance of Mr. Glover in the orchestra; and lastly, for the admirable acting of Mrs. John Wood, which is beyond all praise. Were all the iron-work machinery to collapse (as in fact one night it did, and the theatre had to be closed), the drama could go on, as its mainstay, its chief support, is Wood. Subtract Mrs. John Wood, and pop goes this melodrama. When Mrs. Wood, at the end of the Battersea Park scene, takes the heroine to her arms, to the intense delight of entire audience, and after seating her in her carriage, delivers a speech on the domestic virtue of woman, finishing up by an appeal to everyone as to "what is the proper place for woman?" and answering her own question by shouting to her coachman, "*Home!*" there is universal cheering for the space of nearly two minutes, during which time "all mortal shapes are lost in gloom," for the house is enveloped in cimmerian darkness, and only the shadowy form of the musical magician, Mr. Glover, is faintly visible, as, *bâton* in hand, he urges his wild demon orchestra, who are struggling, with all their powers of wind and string, against the deafening applause that only subsides when the bright gas-light once again illumines the stage, showing a new scene, and the audience, hushed unwillingly into an expectant calm, find themselves gazing on the heavily-furnished, crimson-dyed abode of the supremely wicked nobleman, the scowling, smiling Neville, and prepare themselves for intrigue that is to grow more and more diabolically interesting every minute.

Alas! Poor Mr. Henry Neville, the once gay, chivalric, breezy cavalier! has it come to this? that, in becoming a wily aristocrat, he is forced to get himself severely, yet popularly, disliked by a Drury Lane audience, within sound of the curtain-raising bell of the Olympic Theatre, where once he was cheered to the echo as the long-suffering ticket-of-leave man! And what a finish to a glorious career! To be attired in a diver's dress, to have his mobile features and fiery eyes entirely hidden under a diver's helmet about the size of a huge comic pantomime head, which has not even the stupidly fixed humorous (or otherwise) expression that a pantomime mask is condemned in perpetuity to wear, and thus attired he is let down into the depths (what a "let down" it is!), there to struggle with ropes, but with no lines to say, to grope about in an aimless kind of way, to be attacked by another diving demon, his very counterpart, as humorously attired as himself, and finally to have his wind-pipe (that is, the pipe through which the wind is supplied to the diver) cut, and to fall without a last dying speech, without a word, without a curse, for no expression of hate or of any other sentiment can be seen under that porpoise-like diver's helmet! To think, too, that this melancholy end should raise just an audible titter among the audience, which might even swell into a guffaw were it not that *the* man in the right place, 'yclept Mr. Glover, energetically comes to the rescue, and commanding a great banging, and booming, and whacking, and hurrying and scurrying up and down the octaves, drowns all other sounds, and gives to the expiring, and perspiring, Henry Neville, a final blow, with, as it were, the big drum-stick, and there's an end of the Wicked Nobleman!

How the boat which brought poor Henry Neville ascends Heavenwards (quite a wonder of the deep!); how, in another scene, "Boulter's Lock" walks off bodily by itself; how the missing man is found by a reprobate white-haired solicitor; how Miss Beatrice Lamb just escapes having a very good part as female villain, but is cruelly nipped in the bud by the authors, who found they had no more time to spare; how nice Miss Pattie



"GUNNING WITH A SMELL DOG."

(B. Jonathan, Esq., having missed a Hare, the Dog drops to the shot.)

B. J. (scornfully). "Call that a good Dawg? I reckon he ain't worth Candy! When the Beast's sitting, he stands and looks at him; and when he runs away, he lies down and looks at Me!"

Browne looks in a peculiarly unobtrusive white knickerbocker cycling-costume; how self-effacing is the unfortunate heroine, Miss Kate Rorke, with not much to say and still less to do; how life-like is the Stock Exchange scene; how supremely good is the very tall lover, Mr. Dawson Milward, whose motto should be, "Love me little, love me long"; how striking is the performance of the diving Myles-na-Coppaleen sort of t'other lover, Mr. Robert Loraine; how excellently played are all the minor parts, it is impossible, within these limits, to recount. But thinking over it, it is difficult to imagine what the fate of this melodrama might have been but for the vigorous, timely, and tuneful assistance of Hand-and-Glover in the Orchestra, and the quite invaluable services of Mrs. Wood on the stage. Everybody will flock to the Lane to see the Wood.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

II.—In My Lady's Chamber.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilton have been married six years; they are quite devoted to one another; there are, however, two small clouds on the matrimonial horizon. One is on Mr. Wilton's side, a fitful but determined predilection for occasionally passing the greater part of the night in talking Socialism with a Fabian friend—a recreation to which his wife entertains an unsurmountable objection; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Wilton has a violent but as yet ungratified desire to hold a stall at a Fancy Fair; the one amusement against which Mr. Wilton has a rooted prejudice. The scene opens at three o'clock in the morning in Mrs. Wilton's Louis Seize bedroom. It is one of the occasions on which Mr. Wilton has ignored her disapproval of his Socialistic views. Feigning a reverie, and, with what she calls his "irritating absent glare," he had fled, vaguely, to the house of the democratic friend. She has slept comfortably since 9·30, and on being awoke by the sound of the hall-door at three, she rises hastily, fresh for the discussion. She is seated on a curved sofa, in a pink-flowered dressing-gown, her golden hair in a plait tied with black ribbon, pretending to knit something undecided for her little boy. By the rose-shaded light she wears an expression of holy, saint-like resignation that is decidedly unsuited to her rather babyish features. Mr. Wilton enters very softly in evening dress. He starts on seeing her, regretting that he has put back his watch two hours on the chance of her being awake, when he notices her little Sèvres clock ticking rather reproachfully on the table, side by side with a circular about the Home for Deserving Cats, and also a list of the Lady Patronesses of the Bazaar to be held, shortly, at the Victoria Hall. Mr. Wilton is about a year older than his wife, fair and boyish-looking. His name is Theodore; hers is Muriel.

Theodore (with self-reproach concealed under assumed anger). Muriel! what on earth have you been doing?

Muriel (sweetly). Waiting for you, dear. As I couldn't sleep, I thought it best to do a little work for Baby.

Theodore (steeling himself). This is absurd—childish! How often have I requested you not to sit up? Go to bed at once! *(He yawns.)*

Muriel. Oh, Theodore! do you really think it worth while? Baby will expect me to play with him when he comes down at seven. And it is *rather* late—isn't it?

Theodore (bursting into an explosion, prepared beforehand in case of a scene, with a view to obtaining his liberty once for all—but not waiting for his cue). There! That's the way! That is how wives make their husbands wretched with these continual reproaches——

Muriel (apologetic). I *beg* your pardon, Theodore. I thought it would seem rude not to notice you coming in. I *really* only said it was late out of politeness.

Theodore. Then you carry your manners to excess.

Muriel (in a self-denying tone). It doesn't matter, my sitting up a little late. I knew *you* were happy. Besides, I should have had time to rest a little in the day before your mother's dinner, if the Clavering girls weren't coming to lunch. However, never mind, dear. If your mother says I'm pale, I can always say I have a headache—can't I?

Theodore (touched and disarmed, but determined to finish the explosion). You know, Muriel, it is just that constant fault-finding, these scenes, that drive a man to prefer other hearths to his own. *[Takes flower out of his coat.*

Muriel (in surprised voice). Really! I thought you dined at Mr. Ralston's; and I'm sure *his* hearth is perfectly hideous—the most horrible tiles, representing nursery rhymes. I can't think why; perhaps because he's a democrat, or vegetarian, or something. However, if you enjoyed it——

Theodore. I *didn't* enjoy it. *(Becoming suddenly apologetic, and losing ground.)* I got into a discussion, dear. I'm sorry if I was late. *(Pause.)* Look here! You shall have those furs you wanted. Would you like them?

Muriel. Oh! no. I couldn't take them. Thank you very much, dear, all the same. I'm having my chinchilla done up.

Theodore (rather relieved, mildly). Oh! you'd better have them.

Muriel. Theodore, if you *really* want to please me—Lady Gwendoline has written to me again about the bazaar——

Theodore (frowning). *What* bazaar? *I* never heard of it.

Muriel (pathetically and appealingly). For the Home for Deserving Cats! They want me to hold a stall—a flower-stall. Do let me! Dear Theodore!

Theodore (firmly). No! There I draw the line! I have always had a particular dislike to—to my wife going about begging people to buy from her—selling to strangers! Never!

Muriel. But I wouldn't, really—I wouldn't sell a *thing*, dear! And it's for *such* a good charity. I was brought up to be kind to animals. The whole thing is simply to amuse the cats. *[A tear.* Theodore *wavers.*

Theodore. And a fancy-dress, I suppose?

Muriel. Well, dear, everyone's going to wear them. And I'm afraid I should attract attention if I wore an ordinary dress. I don't think, myself, it's very wise to single oneself out for remark in that sort of way in a public place—do you? Mamma was always so particular about anything of that sort, so perhaps I'm over-sensitive about it. And it's a very *simple* little dress. Just a little *skirt*, you know. No train or anything showy.

Theodore (tired). I disapprove strongly, Muriel.

Muriel (kissing him, delighted). Oh! *thank* you, dear! *How* sweet of you! It is so nice to feel one's doing a little good in the world. Besides, of course I wouldn't hold any stall *but* a flower-stall—that's so different. Lady Gwendoline will be pleased. Dear Theodore! And now, promise me *never* to go and talk socialism with Mr. Ralston again!

Theodore (asleep). Never! I swear it! *[Curtain.*

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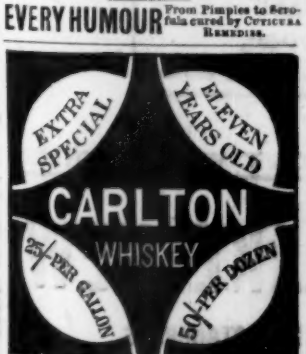
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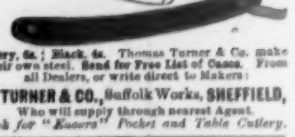
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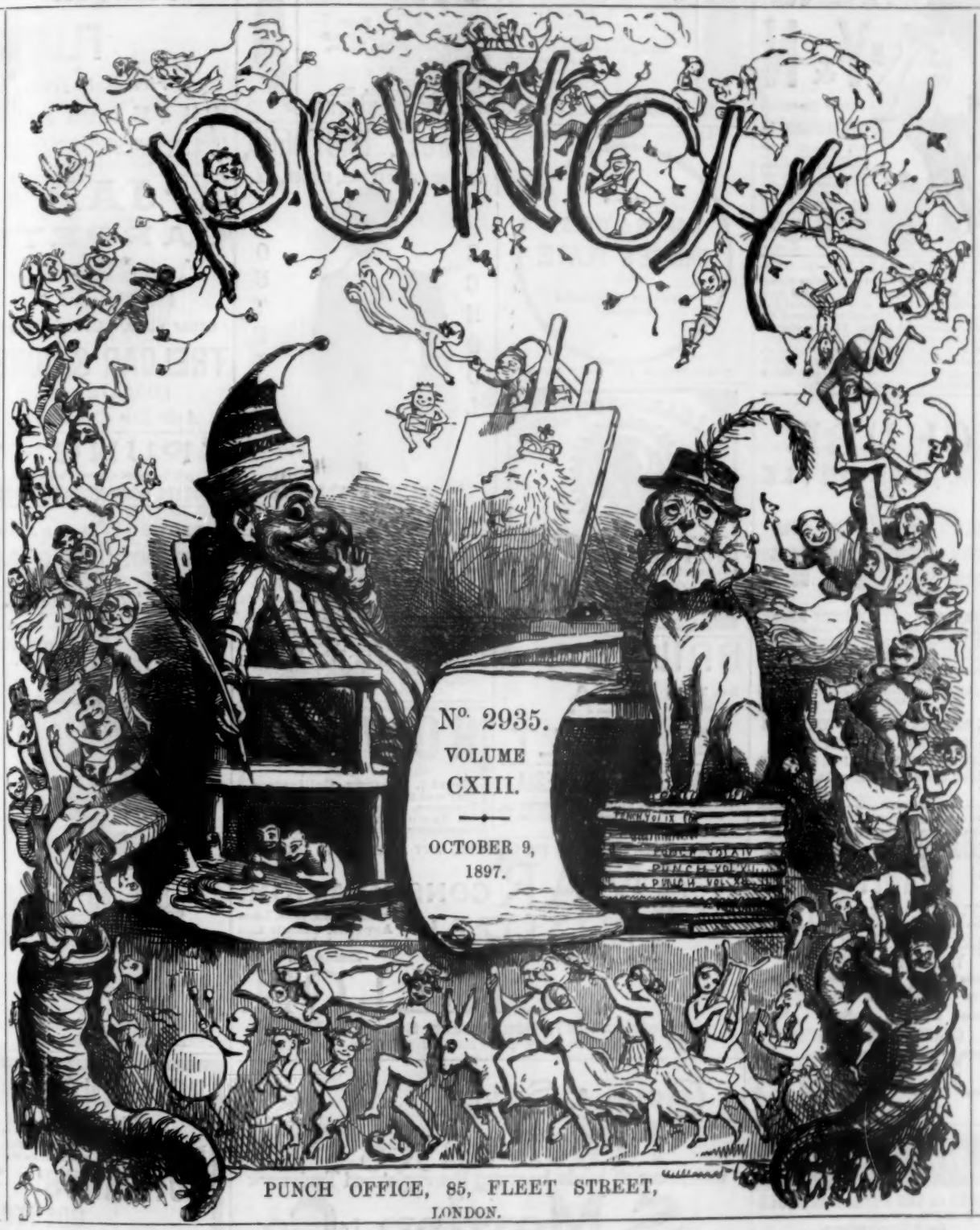
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A. ROWLAND & SONS,
20, Hatton Garden, London.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Brown. "I WISH I HAD THE MORAL COURAGE TO GO HOME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In Kedar's Tents (SMITH, ELDER) is a story by which Mr. MERRIMAN more firmly establishes a still fresh but brilliant reputation. It bustles along through scenes full of local colour, this time the palette supplied from Spain, a country he seems to know intimately. The tale is full of adventure, and, happily, it is carried on by real men and women. Of the two sexes the author is, in this instance, more successful with his men than his women. *Padre Concha*, the priest, who ought to have been a soldier; *Concepçion Vara*, the light-hearted guide; *General Vincent*, the Royalist leader; and *Fred Conyngham*, the hero of the book, who lounges in and out of direful dilemmas, are each in their diverse ways admirable. *Conyngham*, by the way, reminds my Baronite of an old and dear friend, FRED BURNABY. It is doubtless accidental; but if Mr. MERRIMAN had chanced to have been intimately acquainted with the gallant horseman of Khiva, the unconventional Colonel of the Blues, suspicion would become a certainty. It is part of the coincidence that FRED BURNABY spent some months in Spain fighting for DON CARLOS.

In *Shakspeare the Boy* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), Mr. ROLFE has pursued a very ingenious plan. An earlier author, in an analogous dilemma, took his fence at a stride. "Snakes in Iceland" was the heading of his chapter. "There are none," comprehended its contents. Mr. ROLFE, proposing to record what is known of SHAKSPEARE'S boyhood, might honestly have fulfilled his task by writing, "Nothing." As a matter of fact, he produces a pleasant, picturesque work of over 200 pages, limning a vivid picture of daily life at Stratford during the term of SHAKSPEARE'S boyhood. Having done this, all that remains is to surmise that "little WILLIAM" saw this, or must have heard that, and there you are. There are many illustrations, including a portrait of a saintly boy, which may (or may not) be reproduced from a photograph taken as "we may imagine young WILLIAM wending his way to the Grammar School for the first time on a May morning in 1571."

Mr. H. G. WELLS should have given himself more time, and thought, for the development of a very original idea. *The Invisible Man* (published by PEARSON, Limited) is amusingly written, and here and there its reader will pause to indulge in audible guffaw or irresistible chuckle. But the fanciful tale is not well worked out, the interest soon ceases, and what should have been from first to last a screamingly extravagant absurdity, gradually fizzles out in tragic splutter. Despite this, the story is well worth reading.

As to Mr. HALL CAINE'S new book, *The Christian*, all I can find to say, to those hesitating whether to read it or not, is,—If you have absolutely nothing at all to do; if you have no newspapers, no library, no books of any sort (including *Bradshaw's Guide*); if there be no pack of cards handy, or even a solitaire board; if, on a pouring wet day, you are dying for want of something to irritate you into healthy action, then, should you discover a copy of *The Christian* anywhere about, take it up and try it. Impossible to answer for the consequences, but if you are of an iron will and able to control your passions up to a certain point, you will, despite the wretched weather, pull on your thickest boots, struggle into your driest waterproof, and rush out of the house as if you were ABEL running away from CAINE. Everyone to his taste, and it is reported that the book has had a wonderful sale. Certainly, if this be so, the sale is indeed wonderful, and the fact shows how bad the weather must have been in various parts of the country. By the way, can any one of its "fifty thousand" readers, including Dean FARRAR, who apologises for the author and quite loses whatever point there may be in the story, explain why it is called *The Christian?*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN EVIDENT MISPRINT.

A WELL-KNOWN journalist has invented a hair-restorer, which bears the designation of "Tatcho," said to be Romany for "genuine." Surely this is all a mistake—it should be "Thatcho."

Tatcho! Tatcho?
Buy a batch O,
With despatch O,
Touch the patch O,
Just a scratch O,
Then you catch O,
And you hatch O,
In a snatch O,
Hard to match O,
Brand-new thatch O!

MUSICAL MEDICINE.—It has recently been discovered that sick folk can be musically treated with advantage. Of course, they take the tonic sol-fa.

A Royal Nursery Rhyme.

THERE was a young King of Siam,
Who cried, "All for knowledge I am."
So he roamed to the West,
Where he studied with zest,
Put all things to the test,
Ate and drank of the best,
As he cried, "Well, a student must cram!"



"SNIPING."

The Khorley-Mullah. "I THINK THAT SHOT TOUCHED 'EM UT."



Harold. "And now, darling, tell me what your Father said when you told him we were engaged."
Sybil. "Oh, Harold, don't ask me to repeat his language!"

THE KAISER'S SABBATH.

[The President of Westphalia has issued an edict forbidding indulgence in shooting, dancing, play-acting, and similar recreations, on a Sunday. In the next column of the paper in which this edict is published, there is an account of the Kaiser's shoot with the Emperor of Austria at Totis on the previous Sabbath.]

Had I been born in William's land
By some malicious lot,
To bless his bust, or lick the dust
Whereon his chargers trot—
Were I, in fact, of German make,
Which, thanks to luck, I'm not;

I'd sing a grace composed by him
Each time I broke my bread,
And every night sit up and cite
His latest speech in bed,
And have his allegory hung
Beside my slumbering head.

I'd go, to ease his mighty heart,
Serenely to the block,
And toast his name and fabulous fame
Above my final bock,
Remarking in my gaoler's ear,
"Hoch to the Kaiser, hoch!"

I'd face the axe, or rope, or else
The new electric gear,
And prior to death, though short of breath,
Uplift a loyal cheer,
And shout terrifically, like
The Dying Grenadier.

How any sheep of all the flock
Marked by the Kaiser's brand
Can care to brave the lightest wave
Of that majestic hand,
Is more, considerably more,
Than I can understand.

Yet there is one so brazen-faced,
A bold Westphalian he,
Who rudely went, without consent,
And issued a by-decree,
A private Sunday law to suit
His own locality.

"None shall," he said, "on Sabbath-day
Indecorously run
To skittles or dance or games of chance,
Or shooting with the gun,
Nor kill of even dogs so much
As just a little one."

For here, with other sports profane,
A tendency was found
To hunt the big domestic pig,
The pig so ripe and round,
That makes the hams that make the name
Westphalia world-renowned.

Now in the *Mail* that gave the law
Some daring local wits
Described their Lord as having scored
With many marvellous hits,
While he and Francis Joseph broke
The Sabbath-day to bits.

All through the holy, peaceful hours
They chased the secular stag
The steeples rang; they answered "Bang!"
They didn't care a rag;
By vesper-time the two had made
A most stupendous bag.

Now if (a dread hypothesis)
The War-Lord should incline
Westphalia's way some Sabbath-day
To shoot a herd of swine,
I'm pleased to think the President
His fate will not be mine.

Publishers, printers, devils and
The staff that ran the *Mail*,
The actual scribe and all the tribe
That had the thing on sale,
Will be accommodated in
The journalistic gaol.

And so I say, when thinking on
My free (if futile) lot,
And dreaming how my bones by now
In dungeon-keeps would rot—
"Some men are made in Germany,
I thank my luck I'm not."

At the Cosmopolitan Club.

British Politician (to Teutonic guest). This is what we call a by-election at Barnsley.

Teuton. Potztausend! but I had, moreover, my imagined that bribery and corruptiveness no longer were permitted at your voting polls!

[*Has to be instructed by means of an Anglo-German Dictionary.*



LATEST FROM THE MOORS.

Intelligent Foreigner. "Tell me—zee 'Ilanders, do zay always wear zee Raw Legs?"

THE SEVEN STAGES OF LITERARY SUCCESS

Illustrated by Cuttings from the Scrap-book of a Popular Author.

Stage the First.

"*A Star of Dawn*, by a hitherto unknown author, Mr. Jonas Goord, places him at a single bound in the foremost ranks of contemporary novelists."—*Daily Oracle.*

"An epoch-making book, instinct with consummate and irresistible genius."—*Areopagus.*

"A cheering sign of the times is the extraordinary enthusiasm with which *A Star of Dawn* has been received by the Press and Public. It proves that really great work is invariably sure of instant recognition."—*Chanticlere.*

"The author is evidently only on the threshold of his brilliant career . . . . We shall await his next work with breathless interest."—*Trumpeter.*

Stage the Second.

"The numerous public which thrilled and shuddered, wept and laughed over that marvellous book, *A Star of Dawn*, will not be disappointed by its successor, *The Meridian*. Here are the same, &c., &c., only richer, more matured, better held in restraint. Incomparably the finest novel of the century."—*Friday Flamboyant.*

"We laid down the book with a feeling of positive reverence for the intellect which could conceive and carry out to a successful issue so stupendous a design. . . . There can be no further doubt about it. *The Meridian* bears on every page the imprint of the master-hand."—*Discriminator.*

Stage the Third.

"We hear that Mr. Goord has been giving sittings of late to Mr. FitzJohn Melbury, the well-known R.A., and the portrait, when completed, will be one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming Academy."

"Mr. Goord, the distinguished novelist, is perhaps the best-interviewed man living. He has been compelled to set apart two days a week entirely for the purpose of gratifying the insatiable curiosity of the public respecting his personality and surroundings."

"Mr. Goord is now leading a life of almost complete seclusion at John o' Groat's, where he is engaged in putting finishing touches to his forthcoming novel, *Brutum Fulmen*. Those who have been privileged with a peep at the proofs, report, &c., &c. Mr. Goord complains bitterly of the manner in which his privacy has been invaded by cyclists and representatives of the Press."

"It is said that Mr. Goord has received the magnificent offer of £— down for his next novel. This is the largest sum ever offered for any work of imagination. Mr. Goord is considering the proposal."—*Paragraphs (various).*

Stage the Fourth.

"Mr. Goord's new novel, *Brutum Fulmen*, contains all the qualities with which he has made us accustomed in his previous performances. Perhaps he has nothing particularly new to say—indeed, it is difficult to avoid a certain impression of—— &c., &c. . . . . Still, when all is said, it is indubitably the novel of the year."—*Moderator.*

"What hope is there for Literature when a stupid and sheepish Public receives with gaping avidity such pretentious bombast as the works of that over-rated novelist, Mr. Jonas Goord?"—*Weekly Iconoclast.*

"We have never been carried off our feet by the flood of somewhat hysterical admiration for Mr. Goord's undoubted talents, and we see nothing in *Brutum Fulmen* to lead us to alter, &c."—*Tepidarium.*

"It is really time that Mr. Goord struck out some new vein."—*Athenian Mercury.*

Stage the Fifth

"In *Fiasco*, Mr. Goord has essayed an entirely new departure. . . . . Unfortunately, he cannot be congratulated . . . . We recommend him to return without delay to the earlier methods by which he won his very considerable reputation."—*Athenian Mercury.*

"We should be inclined to award to *Fiasco* a prominent position among the novels of the current month."—*Morning Milk.*

"*Fiasco* is quite unlike anything its author has written before, and we venture to express a hope that the experiment will not be repeated."—*Daily Oracle.*

STAGE THE SIXTH.

"In *Sunset*, Mr. GOORD attempts a repetition of the sort of writing which obtained for *A Star of Dawn* and *The Meridian* a temporary popularity with the more unthinking section of the Public. This is a pity, because in *Fiasco* he showed a decided capability for better things."—*Daily Oracle.*

"After *Fiasco*, which in some respects was quite a remarkable novel, *Sunset* comes as a distinct disappointment. We fear that Mr. GOORD is inclined to take himself too seriously."—*Athenian Mercury.*

"*Sunset* is quite unworthy of the pen that wrote that uneven but far from contemptible novel, *A Star of Dawn*, and is not a patch upon the same author's *Fiasco*. However, it is entitled to mention as one of the novels of a by no means remarkable week."—*Flamboyant.*

"When the author produces something which has more claims to be treated as Literature than *Sunset* can boast of, we shall be happy to give it a more extended criticism than this brief paragraph. Meanwhile, we gladly pass on to the next in our batch of ephemeral productions."—*Summary Review.*

"We hear that Mr. GOORD, the celebrated novelist, is compelled, by reasons of health, to reside abroad in future, and that his unrivalled collection of antique tapestries, Louis Quinze furniture, and other objects of Art, will shortly be seen at CHRISTY'S."

STAGE THE SEVENTH.

"*Afterglow*, by J. GOORD, is a thoroughly well-written novel, like everything else that proceeds from this cultivated and conscientious artist. It will be greatly liked."—*Lubricator.*

"Mr. GOORD'S facile pen has given us another of his pleasant books. It is quite up to the level of anything he has done hitherto."—*Daily Oracle.*

"If we have allotted to *Afterglow* more space than its importance strictly deserves, our excuse must be the real pleasure which its perusal afforded us."—*Trumpeter.*

"An excellent little book to take up in an idle half-hour when there is nothing else to do."—*Discriminator.*

"Will appeal to a large circle of readers, and give much innocent pleasure."—*Areopagus.*

"The author's name seems familiar, somehow, though there is nothing on the title-page to indicate that *Afterglow* is not a maiden effort. If so, he (or she) may be congratulated and encouraged to persevere in the hope that some day, &c."—*Chanticlere.*

POST-SCRIPTUM.

(*Extract from Letter to Jonas Goord, Esq., from his Publishers.*)

DEAR SIR,—We propose, with your consent, to clear out the whole of the remainder copies of *Afterglow* at waste-paper prices, as we find it impossible to dispose of the edition on more favourable terms.

Trusting that this arrangement will meet with your approval, we are, &c., &c.

"IN GLOBO."

YALE University must be a pleasant place for a quiet student, if, whenever two Yaler Boys meet a third, they immediately proceed to hoist him off his legs, wildly carry him about, before depositing him recklessly anywhere, all the while shouting, "Yale! Yale! Yale!" as a sort of war-cry, in addition to yelling a verse of something or other, more or less unmusical. Such, as above stated, is the startling conduct of Messrs. HARRY REEVES-SMITH and ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, representing "Students of Yale University, U.S.A.," showing the "way they have in the 'Varsity" of giving a welcome to their fellow-student, *Frank Staynor* (played by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), on his arrival at "Miss FITZALLEN'S house in New York city."

The fun of this bustling piece culminates in the third act, which, as rarely happens in such farcical pieces, is the best of the three. Mr. MICHAEL MORTON, author of "*Miss Francis" of Yale*, seems to have had WEEDON GROSSMITH in his eye, and to have seen pretty clearly how he could best suit him. Through two acts the unfortunate WEEDON is battered, banged, bumped, thumped, frightened by everyone in turn, greatly to the delight of a sympathetic audience, until, in the last, he retires for the night, only to be treated worse than ever, and have his nerves shattered by a short but sharp thunderstorm. Messrs. REEVES-SMITH and PLAYFAIR hunt in couples, and, when not engaged in bullying WEEDON GROSSMITH, are flying for their lives from savage dogs, whose terrific barking is admirably imitated by some invisible artist outside, whose name does not appear in the playbill, but who, if justice is to be done all round, ought certainly to be rewarded by a call before the curtain, unless, as is not quite improbable, the above-mentioned clever canine imitation is artistically given by that sly dog, Mr. LITTLE, when, as *Uncle FitzAllen*, hiding under a bed, he treats the enraptured audience to a specimen of how *he* can imitate a dog's yapping, doing it, too, in a most convincing manner, until driven out of his ambush by several whacks from a poker in the vigorous hands of Miss ETHEL HOPE, impersonating *Miss Mann*. If this be so, special compliments are due to Mr. LITTLE.

As *Soaper*, the eccentric melodramatic butler, Mr. KINGHORNE is capital. Miss MAY PALFREY and Miss SPENCER BRUNTON are in pleasant contrast with one another as the two sweet sisters *FitzAllen*. Neither has much to say, and not very much to do. There is some character in the part of the merry widow, played by Miss HELEN FERRERS, who shares with *Cosette* (Miss FERRAR), the French maid, the best chances in the piece. "*Miss Francis*" has, it appears, made a decided hit, but it is not within measurable distance of *Charley's Aunt*. Sharp, short, brisk throughout, it succeeds in keeping an audience interested and amused for just two hours.



HOW LITTLE OUR DEAR ONES UNDERSTAND US!

Madge. "MY DEAR GEORGE, THERE YOU 'VE BEEN SITTING WITH YOUR CAMERA SINCE BREAKFAST, AND YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ANYTHING."

George (*intent on his own feelings*). "DON'T ASK ME TO, DARLING, I COULDN'T TOUCH IT!"

The Prayer of a Cycling Benedict.

[According to the experience of Mr. COOPER, the retiring Birmingham registrar, the "boom" in cycling has been coincident with the boom in matrimony.]

Mr. Punch said "Don't" to all those about to marry,
The bike says "Do" before the boom is at an end;
Pray give *me* leave this once, O London Charivari,
For tandems weren't invented when your sage advice you penned!

CURIOUS FACT OF HORTICULTURE.—That perhaps the best apple is a Blenheim orange.



"DON'T YOU THINK THE LUTHERAN SERVICE SWEET?"
"I DON'T THINK I KNOW IT. ALL MINE IS SÈVRES."

THINGS THEY DO BETTER IN HOLLAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I send you some random notes of a flying visit to the land of dams and polders? They are somewhat disconnected, and require sorting, much as does the writer after a rough sea-passage in one of the Zeelandsche Stoomvaart Maatschappij's excellent boats.

In the first place, there is no scenery to waste time over in Holland. A landscape, the ingredients of which are canals, cows, and wind-mills, saves a lot of trouble, if you keep a sketch-book. One horizontal line, surmounted by a row of X's, gives you a perfect picture of the Zaanland with its forest of saw-mills.

You can get an excellent seat in the stalls of a theatre for three shillings or so, with a penny for the programme. When will the London theatres follow suit, and let us see a piece in comfort at a reasonable price? Then the opera is sung in Dutch, so you are not bothered with listening to the absurdities of the libretto, but can devote all your attention to the music.

The Amsterdam Zoo people are most considerate to their four-legged and feathered residents. For instance, the ostrich has a comfortable and ornamental villa to himself, with reception and bedrooms, and apparently a kitchen, pantry, and coal-cellar in the back premises. Double-fronted, detached house; sanitation excellent; hot water throughout; balcony lounge, together with extensive playground, and "all that messuage"; standing in its own premises, and commanding romantic views of duck-pond and band-stand; keeper, gardeners, garden produce, and perquisites, all inclusive. Only the language of the house-property advertisements in our esteemed contemporaries' columns can do it justice.

The sands at Scheveningen are well provided with "wind-stoels," or wicker-work portable seats with hoods. Put two of these together face to face, and you can have a *tête-à-tête* as long as you like, or until they tip over.

Then in the Kurhaus they have invented and adopted a new means of gambling, called "European Pool," apparently played nowhere else. You can get rid of your guilders much faster this way than at "little horses," and as the chances are less in your favour, you will soon be cured of the taste for such games of chance. The principle is this: You take up a scoop, from which you let roll a vulcanite ball, about an inch and a half in diameter, on to a sort of long, flat trough, with eight shallow depressions in it. Two of these are marked red, two are blue, and the rest 1, 2, 3, 4, successively. You win twice your stake on the red or on the blue, and four times on the numbers, having previously indicated which you will play on, red, blue, or a number. I say, *you* win; or at least, I hope so. *I* didn't.

The elderly ladies do their best to arrest and amuse the observant eye, by wearing copper helmets of mediæval design at the back of their heads, with small, gold blinkers or frontlets at their temples, and surmounting the whole with a modern black bonnet with sprays and feathers. A few of such head-dresses in London would make a walk down Bond Street highly interesting.

In the Oude Kerk at Amsterdam you see a notice that smoking in church is forbidden; but that, by way of consolation, the 119th Psalm will be sung through as a "voorsang." The latter, with a sermon an hour and a half long, is in keeping with the lengthy hotel dinner given you recently. But I am straying from my text, and will therefore conclude with "*tot weêrziens!*" (which, I believe, is the Dutch *au revoir*).

Yours miscellaneously,
Z. Y. X.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disappointed Epicurean, whose lady-love will not "name the day," consoles himself on Michaelmas Day.

Hope against hope is still the tale
That's told from day to day,
While sunlight fades and skies grow pale,
O'ercast with shadows grey.
The Winter-snow is very near,
The cold is coming fast
On cutting winds; and yet, my dear,
You will not say, "At last!"

You will not see the Summer's fled,
And may not come again,
Nor recognise the year is dead,
While we two yet are twain.
You little reck of bitter grief
Caused by your fickle troth.
And, 'mid the falling of the leaf,
You think of *one*, not *both!*

The birds that sang to us in Spring
Have hushed their joyous strain,
Or taken flight on Southern wing
For Africa or Spain!
The swallow now prepares his flight,
For travel is agog,
And bids to us a long "Good-night!"—
He loves not English fog!

Still birds are left about the nest,
Birds that are passing fair,
The sprightliest and daintiest
That ever breathed our air;
Birds, such as you, who love to be
Uncaged, too prone to roam,
And live the life that they deem free
By never seeking home.

But there's one bird, I love her well,
I'll meet that bird to-night,
And on her many charms will dwell,
And make her my delight.
She shall for you atonement make,
And an exquisite excuse;
Of her I wish you could partake—
She is my wonted goose!

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE BACKERS OF HORSES AND THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS.—Back out!



A NATIONAL QUESTION.

Britannia. "WHEN ARE YOU TWO GOING TO MAKE IT UP, AND LET ME HAVE MY SHIPS?"

["The lock-out in the engineering trade will seriously interfere with the carrying out of the extended ship-building scheme authorised last Session by the House of Commons. Consequent on the delay in forwarding the programme, it will be impossible within the limits of the financial year to expend the seven and a half millions voted."—*Daily News, October* 2.]



With Motor-Cabs a substitute for "Whip behind" becomes a necessity. Messrs. Start and Jumpkins's Patent Galvanic Urchin Tickler will be found most effective.

THE PROPITIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your mission in life?

Answer. To discover causes of discord, and remove them.

Q. Give an instance of your occupation in action.

A. I strongly object to the celebration of the anniversary of the victory of Trafalgar, because the event might offend the French.

Q. Then do you object to the name of Wellington?

A. Certainly, except in its connection with boots.

Q. And what about Waterloo?

A. It should disappear as a name of a place, a bridge, or an omnibus.

Q. Would you honour Napoleon with a statue?

A. In theory.

Q. Why not in practice?

A. Because the effigies of public men in England may, unfortunately, turn out to be insults perpetuated in marble or bronze.

Q. Would you celebrate any date in connection with the Spanish Armada?

A. Certainly not; more especially as the incident is said to have occurred so long ago that it is to be hoped that it may not be true.

Q. Would you retain a remembrance of the names of any of our battles with the French?

A. Only those which we had lost—for instance, Fontenoy.

Q. And what would you do about Nelson?

A. I would prove conclusively that he never won an action in his life and was invariably outwitted by our Gallic neighbours.

Q. And what would you say about Wellington?

A. That instead of his customary title, he should be known as the Hero of a Hundred Flights.

Q. And how would you account for the successes of both?



Some additions we may reasonably expect to the Hot-water Lamp-posts.

A. By their luck in fortunate blundering.

Q. Then you would establish the prestige of our lively neighbours at the expense of the reputation of our own troops?

A. Undoubtedly; and thus prevent our country drifting into war.

Q. And you consider that this plan of self-depreciation is conducive to propitiation?

A. I do; and consequently it is my great regret that there is an unfortunate bar to the attainment of my object.

Q. What is that, in your eyes, unfortunate bar?

A. That my words and actions are imperfectly understood by our neighbours across the water.

Q. Is this a curse?

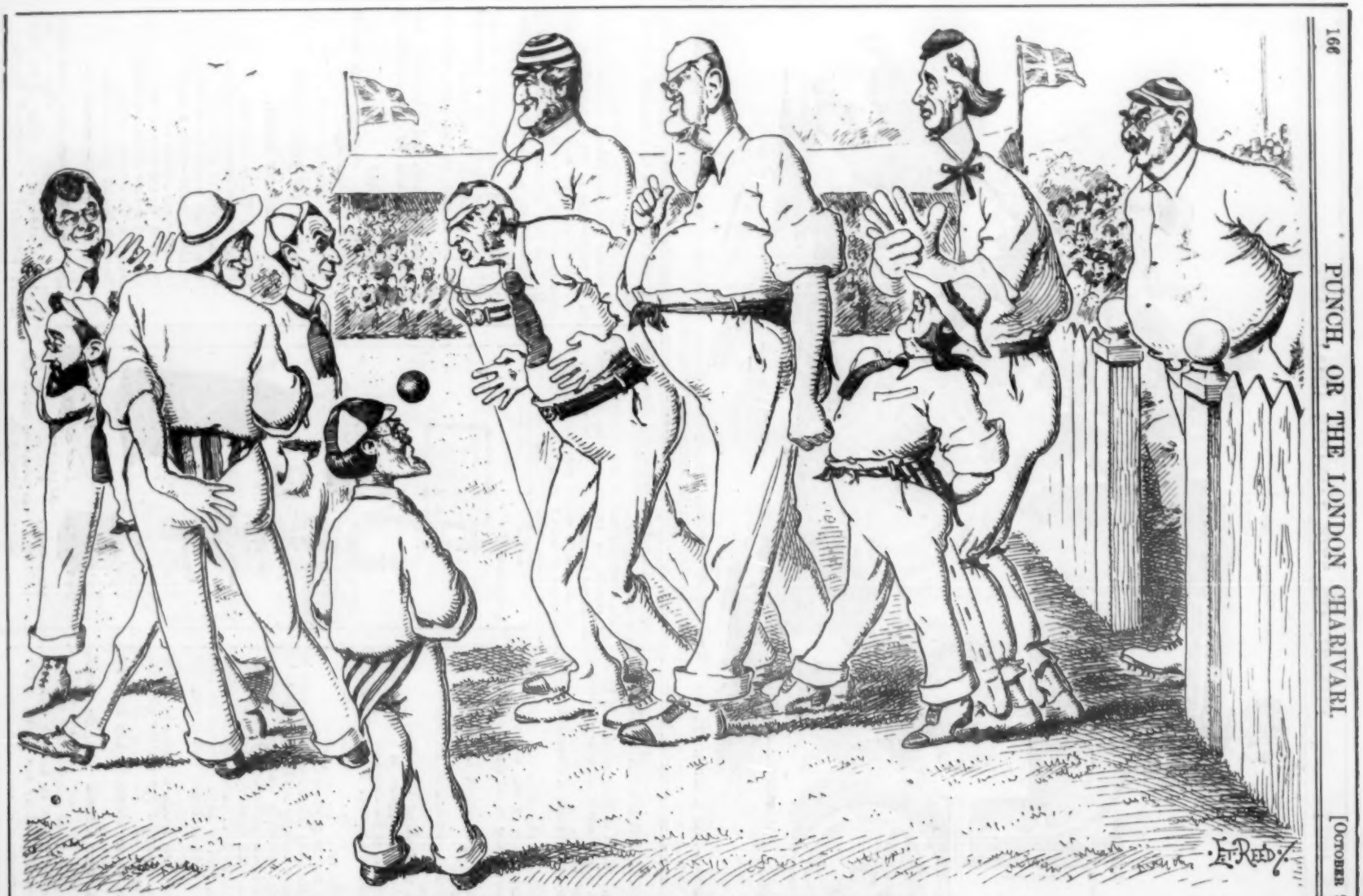
A. In my eyes; although some people may consider it a blessing.

A LAY OF THE LAKES.

Derwent Water.

Derwent Water very fine
When the sun consents to shine;
Derwent Water very calm;
Sure to sail would do no harm.
Suddenly there comes a squall,
Instantly our spirits fall.
Derwent Water over decks,
Derwent Water down our necks,
Derwent Water very rough,
Derwent Water quite enough.

From our Irrepressible One (*obviously in concealment*).—*Q.* What is certainly the name of the sister of the Clerk of the Weather? *A.* Anne E. Royd.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET TEAM ON TOUR!

(Warranted correct.)

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER'S DISCLAIMER MAKES IT CLEAR THAT THE PUBLISHED LIST OF THE ELEVEN THAT IS SHORTLY GOING ROUND THE WORLD IS NOT CORRECT. THE TEAM WILL OF COURSE BE CONSTITUTED *AS ABOVE!*

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Nuremberg.—Still raining. Still cold and foggy. Have finished museums. What next? Churches. To the Laurenz Kirche. Very dark inside. Walk slowly round choir. Perceive on the floor a small placard inscribed "*Stufe!*" Stop and look at it. My German wants brushing up. Remember the word, but not the translation of it. Looks as if it meant "stove," but that is *Ofen*. Am still meditating when I nearly fall over a step. Then understand what a *Stufe* is. Fine instance of German paternal government. No doubt most foreigners, gazing at this word, are on their hands and knees before they know what it means. If there were no placard their eyes would be at liberty to see the step.

Ramble round the Castle, and Albert Durer's house, and the Museum of Instruments of Torture—which contains some instruments of music, but no barrel-organ—and then good-bye to the factory-chimneys, the fog, and the Gothic railway station. The train leaves the latter reluctantly. It is a very slow train. Cannot imagine how they manage to have so many accidents in Germany when they go at this pace. Wonder the passengers don't get out and walk. Safer and quicker.

If you like a slow train,
You will find one in Spain;
For dawdling combined with disaster,
You 'll be suited as well
In a *Zug*, far from *schnell*—
Be smashed, while a bike would go faster.

Rothenburg.—At last arrive. For the moment it is not raining. Round the town. A delightful old place. Every house picturesque. The *Herr Bürgermeister* and his fellow-citizens keep their beautiful old town mediæval, and yet clean and in good order, a combination which hardly any other Town Council has ever attempted. Then the rain begins again. If any one wished to make a fortune he should start somewhere in Bavaria an immense shop for the sale of waterproof clothing. If properly puffed, his establishment would in time supply every man, woman and child with macintoshes, &c. Everyone would wear a *Gummi-Mantel*, a *Gummi-Hut*, and *Gummi-Schuhe*. Can't stand damp mediævalism any longer. Must go where there are cabs, *cafés*, theatres, and tramcars to shelter one.

So off to Munich, this time in a *Schnellzug*, which is very full. There is a dining-car in the train. Capital! After dining at Rothenburg at 12.15, could manage a second dinner about 7.30. Quite a civilized hour. So at that time, with a good appetite, change to the *Speisewagen*. Am crushed by the astounding information that everything has been eaten! Not even a roll left. At once feel a still better appetite. The waiter tries to console me by saying that we arrive at Munich at 9. By the time I can get supper at the hotel it will be 9.30—two hours hence. Spend the remaining hour and a half in the train opposite a weary little old lady and a restless man. Probably he is also starving. The old lady seems to desire repose—probably after a good meal. She lies down on half the length of the seat, and closes her eyes. The restless man yawns, pushes his hat back, pulls it forward again, wriggles, kicks. He must be hungry. Old lady opens her eyes, sits up, puts on a large pair of spectacles, looks sadly around, and tries to go to sleep again. Should feel more sorry for her if I thought she were also starving. Wonder if she has any biscuits in her little hand-bag. How to obtain one? Impossible if she is asleep. Otherwise might get into conversation and arouse her sympathy. She does not rest long. Her neighbour jumps up, and flops down again. This movement shoots the old lady into a sitting posture. She opens one eye and sighs. Restless man, in a paroxysm of energy, throws about his arms, as though he were using dumb-bells. Old lady opens both eyes, gazes nervously at his moving arms, sits as far away as she can, and asks me how much longer it is to Munich. Ah, now is my chance! I tell her there is another hour. She gasps. Restless man bolts out into the corridor, and is seen no more. Perhaps he is gnawing a napkin in the useless *Speisewagen*. As soon as he has gone, the old lady falls asleep again, and all hope of a biscuit vanishes. Starve steadily to Munich.

Robinson the Rover.

A Rift in the Lute.

Country Cousin (*on a visit to London, to lady fiddler*). Were you practising on your violin just now, Miss Strad? I thought I heard you.

Miss Strad. No. I haven't touched it to-day.

Country Cousin. Ah! then it must have been an organ in the street!

[*And for the life of him he can't understand why* Miss Strad *now gives him the cold shoulder.*



"There 's one thing I *will* say about Me—an' that is, I 's a Man of regular 'abits!"

POACHING UP TO DATE.

["Two men were fined £120 a-piece for poaching white rhinoceros." *Times of Africa.*]

I've poached a pickle pairtricks when the leaves were turnin' sere,
I've roached a twa-three hares an' groose, an' mebbe whiles a deer,
But ou, it seems an unco thing, an' jist a wee mysterious
Hoo any mortal could contrive tae poach a rhinocerious.

I've crackit wi' the keeper, pockets packed wi' pheasants' eggs,
An' a ten-pun' saumon hangin' doun in baith my trouser legs,
But eh, I doot effects wud be a wee thing deleterious
Gin ye shuld stow intil yer breeks a brace o' rhinocerious.

I mind hoo me an' Wullie shot a Royal in Braemar,
An' brocht him doun tae Athol by the licht o' mune an' star,
An' eh, Sirs! but the canny beast contrived tae fash an' weary us—
Yet staigs maun be but bairn's play by a weel-grown rhinocerious.

I thocht I kent o' poachin' jist as muckle 's ither men,
But there is still a twa-three things I doot I dinna ken,
An' noo I canna rest, my brain is growin' that deleerious
Tae win awa' tae Africa an' poach a rhinocerious.

At Brighton.

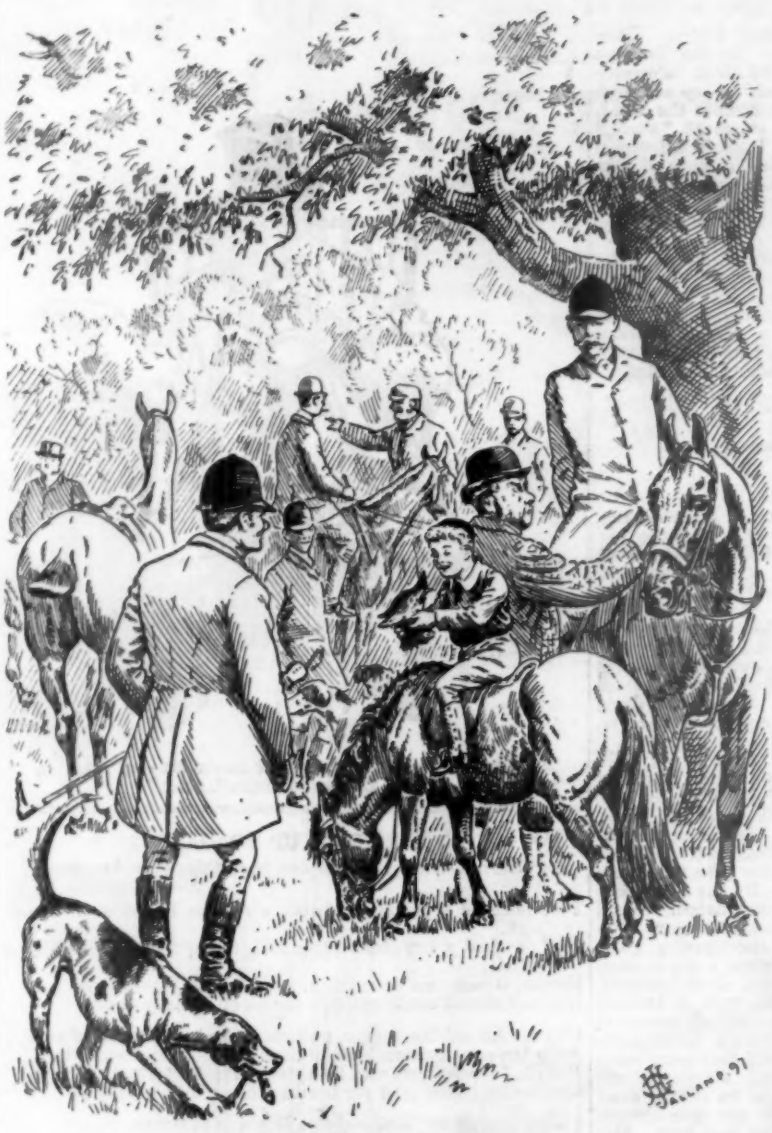
Ethel. I can't make out why that well-dressed, good-looking man stares so persistently at you, Gladys.

Gladys. I can. He 's the new foreman at Snip and Pattern's, and he wants to see how my new tailor-made frocks are cut by Button and Breeks.

Lingua Franca at the Prix du Conseil Municipal.

Anatole. Qui est ce petit Monsieur qui vient de te saluer, Alphonse?

Alphonse. C'est un sportsman le jockey qui a fait un dead'eat avec un outsidare au dernier meeting. Un vrai dark'orse!



MURDER WILL OUT.

Teddy (out Cub-hunting for the first time). "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. HUNTSMAN. BUT I'M AFRAID DADDY WILL BURY IT."

Huntsman. "BURY IT? OH, NO, HE'LL HAVE IT STUFFED FOR YOU."

Teddy. "WILL HE? THEN WHY DOES HE ALWAYS BURY THE ONES HE SHOOTS?"

[*Nice for Daddy, who may be seen talking to the M.F.H.*

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—"The Siamese Minister," says Saturday's *Daily Mail*, "yesterday waited upon the Lord Mayor"—at luncheon, probably, and handed his Lordship the real turtle and hashed venison—"at the Mansion House, and, by command of the King of SIAM, presented his Lordship with the insignia of Commander of the Royal Order of the White Elephant, and with a portrait of the King." As "Commander," the Lord Mayor may now order as many White Elephants as he can get. All who saw Sir FAUDEL gaily bestriding his fiery steed on Jubilee Day know that he is already a perfect Master of the Horse; and perhaps next ninth of November we may behold the ex-Lord Mayor, in his robes, sitting on a White Elephant's head, bowing his acknowledgments right and left to the crowd; while within the palanquin on the elephant's back will be the new Lord Mayor, the Mace Bearer, the Recorder, and the Chaplain. "There's a picture for you!" *A propos* of pictures, if Sir FAUDEL can't have a White Elephant to mount, he will, at all events, see that the King's portrait is properly "mounted."

BY-ELECTIONS.

JOCK, JOCK, yer thochts were ever bent
In some gey licht direction,
Ye lovedna learnin' or ye'd kent
This was a by-election.
An' why sae namit? Hout awa',
Just list, ye feckless creetur',
I'll gie ye what the Frenchmen ca'
The vara *raison d'eeter*.

Ae morn—the fecht was ragin' fair—
While we were at oor parritch,
There staps without our cottage there
A bonny braw new carritch.
An' whiles we thocht what shuld be done,
No bein' used wi' gentry,
The Colonel, smilin' like the sun,
Cam' in an' made his entry.

Agreeable? Ou, I doot the word
Has never been inventit.
Agreeable? Faith, we never heard
Oursels sae complimentit.
He praised the coo, admired the soo,
Was in the midden rollin',
An' hoped we'd see an' bring him through
Triumphant at the pollin'.

Scarce had he smiled himsel' awa',
Scarce was his last bow drappit,
When look ye! Lord preserve us a',
Anither carritch stappit.
An' ere the wife could hurry ben
Tae set the parlour ready,
There stood within the door, ye ken,
Sir TAMMAS an' his leddy.

We thocht the Colonel he bade fair
Wi' compliments tae cram us,
But, JOCK, my laddie, he was ne'er
A patch upon Sir TAMMAS.
He askit us aboot the hay,
An' was there aucht we're wishin'?
An' hoped that whiles we'd tak' a day
Doun at the saumon fishin'.

Scarce had he gnen, the gudewife sees
The butler frae the Hoose, man—
"The Colonel's compliments an' please
Ye'll tak' a brace o' groose, man."
Then comes Sir TAMMAS' man an' mak's
A lang oration, endin'
"He hopes ye'll like the hares he tak's
The liberty o' sendin'."

The Colonel ca'd again the morn,
"Why, man," quoth he, "ye're husky.
Ye've ta'en the cauld, an' I'll be sworn
There's naethin' for't like whusky.
I've got the vara thing, ye'll see,
An' oh, the wee-est spot 'll
Jist mak' anither man o' ye—
I'll send ye doun a bottle."

Sir TAMMAS heard o' this i' toun,
For sure as I'm a sinner,
His ain braw man cam' fleein' doun
While we were at our dinner.
"Sir TAMMAS saw wi' muckle pain
How pale ye looked an' weak, Sir;
He hopes this port 'll bring again
The roses tae yer cheek, Sir!"

O JOCK! I never lived, my lad,
In sic a field o' clover,
An' eh, it mak's me gey an' sad
Tae think it a' is over.
An' noo, mebbe, ye'll unnerstan',
Gin ye are a reflector,
Why 'tis a *by*-election, an'
Why I'm a boucht elector.

At the Pig and Pelican.

Mrs. Thimbleby (*to* Mrs. GRIMBLEBY). I can't abide them dratted pore rates.

Mrs. Grimbleby. Why, lor' love yer, MARTHA, I looks upon 'em as a blessed old age pension.

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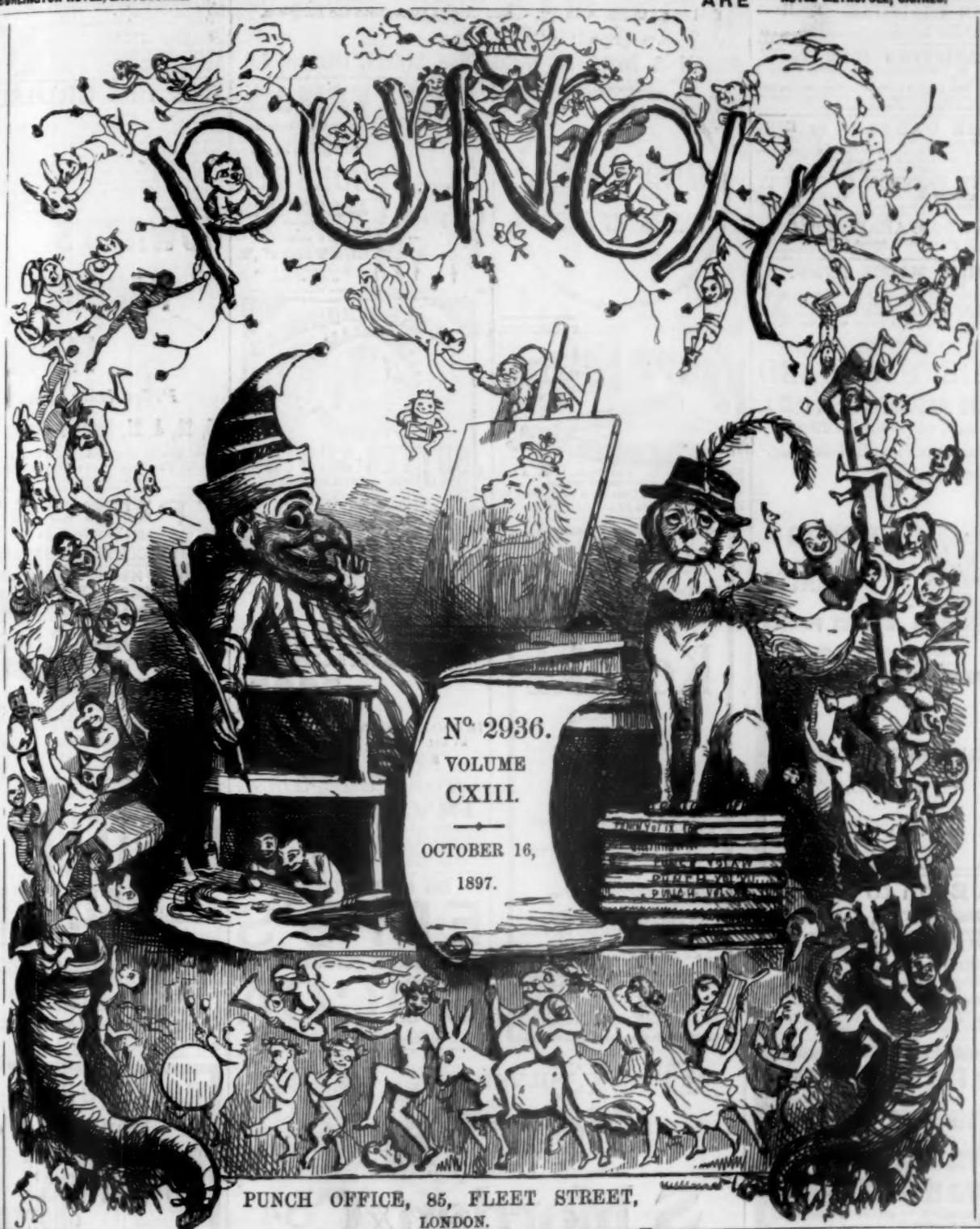
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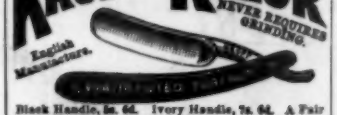
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STRAPPING HIM ON.

A respectful Suggestion, in advance, for *some* of our Amateur Steeple-chase Riders.

AN INTERVIEW.

It was not without a certain amount of difficulty that I obtained the privilege of an interview with Mr. Sloggington Blowfrog, the latest of those novelists who have "arrived." On my announcing myself at his front door, he at once took refuge in flight, and it was only after a heated chase that I ran him down in the cupboard beneath the kitchen stairs, a very pretty apartment, which the author has fitted up for the reception of blocks of Wallsend and Silkstone, Derby Brights, and other mineral products of a like nature.

"Perhaps, if you are so averse to being interviewed——," I began, but a frown on the great writer's brow arrested me.

"No," he said, "don't go. You see, a little chase after me lends an added zest to the interviewer's keenness for copy. And now let us start in the customary manner. No, I am not a writer by birth. I studied originally for the profession of dustman, and followed that calling for several years with, perhaps I may be allowed to say, considerable success. I am inclined to think that nothing is more likely to fit one for the production of *fin de siècle* literature than dust collecting and the constant association with garbage of all kinds. It is a great qualification for the work of the modern 'hill-top,' novelist. What did the public think of my *Three Monkeys in the Dusthole?*" he broke off suddenly. "Realistic, wasn't it?" Then, pensively scratching the tip of his ear with a fork, he resumed, "It was a work in which my wife helped me very materially. Of course that adds greatly to the value of anything one writes nowadays: in fact, it is almost a *sine quâ non*—ah, I suppose you don't speak Spanish? forgive me—that the (interviewed) writer should be helped by his wife. Wifely help is all the 'go' just now. How do I work, you ask? Well, I usually rise at midnight, eat a hearty meal of tea and shrimps, then work till about 4 A.M. . . . My favourite seat whilst at work? Oh, I usually sit in the scullery sink. By the way, you might like these few photographs of me, in various attitudes, for reproduction in your journal. Too many to carry? Very well, I'll have them packed in a crate and sent on by Carter, Paterson. But to resume. At 4 A.M. I go for a ride on my bike, or play shove-halfpenny for an hour with the milkman round the corner; then I return and go to bed—— Excuse me a moment." And my host picked up a richly-jewelled inkstand, and hurled it, with marvellous precision, through the window at a black Tom-cat on the lawn. "And now please go. I have to work at fifteen different magazine stories. You see, the public *will* have the lion of the hour—for just so long as he *is* the lion of the hour, *bien entendu*—pardon me, perhaps you don't understand Italian? . . . My next great work? Well, I need hardly tell you that all novels nowadays must be of low life, and no neighbourhood more aristocratic than Lambeth should be dealt with. A strong incident in my new book is the marriage of Bill Buggins, the Labour agitator, who despises capital, vested interests and personal cleanliness, to the proud but consumptive Russian Princess Orfulkorff. And now, will you take a pot of four ale? No? Well, then, goodbye. Don't put in a lot of compliments about my personal appearance, or my house, or wife, or dog—— By the way, that dog was presented to me by one of the Crowned Heads. . . . No, I sha'n't tell you which—who brought him all the way from Leadenhall Market on a string. You won't put in any compliments, will you?"

"Certainly not, if you——"

"Ah, you take me too literally," interrupted the great novelist, hastily. "Do just as you like about it," and a pleasant smile lit up the mobile face with its rolling eye and massive nose, in which the rich, red blood shows boldly and perpetually at the tip. "And now," he concluded, playfully fingering a heavy paper-weight, "if you don't go, I shall have to treat you as I treated *Thomas le noir*. Again, pardon me for using the dead languages."

And keeping an eye on my genial host, I left the room—backwards.

The betrothal was recently announced of the Princess Theodora of Saxe-Meiningen (the home of the celebrated theatrical troupe) "to Prince Henry XXX. of Reuss." An "Ex-Prince" is of no great value, but a Prince who is "treble X." must be a strong potentate—quite a quart-pot-entate.



THE WINDFALL.

Mr. Ratepayer. "I say, Maria, the London County Council has taken a Farthing in the Pound off the Rates for the next Six Months!"

Mrs. R. "*Have* they, dear? Then—*now* we can go to Monte Carlo!"



"THEM ARTISES!"

Lady Artist. "Do you belong to that Ship over there?" *Sailor.* "Yes, Miss."
Lady Artist. "Then would you mind loosening all those Ropes? They are much too tight, and, besides, I can't draw straight lines!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mrs. Robert Jocelyn's *Only a Love Story* (Hutchinson) is, to be more precise, several love stories. But they all centre round the *Lady Veronia Brackendale*, and my Baronite does not wonder, for she is a charming girl. In the end, she marries decidedly the best of her troop of admirers. The plot is not very profound, but it is unfolded in sprightly fashion, illumined by many flashes of keen insight. The literary style is deplorably slipshod. Possibly this is a subtle touch of art, being in keeping with the style in which women write confidentially about each other.

To wile away the tedium of a railway journey, let me confidently recommend *A Studio Mystery*, by Frank Aubrey, published by Jarrold and Sons. It is pocketable, honestly, and clearly printed, two excellent qualities in a book to be selected as the companion of your evening journey by rail, "when the lights are low"; moreover, it is a mystery which the genuine romance-reader will penetrate at once, though to ascertain the means whereby discovery is brought about will keep him thoroughly interested to the end. By the very fact of the mystery being made so clear, the reader is, from time to time, put off the right track, and is inclined to think that he must be mistaken. It belongs to the series called "The Daffodil Library," which sounds a bit æsthetic; but do not be put off by this. To those fond of a "sensation," the Baron says, "Read *A Studio Mystery*."

Perpetua, by Baring Gould, is an interesting novel, to which the author-actor-manager who carries *The Sign of the Cross* triumphantly all over the country, should turn his attention when in search of another ecclesiastical-dramatical subject for a new Early Christian play. He will do well, however, at the same time, to consult Wiseman's *Fabiola*, Newman's *Callista*, and, to be accurate in details, Rossi's work on the Catacombs. He may also follow Mr. Baring Gould's example, and, after selecting certain passages from the well-known Paley's *Evidences*, he can turn them into blank verse, should he have a talent for this impressive style, and then appropriately place the lines in the mouth of the excellent, but slightly prosy, *Bishop Castor*. Perhaps Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii* may also be of some assistance. If only the simple question as to the origin of evil with which *Friday* posed *Robinson Crusoe* could have been brought in, and answered satisfactorily by *Castor*, then this novel would obtain a world-wide reputation and unprecedented sale. As it is, it is mildly interesting, but "unconvincing." The Bishop is apparently conscious of being a bit of a bore, and so, in the midst of a lengthy discourse, he diffidently requests to be allowed "to say something further, if I do not weary you." Whereupon *Æmilius Varro*, a man of pleasure, and a lawyer, not to be outdone in courtesy, replies, "Not at all. You astonish me too much to weary me," and thereby, as one never loses by politeness, he lets himself in for a further continuation of the episcopal dissertation. One of the best written scenes in the novel is the description of *Deacon Baudillas* in the rat-pit. Should Mr. Wilson Barrett elect to play the Deacon, what a sensation his fight with the rats would cause if he were only sufficiently terrier-fied! The last scene of the miraculous snow-storm is an admirable climax, and would give opportunity for such scenic effect as has not been seen on the stage since the volcanic days of *Claudian* at the Princess's.

The Baron de B.-W.

Song of "the Missing Sportsman."

How happy could I be on heather,
A-shooting at grouse all the day,
If only the birds in high feather
Would not, when I shoot, fly away!

Definition of a "Clearance Sale."—Going out as one of a party in a sailing-boat full of trippers at two shillings a head.



Our Own Undergraduate (fresh from his Euclid). "Ha! Two Riders to One Prop.'

MENTALITY *v.* EMOTION.

["In future, people marrying are to be guided by Mentality and not by Emotion. . . . A society has been formed to promote these principles." *Daily Chronicle.*]

You 've heard the latest, darling Flo?
  Was ever such a notion?
Now, when we marry, we must go
  By bumps and not emotion.
Of course Mamma has caught the craze,
  And felt our bumps and noses,
And vows, whatever faults I raise,
  I *must* have Mr. Moses.

It 's all in vain I plead that Jack
  Is clever. They say *not*, Flo;
They say he shows an utter lack
  Of *size* and *weight*. It 's *not*, Flo!
Of course he is not like the Jew,
  A great, fat, ugly porpoise,
But size and weight! Why, he pulled two
  When B. N. C. bumped Corpus!

Then his *adhesiveness* is slight,
  And so is *concentration;*
Why, he can dance with me all night
  Without the least cessation.
And for *adhesiveness!* Why, Flo,
  They *would* feel precious geese, if
I told how Jack can kiss—he 's so
  Delightfully adhesive!

Thank goodness, Jack has got no bumps
  Upon his dear old forehead,
For Moses, with his nasty lumps,
  Is horrid—simply horrid.
No! Ma, of course, is free to pick
  According to her notions,
But as for me, I mean to stick
  To good old-world emotions.

Subject for an up-to-date Picture.—"Labby," M.P., worried by the Hessian fly.

WHEEL WICTIMS!

(*Some Paragraphs strayed from the "St. J-m-s's G-z-tte."*)

The long and terrible list of bicycling accidents, which (at this time of year) we publish daily, still continues to grow. The latest batch is even more alarming than usual, and proves conclusively that no one with the smallest respect for their safety should ever be induced to ride a bicycle. There are some persons who seem unable to relish any amusement that is not fraught with peril, but to such we would recommend bathing in the whirlpools of Niagara as, on the whole, a less dangerous recreation.

From the highland village of Tittledrummie comes the news of one terrible disaster. As James Macranky, a youth of fifteen, was attempting to mount his machine for the first time in his father's garden, the unfortunate lad lost his balance and was precipitated into the middle of a gooseberry-bush, with the result that his right hand was severely scratched. Although he is still alive at present, it is highly probable that he will develop symptoms of blood-poisoning in consequence of his misadventure, when tetanus will certainly supervene, and the fatal bicycle will have brought one more victim to a premature death.

What might have been a fatal accident was averted by the merest chance in Kensington on Monday last. According to an eye-witness of the thrilling scene, a young lady was riding by herself (a dangerous practice which we have repeatedly censured) along the Cromwell Road, when a hansom-cab suddenly appeared, advancing rapidly in the opposite direction. With marvellous nerve the young lady guided her machine to the left-hand side of the road while the cab was still fifty yards from her, and was thus enabled to pass it in safety. But supposing she had lost her nerve in this alarming crisis, and had steered straight for the horse's feet, she could only have escaped destruction by a miracle.

We are loth to inflict too many of these gruesome stories upon our readers, so we will add only one more for the present, which may well serve as a warning to those who tour in districts unknown to them. A party of ladies and gentlemen made an expedition on bicycles last week in the neighbourhood of Beachborough. Being unfamiliar with the locality, they dismounted at a point where two cross-roads met, and hesitated as to which direction they should take. By a providential chance, they decided to keep to the left, and so reached their destination in safety. Afterwards they learned with horror that had they chosen the other road, ridden two miles along it, turned to the right, and then to the left again, they would have found themselves close to the edge of the cliff, from which there is a sheer drop of six hundred feet to the beach beneath! And there are still some foolish persons who attempt to deny the awful perils of cycling!

The *Daily Telegraph* publishes a list of "Settling Days," which is probably very useful to natives and settlers. But how about a list of "Unsettling Days"? Prominent in the list would be birthdays, wedding-days, quarter-days, Lord Mayor's days, civic banquet days, Bank Holidays, of course, and many other days, including nights, which have always been recognised as distinctly "unsettling."

The "Ex-M.P." who wrote to the *Times* complaining that the railway-rates for "bikes" were enormously high, evidently wished to be "ex-m-p-ted." But most certainly the freight-charges for bicycling ought to be higher than for ordinary luggage. "Take it up tenderly, treat it with care," should be the rule, and bikers wishing to travel by train should arrive early and give the porters every chance.

Mrs. Muddle (of the great Muddlehead family) cannot recollect what the striking cartoon of Raphael's was that she saw in Rome, but thinks it represented Saint Paul preaching on the Asparagus. (*Query* "Areopagus"?)

Lucky Dog.—The man without a penny who is engaged to "The Lord Mayor's Ward," Miss Farringdon Within.

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

Honoured Sir,—So regardless of past favours is the Majority of Mankind, that not only you, my ever esteemed Patron, but also most of your readers, have probably forgotten that the Impecunious Prophet of the Sport of Kings was enabled this time last year to supply an augury with regard to that noble Handicap, the Cesarewitch, such as was calculated to enable one and all to wash down the appetising flesh of the Colchian bird with copious draughts of the joyous vintage of Champagne. I will not accuse you or others, who profited by my advice then and since, with Ingratitude. Rather will I ascribe their remissness in the matter of remittances to that Intoxication of Feeling, which invariably follows the Glory of Triumph.

Just ten years ago I knew a young Aristocrat, who, broken on the Wheel of Fortune, approached me with tears in his deep blue eyes, and implored me, if possible, to give him that information which was calculated to enable him to supply himself with bread and cheese and bitter beer, and his family with coals and blankets, during the rigour of the approaching Winter. Touched by the misery of his condition, I provided him there and then with *Humewood* for the Cesarewitch, and *Gloriation*, at forty golden shekels to one, for the Cambridgeshire. Could human divination have probed the mysteries of the Future to greater advantage? My young Aristocrat was saved from starvation, and possibly a prolonged sojourn in Her Majesty's Castle of Holloway! "Was he grateful?" will naturally be your query, when you consider the magnificence of that superb Double Event. Alas! I can truthfully state that the only recompense which he vouchsafed to send me took the shape of a brace of patriarchal grouse, which had perhaps escaped from the Ark. Last week, at Leicester, my young Aristocrat did not even recognise my features, as he elbowed his way past me to the Paddock, clad in an irreproachable Newmarket coat, and armed with a cigar as long as a Torpedo Boat. I often think, Sir, that Belisarius must have been no general, but a prophet about chariot-racing.

Similarly, when, last year, I distributed *St. Bris* with the freedom of a professional gamester dealing cards, and ten to one romped home at the hands of Kempton Cannon, but few of those *honoraria* that grateful clients usually press upon their professional advisers came into my possession.

In all delicacy, I forbear, honoured Sir, to continue this subject, because I have since learnt from a Prodigious Penciller, that some of the *highest and mightiest* about the office of *Mr. Punch* were not above following the recommendation of the humble Vates. *Verb. sap.*, as they say in the classics. There is also an English adage, which runs, "It is never too late to mend," admirably illustrated in romance and drama by the late Mr. Charles Reade. You, Sir, could prove its truth more privately, but quite as effectively, the more so, as the same P. P. informs me that the Winner of the Duke of York Stakes was peacefully reposing up your sleeve till such time as the race was run.

And now to the business of the Bard. Let me remind you and yours that the Cesarewitch is this year run upon the thirteenth day of the month, and on the eve of the Natal Day of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and of the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. I am not one to believe that these dispiriting influences will interfere with the success of the Handicap, so I boldly plunge, like an experienced diver, into the troubled waters of Prejudgment, and herewith sing—

I have no fear of *Asteroid*,
No *Jacobean* for me,
One *Saint*, I fear, is null and void,
But the *Second* looks well to be.
The *Judicious Lover* may run right well,
And the *Man of the Sun* go free,
And the Rush on the Grange may the Market swell,
But I 'll stand by the *Son of the Sea*,
With, given a start for *Jack of the Mart*,
To finish in one, two, three.

There! the weary brain is at rest for a brief period, the goose-quill drops from the digits of the Poet, and once more the Promethean fire flickers as it dies from the brow of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,
Darby Jones.

P.S.—I have reason to believe that a Certain Noble Lord to whom I confided the excellence of *Corkscrew* at Leicester has forwarded a case of *extra sec* addressed to your office. I have grave doubts as to the honesty of some of your officials. Hence this hint.



"Of course, I know you don't need one, but if you should happen to hear of any one wanting a well-bred Puppy, think of *me*, don't you know."

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Horse.

The noblest conquest which the horse has ever made is that of man, that spirited and haughty animal which shares with him the fatigues of war and the glory of the combat. Consider how man, from the cradle to the grave, is absorbed in devotion to the equine race. When mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, he agitates his own little limbs, and appeals frantically to the passing "gee-gee." As he grows older, he becomes further and further involved in some form of horse worship. The most deified type of horse is the Racehorse. Each one of these glorified beings has its attendant suite of men and boys to perform the sacred rites. "Jokkies" and "Grewms" represent respectively a higher and lower order of priesthood, with acolytes known as "Stabel-bhoys." Immense are the sacrifices that have been made in this system of worship. There also exists a missionary order known as "Bookkis." They speak an occult language, which is closely studied by a large and earnest-minded section of humankind. A talismanic virtue is attributed to certain formulæ, such as "Tentowuninarphkrowns." The Great Successful Chief of all the Bookkis is "Ibak the Vinnar."

All this is interesting as showing that the horse is an animal that age cannot stale nor motor-cars exterminate.



COMPENSATION.

She. "I 'm sorry to hear you 've lost your Patient, Dr. Jones."
He. "But he was ill a long, long time!"

Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

Born, 1817. Died, Oct. 6, 1897.

Four-score the years that crowned your head, and still
In labour, not in sorrow, passed their strength!
Untired the genial hand and stedfast will
Yield up their task at length.

With generous love, forestalling Death's bequest,
From out your treasure-stores of youth and age
Living, you gave your country of your best,
A royal heritage!

Of lesser claims we know the noisy cry;
Yours were the gifts too great to ask our praise:
You reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye"
In life's sequestered ways.

The faded history of courts and kings
Touched by your spell took on its former hue;
You made the daily art of common things
Fresh as the morning dew.

And *Punch*, who knew you early for his friend,
When friends were rare and fortune yet to know,
Still cherishes the charm your fancies lend
His page of long ago.

Take, for he brings you, mindful of the past,
This token, witness to a comrade's grief,
Mourning the noble heart that lies at last
Dead with the dying leaf.

Privileged Persons.—Billiard players who put on "side" and pocket all they can get.

"DIET UNLIMITED."

Dear Mr. Punch,—As a general thing, I don't read the papers much—except yours, of course—because they 're full of politics and all that kind of thing, so that, bar the cricket and footer news, they are precious uninteresting. But lately I noticed that one of them, by some fluke, had a lot of letters on a really important subject; they were headed, "The Feeding at the Public Schools." Some of them were most awful rot, and I wrote to the editor, and told him he must be a silly juggins to print such drivel; but he hasn't published my letter yet. One chap wrote to say that schoolboys were "pampered with luxuries in these days." Just let him come and try the Sunday stodge here. But, to make up, there were one or two letters that were first-class, and I cut one out and left it on old Bags' desk, so I hope he may read it. It says that it is scandalous that boys should be driven to buy for themselves the food with which their housemasters should supply them. This is quite true, and Bags ought to supply me with all the Turkish Delight I want. Then the letter goes on: "It is unreasonable to expect growing boys to use and develop their brain-power satisfactorily unless they are afforded a generous and liberal diet." *Mr. Punch*, that man is really sensible, and I jolly well wish he was my tutor instead of Bags. "A generous and liberal diet!" Sardines, and marmalade, and ices, and cocoa, and potted meat, and bananas, and sausage-rolls—why am I not given these? And when I buy them with my hard-earned pocket-money, they don't understand that I only wish to develop my brain-power. Only yesterday one of the masters called me a "greedy little pig," because he found me eating butter-scotch. Had my tongue not been engaged at that moment, I would have explained that butter-scotch runs you up more brain-power than anything else, and that I was only eating it in order to do well in school, and be a credit to my dear parents. It is true that I came out bottom of my form last term. Why was that? Bags—who is a beast—said it was "incurable idleness." I know now that it was nothing of the kind; it was simply because I had no chocolate creams for a fortnight before the end of the term, and my brain-power for the exams. suffered in consequence. You can't call a diet "generous and liberal" if it has no chocolate creams in it.

And now I'll give you my own opinion about this most important question. The beginning of the term is all right, fellows bring back grub with them, and they 've got money as well to buy more. But it 's quite different later on, when everyone's more or less stony-broke. In fact, though we 've only been back three weeks, I fear that my brain-power won't develop satisfactorily much longer; I finished the last pot of strawberry jam last night. I am sure that you will agree that it would be a great pity if I didn't get my remove at the end of this term, and my only chance is a generous and liberal diet. This is, in fact, why I am writing to you. I 'm sure that you or some of your readers would like to help me, and all they have to do is to send me a fair-sized hamper once a week or so. My brain-power specially needs potted shrimps, Turkish Delight, and dessert biscuits. Or, if you like to send me the cash, I 'll buy the things myself.

Yours affectionately,
Poppleton College. Jones Minor.



LENDING A HAND.

Ameer. "ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU!"
John Bull. "THANKS, VERY MUCH, BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL UNDER, NOW!!"



GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

Preserver of Game. "Hullo! Bless my life! A Brace of Foxes! Why, they must have been turning them down."
M.F.H. (having a day amongst the turnips). "Oh, no, they are yours, of course."
Preserver of Game (forgetting his company). "That I'm sure they are not!"



A LIGHT O' LEITH.

"Tak' awa' yon bauble, Mon. Tak' it oot o' my sight. It only cost yin (one) and saxpence."

[The Provost of Leith submitted the Jubilee Medal to the Leith Town Council last week. He called it a bauble, and said he was disappointed with it, the value being only eighteenpence or two shillings. He was astonished that Lord Balfour of Burleigh should send such a thing to the Provost of Leith!]

HIBERNATING OPERA.

Where am I? Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. No! Not *Italian* Opera? True. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Ah! But opera is going on, and where Opera, there are the stalls and no pit. Here, pit and just a few rows of stalls. Well, you see, we don't go in for "smartness," but for popularity. Ah! just so, and as far as one can judge, you've succeeded so far in popularising this operatic entertainment. A good house, too. By all means let us have Opera at fairly reasonable prices. Only wish the notion would catch on, and that a theatre could be kept going for this purpose exclusively, as a "paying concern," all the year round. We begin with *La Bohême*. Rather, not very, appropriate. A Bohemian season. Puccini's *La Bohême* is well received. Then on Tuesday comes *Faust*, with Mr. Lloyd D'Aubigne, a very successful *Faust*, Mr. Lempriere Pringle a musically first-rate *Mephistopheles*, but "made up" as ineffectively as an ignorant apothecary might make up a London physician's prescription. *Valentine*, nervous, but good. *Marguerite*, Miss Alice Esty, whose charming voice was somewhat discounted by her amateurish performance. *Siebel*, good, and Mme. Amadi a really substantial *Martha*. A good start, and we wish the Carl Rosa Opera Company good luck.

Carmen at Covent Garden on Thursday. English version of Italian Opera, with slightly foreign accent, both M. Brozel, a first-rate *José*, and Mlle. Olitzka, as a really excellent *Carmen*, having a struggle with "English as she is spoke" and sung. Miss Lillian Coomber's charming performance of simple *Michaela* was rewarded with a magnificent bouquet. Messrs. William Devers and Frank Wood capital as *Dancairo* and *Remendado*. M. Seppilli kept orchestra well together. House crammed, jammed. Applause enthusiastic. "Come to Covent Garden, Maud!"

Mrs. Muddle can't get it right. She would say, "Present company always expected."



[At a meeting of the Court of Common Council at the Guildhall, Major Woden Jubb, the Assistant Commissioner, stated that the control of the Cycle traffic in the City was a source of great trouble. Personally he could not say what steps would be taken to remedy the evil.]—Might we offer a suggestion? Why not elevate it?



HIS VERY LATEST APPEARANCE!

THE TRIPLE ALLI——I BEG PARDON, THE THREE-CARD TRICK—PUZZLE, "TO FIND THE KNAVE"—WAS AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS.

["During his recent visit to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, WILLIAM THE SECOND is said to have revealed himself in quite a new light. After the State Banquet, when the two Sovereigns and a few favoured guests retired to enjoy a quiet cigar, His Majesty produced a couple of packs of cards, and amused the company with conjuring tricks."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GREEN.

In history, which records the lives
  Of Kings (and others), we are told
How HENRY—he that had the wives—
  Met FRANCIS on a Field of Gold;
There must have been a reason why they met,
But that, and all the details, I forget.

Though distances were then the same
  Both here and out in foreign parts,
The times were still a little lame
  In point of locomotive arts;
And monarchs seldom trysted, as to-day,
Unless they had a lot of things to say.

But now the task of touring round
  Is expedited by the rail,
And fresh facilities abound
  For transport on a cheapened scale;
Then, too, relationships are much improved,
Since all are cousins-german—or removed.

And so together, King and King,
  They picnic nearly every week;
They shoot the chamois on the wing,
  And buss each other on the cheek;
And this, as "Honest JOHN" would have us see,
All makes for peace and beauteous harmony.

Pretty it was to mark the play
  Of Rulers reeking from the chase,
When GERMANY the other day
  Put up at AUSTRIA's little place;
The rendezvous (unlike the Field at Guisnes)
Was here upholstered with a Cloth of Green.

Dinner was over; host and guest
  Were full enough of meat and drink;
Each had rehearsed the very best
  Old platitudes without a wink;
They then adjourned (see authorized report)
With kindred spirits of the choicer sort.

Here followed something which, for me,
  I find it simple to believe;
For at this juncture GERMANY
  Produced a parcel from his sleeve,
And looking round with affable regards
Undid a duplicated pack of cards.

He dealt them with the airy flick
  That lighter-fingered folk affect;
Not any flaw in any trick
  Could anybody there detect;
Which shows that WILLIAM managed better than
AH SIN himself, and he a Chinaman!

Dispensing with external aids
  He bade the chosen card appear,
And once he palmed the douce of spades
  Behind the lobe of AUSTRIA's ear;
And once with brilliant gestures drew the pack
From somewhere down a Ducal Person's back.

Unblushing he would force a card,
  Or hold it up his hollowed hand,
For he had practised long and hard
  To keep his plastic features bland;
But all his crowning skill he seemed to save
For that performance where you "trace the Knave."

Three cards suffice: a deal is done,
  Each being laid upon its face;
The betting odds are two to one
  You miss the card you want to trace;
This trick is very trying to the brain,
As I have noticed in a railway-train.

The Knave, disguised in Prussian blue,
  For partners had a pair of Kings;
And WILLIAM, doing all he knew,
  So dexterously worked the things,
That all the company was sore perplexed
To gather where the Knave was going next.

The claims of space forbid me to
  Enlarge upon his other tricks,
Symbols, I take it, of a new
  And fearful phase in politics;
They tell me he aspires to be the crack
Shuffler of all the European pack.

I dare believe it. Some may hope
  The KAISER's bolt will soon be shot;
They limit his prodigious scope;
  I must confess that I do not;
Close study of his nature proves there is
No end to WILLIAM's possibilities.

UNLIMITED LOUIE IN SOHO.

Oh! Susannah! at the Royalty Theatre, is a mixture of materials familiar to most playgoers. Such plot as there is seems to be a variation on the Charley's Aunt theme, *Susannah* being, in this case, *John's* aunt. And yet the title should have been *Aurora*, a character henceforth to be identified only with Miss Louie Freear, who, as the "slavey," is a Robson in petticoats. But as such a comparison can be interesting only to middle-aged playgoers, suffice it that Miss Louie Freear's impersonation of a lodging-house drudge, a species of the genus "Marchioness" immortalised by Dickens in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is so remarkable as to convert a very ordinary "farcical comedy" into an extra-ordinary attraction. Oddly enough, the part of the soft-hearted, self-sacrificing, cockney lodging-house maid-of-all-work is, apparently, not essential to the meagre story, strung together by three authors, Messrs. Mark Ambient, Atwood, and Vaun, which could be worked out by all the other characters without *Aurora's* assistance; and it is not in depreciation of Mr. Charles Glenney's energetic efforts as the young doctor, nor of the ever-amusing eccentricities of Mr. Alfred Maltby as a kind of Pecksniffian father (admirably made up), to say, that work as hard as they may, the piece would not be worth consideration but for Miss Louie Freear as *Aurora*.

Strange that this "Farcical Comedy" is for the poor servant-girl a very tragedy; for laugh, as all must, at her slatternly appearance, and at the slipshod vulgarity of her manners, yet it is impossible not to be touched by her kindliness of heart, by



"All for 'im!"

her devotion to her ideal love, and by the cruel disillusioning revelation which, at the supreme moment when she is decked out in all her poor finery, fully expecting to become her darling doctor's bride, wrings from her broken heart the despairing cry, "Then I'm a widow," as she falls fainting on the floor, and the curtain rapidly descends. This is tragedy, and if we were not constrained to laugh, by reason of the absurdity of the object of our compassion, we should cry. As it is, "She's a poor pauper, whom nobody owns," and for whom not one of the principal characters in the story evinces the slightest regard.

A very little strengthening of the conventional part of the Doctor's Page, played by Miss Clara Jecks, might have turned this character into a sort of *Sam Huxter*, whose good-natured efforts at consolation, after *Pen's* desertion, lightened up the pale and grief-stricken countenance of hapless little *Fanny*, and whom she ultimately married.

Unlimited Louie Freear saves and makes the piece; and, as this is of course what the combined authors intended, they must be congratulated on their sagacity. There is a brilliant season in prospect for the Royalty as long as this bright particular star *Aurora* is shining.

A professor of astronomy says that his services are so poorly paid that his is almost a case of star-vation, so he has taken to astrology instead, and now makes a considerable income by star-telling revelations.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XVI.

'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can *never* be!"

WHAT IS LUGGAGE?

[The Magistrates have decided that a cabman is not entitled to charge for carrying a bicycle on his cab, inasmuch as it is not luggage within the meaning of the Act.—*Vide Daily Paper.*]

Miss Amelia Fitterkins was summoned by William Growler, who claimed twopence in respect of a large cage, containing a poll-parrot. The learned magistrate held that neither the cage nor the parrot were luggage within the meaning of the Act. Summons dismissed.

George Hansom, a cabman, was summoned for refusing to move on. Defendant explained that he had been ordered by a gentleman to drive him to the Zoological Gardens, and that on the roof of his cab he carried a box containing a crocodile. On arriving, the gentleman refused to pay an extra twopence for the box or the crocodile. Professor Walker, the well-known traveller, corroborated the cabman's statement. Summons dismissed; but the magistrate, in the proceedings against Professor Walker, decided that complainant was not entitled to make any charge for the crocodile, it not being luggage within the meaning of the Act, nor was the Professor responsible for the box which the crocodile was in, as that was clearly the luggage of the crocodile.



The Pastime of Cycling, as it is likely to be in some Places before very long!

On October 2—A Revelation.

Mr. Giblets (to Young Housewife). May I sell you a brace of pheasants, madam?

Young Housewife. No, thank you, Mr. Giblets, they can hardly be in condition yet.

Mr. Giblets (quite seriously). Pardon me, madam, but apparently you are unacquainted with the new and speedy process of *ripening* game.

[*Young Housewife falls into the trap, and also into hot water with her worse half at dinner-time.*

A Dubious Compliment.

Rector's Wife (after Harvest Festival). Well, Mrs. Piggleswade, how did you like the Bishop's sermon?

Mrs. Piggleswade. Oh! ma'am, I ain't been so much upset since my old man took me to the Wariety Theayter in London last August twelvemonth, and 'eard a gen'leman sing about his grandmother's cat.

How Sealy!—Sir, would not the appropriate representative of British interests at the Seal-Fishery Conference be the Rt. Hon. Seale-Hayne, M.P.? Yours,

Hanwellio Earlswood.

Notyet Court, Scilly Isles.

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Munich.—Imagine the patience of over 350,000 people who say willingly, frequently, and at full length, two such appalling words as *Glyptothek* and *Pinakothek!* Is it the stolid indifference of the Teutonic race, or the good-natured patience of the Bavarians, which has made them refrain from any abbreviation? Impossible to say—like the words at first. Even Germans from neighbouring cities, accustomed to such fearful sounds and to unending syllables as well as to adjectival phrases of staggering length, which the newly in Germany arrived stranger puzzle, struggle with them in anguish. Englishmen, pronouncing the barbarous names in the Anglo-Greek manner, are equally astray. Unaided by a knowledge of the derivation a stranger might imagine that two places with such names were, at the best, a lunatic asylum and a mortuary. Compare, in the French language, *la Morgue*, which sounds positively pretty. Only an extremely *solider Herr*, a placid drinker of endless tankards of Munich beer, would use such names. They are all very solid gentlemen here, and so contented with the second name that they use it twice, for the *Alte* and the *Neue*.

> The *Pinakotheks*, Old and New, are galleries of painting,
> While Greek and Roman statues fill the harmless *Glyptothek*.
> Nothing worse. No fear of delicately-nurtured women fainting,
> Nor will courageous men, aghast, to flight on tiptoe take.

They are certainly patient people here. They have carts—especially brewers' drays—so enormously long, that the length of them is greater than the width of the average roadway. When one of them crosses a street, all the traffic is stopped; when it has to turn a corner the horses are in the shop windows on one side and the back of the cart sweeps all the foot-passengers off the pavement on the opposite side. But no one complains. In England the windlass is a simple appliance for hoisting materials in a new building. It seems unknown here. A horse is attached to the rope, and is led along the street. As the iron girder, or whatever it may be, reaches the fourth or fifth story, yards and yards of rope stretch along the roadway behind the horse. The traffic is stopped, the foot-passengers and the brewers' drays, now companions in misfortune, are together swept aside, but no one complains. Here all the hard work of the bricklayers' assistants is done by women. They look very sturdy. They do not complain. But the grandest instance of patience is the game of *Bier*. In England we sit and play at whist or chess, some even at backgammon or poker; in France dominoes wile away the idle hours, but in Bavaria the grandest game is *Bier*. It is a simple game. You sit and smoke, and drink till you can drink no more. It has not the science of chess, or the animation of poker, but it is the favourite pastime of the country for all that. Elsewhere, drinking is ridiculously associated with thirst. Here the two are absolutely distinct. A foreigner cannot hope to see the end of the game. He leaves off when the native has hardly begun, or for him it would be *Bier*, in German, at the beginning, and bier, in English, at the end.

I observe in several shops a series of books for learning languages without a teacher. They include "*Englisch*" and "*Amerikanisch*," two separate tongues. Unhappily, omit to buy one of the latter, and so lose the chance of learning the language. Shall always regret this. Would be so useful when travelling.

I go over the Royal Palace. It can only be visited at eleven, daily, and everyone must go then. There are perhaps fifty of us, mostly patient Germans. There is one American family. I always pity the American children, eight, or seven, or six years old, dragged over "Yewrope." In this case the smallest child cannot be more than five, and he is such an extremely small boy that he is lost among the boots of the crowd before we start. If only I had bought those dialogues in *Amerikanisch* I might have urged his "Poppa" to leave the infant at the hotel. However, he is discovered, and we are conducted round. We see a vast number of rooms, mostly ugly, and the farther we go the smaller they become. The American baby is lost and found regularly. His cap has vanished, his hair is brushed over his face, his little jacket is nearly pulled off him, but he is a brave child. He does not cry, he does not complain, he does not even speak. In his tiny breast there glows the silent, Spartan spirit of the American tourist. He will do the place thoroughly. He sees nothing but the boots of the Germans, but he goes on indomitably. However small the room all the party naturally wish to see it, as they have paid for admission to the Palace. At last we reach a room, a cabinet, so tiny that it seems to have been designed for the American infant. He would fill it comfortably. A few of the fifty squeeze in, he with them, and the rest look sullenly at their backs from outside. And still that marvellous child comes out alive! He is not even injured, for later on I see him hurried round the *Alte Pinakothek*, from Perugino to Rubens, from Murillo to Durer, untired, undaunted.

Robinson the Rover.

Sir Henry's Suggestion.—Sir Henry Irving has said that a millionaire would make a good use of some of his money were he to pay companies of Players,—Sir Henry and Co., as he himself suggests, among them,—to enliven the distressed outlying agricultural districts. One of Shakspeare's plays must at least be invariably omitted, as every county can already show any number of "Hamlets."

What herb would represent a crest for "Carter, Paterson & Co."? Parsley (parcelly).

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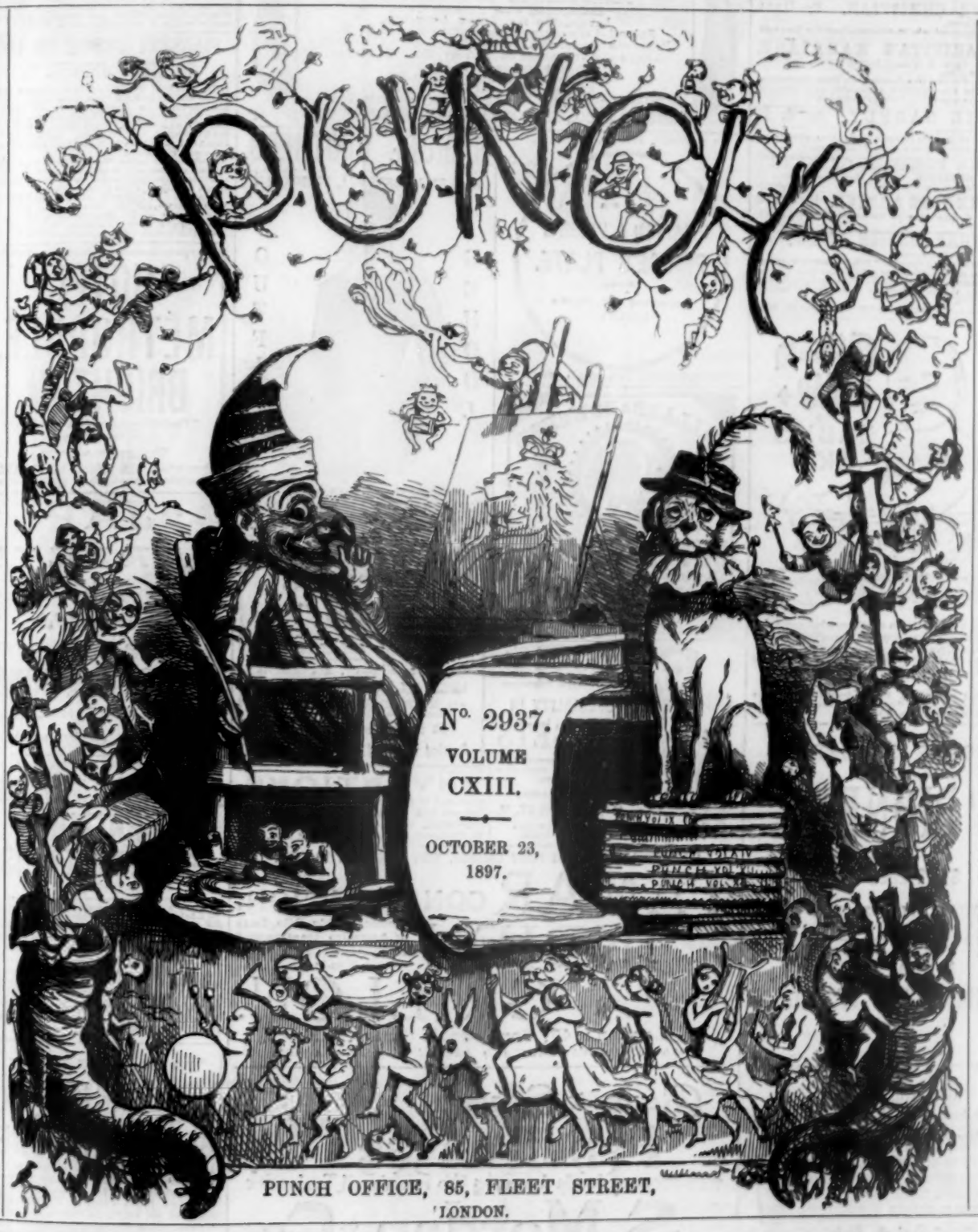
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Trousers " " 9s. 3d.
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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
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can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

£12 12s. CRUISE.
TANGIER, LISBON, GIBRALTAR, MALAGA for GRANADA, ALGIERS, to MARSEILLES for RIVIERA, on S.S. "Midnight Sun," 3,188 tons; electric light; excellent cuisine. Extended Cruise, Palestine and Egypt, accompanied by Mr. Perowne. Lecturers: Sir Arthur Arnold, Sir Lambert Playfair, the Dean of Worcester, Professor Sayce, Professor Ramsay, Canon Tristram, and others. Full particulars, Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES.
The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship GARONNE, 3,801 tons register, 2,500 horse power, from London, on the 8th January, for a TWO MONTHS' CRUISE, visiting TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, MARTINIQUE, ST. LUCIA, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, BERMUDA, MADEIRA, arriving back in London 10th March.
Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken. Fares from 80 guineas.
Managers: F. GREEN AND CO., ANDERSON ANDERSON AND CO. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."
Charges moderate.
Proprietors: THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.

"JAP" CARPETS
42/-
Size 12 ft. by 9 ft.
Other Sizes. All Colourings.
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"Loved of all ladies."—"Much Ado," Act I., Sc. i.
ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH
UNEQUALLED for its BRILLIANCE and CLEANLINESS.
ALSO FOR BROWN BOOTS, PATENT LEATHER, VARNISHED AND ENAMELLED GOODS.
THE OLDEST AND BEST.

BILLIARD TABLES.—THURSTON & CO. (Ltd.), 16, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C., the oldest established and leading house in the trade. Sole Warrant of Her Majesty. Billiard Tables and requisites of the finest qualities and finish. Prices moderate. Sole makers of the "Perfect" Low Cushions, as fitted to Her Majesty's Tables at Osborne, Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace. These can be attached to any Billiard Table. Best Ivory Balls, thoroughly seasoned.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



IN A BLIND DITCH.

Sportsman (to friend, whom he has mounted on a raw four-year-old for "a quiet morning's outing"). "Bravo, Jack! Well done! That's just what the clumsy beggar wanted. Teach him to look where he's going!"

THE TELEPHONE CLERK.

["Do the operators sometimes become exhausted before the day's work is over?—Sometimes we have operators in hysterics through the behaviour of the subscribers on the wires.

"Does that often occur?—We have had it frequently."

Glasgow Telephone Service; Government Inquiry.]

Ting-a-ring! The bells are ringing
"Are you there? Are you there?"
And the wires are all a-singing
"Are you there? Are you there?"
They are buzzing like a hive,
"Come along, Miss! Look alive!
Hitch me on to 4, 0, 5—
Are you there?"

Then another one starts bawling,
"Are you there? Are you there?
Now then! *Can't* you hear me calling?
Are you there? Are you there?
Hurry up! It's deuced late,
Number 2, 0, 4, 9, 8—
Are you coming, Miss?—Can't wait!
Are you there?"

Then the lady who goes shopping—
"Are you there? Are you there?
What an age you've kept me stopping!
Are you there? Are you there?
Oh, these girls! They are so mazy,
And abominably lazy!
They're enough to drive one crazy!
Are you there?"

Then the bells ring all together,
"Are you there? Are you there?"
And a dozen voices blether
"Are you there? Are you there?"
And we try to persevere
And to lend attentive ear,
But the sort of thing we hear
Is "Are you there?"

"Come along, Jack! Here's a spree,
Dear mamma's gone out to tea——"
"Yes, I'm bringing two or three
Home to dinner, Mrs. V.——"
"Oh, you *are!* And what of me?
You're a brute——" "I quite agree,
Still, while Britain holds the sea——"
"What! you've lost your new latch-key?
May I ask where you might be?
Oh, I daresay! Jubilee!
Now mamma's come she will see——"
"What! your mother! Oh, the d——!"
"Are you there?"

MR. PUNCH'S "TATCHO" MODEL ADVERTISER.

THE
"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN"
All-round Tonic Bitters.

"MEJO"
Invigorates the Invertebrate.

MEJO is an amiability-producing, party-pushing, policy-creating, place-capturing panacea.

MEJO makes you forgive.
MEJO is as gentle as a dove.
Everybody loves MEJO.

ME Nothing else counts. JO.
ME Nobody matters. JO.
ME No Tory need apply. JO.

All Colonial Premiers take it. President Kruger was brought up on it.

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to my policy.
"Joseph Chamberlain."

The Hall Caine Voice Jujube.
"MANXO,"
A genuine Throat-polisher and Tongue-tickler.

Makes detraction dumb.
Criticism cringes before it.
"MANXO" for Mob.
"MANXO" for Moralists.
"MANXO" for Missionaries.
"MANXO" for Music Halls.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone says, "Manxo is my favourite jujube, and, were it not for the fact that I have now ceased to take an active part in the politics of the day, though the disgraceful action of the European Concert calls aloud for redress, I might yet hope, by the aid of Manxo, to make my voice heard even in the palace of the Assassin."
"MANXO."

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this is a colossal preparation made according to my formulæ.
"Hall Caine."

THE "HALL CAINE VOICE JUJUBE CO."

From our own Irrepressible One (*still baulking capture*).—*Q.* What is the most suitable sign of mourning for an unproductive egg? *A.* Why, a hatch-meant, of course!



WAKING UP!

John Bull. "Hullo While I've been asleep, that confounded Mossoo has been making up to my African Lily!"

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

Honoured Sir,—Once more has the old Warrior prophesied the solution of the Cesarewitch Conundrum, and placed you and your readers in the proud position for adding substantial luxuries to wonted Winter provender. Were I an advertising tipster, I would insert the following in every leading journal, including the *London Gazette*:—

Who gave *Merman* at fourteen to one? Darby Jones.

Who plumped for *Merman*? Darby Jones.

Who has enriched landsmen with a *Merman*? Darby Jones.

Who knew that Mr. Jersey must know congenitally all about a *Merman*? Darby Jones.

Who told of the true tale of a *Merman*? Darby Jones.

Who foretold that *Merman* was a good birthday gift? Darby Jones.

Who at the present moment is expecting the reward of *Merman's* success? Darby Jones.

But, as you know well, honoured Sir, the obviously laudatory paragraphs in question are merely the playful lucubrations of an Observant and Triumphant Brain. Armed with a well-lined note-case, and still continuing to drink the health of the Jersey Lily, I feel in but poor fettle to stain my fingers with blue-black ink were it not for the Public Duty, which compels me, even so long beforehand, to draw the attention of my clients to the Prodigious Chance possessed by the other Jersey Crack for capturing the Cambridgeshire, with whom I couple the American Saint, despite the over-the-Herring-Pond jockey, who, when riding, appears to be picking the horse's teeth. As a Princely Turfite observed to me at the Subscription Rooms, "Channel Island cattle thrive well at Newmarket."

A tip in time saves many mischances, though later on I shall revert to the subject in poetic vein. Meantime here is prose for those who con. I was pleased, honoured Sir, to ascertain that you and your distinguished associates were not too exalted to accept the *ipse dixit* of the Garrulous Old Man, and in this connection I may mention that my Wine Cellar and Cigar Cabinet sadly need replenishing. You know, Sir, the adage about a wink and a nod. I will say no more. I was in rare luck by the Ditch, for I met an Impoverished Nobleman, who, having owed me five golden sovereigns for five lengthy years, was sufficiently alive to the responsibilities of the situation as to hand me five shillings of the amount due, with a verbal I O U for the balance. And then he put a frigid hundred (on the nod) on *Carlton Grange* for the big race. There are some bookmakers, honoured Sir, who, although possessing the vocal strength of Mr. Richard Dunn, are nevertheless, under certain circumstances, as beautifully innocent as proverbial pigeons. But they are nevertheless called hawks by those altogether ignorant of Turf Falconry. Awaiting your ever-welcome Souvenir of success, I am ever, honoured Sir,

Your devoted
Cap and Jacket Poet Laureate,
Darby Jones.

P.S.—Please let me remind you *never* to cross your cheques until a difference of opinion between myself and my Financial Agents is adjusted.



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Foreign Husband (whose Wife is going to remain longer). "Gif me Two Dickets. Von for Me to come back, and von for my Vife not to come back!"

At the Illustrated Atlas Office.

Editor (to Subordinate). Now what are we to do with these sketches of Russian prisoners being taken to Siberia?

Subordinate. Mightn't we call them "Miners on the way to Klondike"?

Editor. Excellent idea! Just knock out the Cossacks, and fill in with snow-drifts.

Brains for Bacon.—County Court Judge Bacon of Whitechapel, according to a reported case in the *Daily Mail* for the 15th, seems to entertain a strong aversion to the litigious Hebrews of Whitechapel. But, *per contra*, all the Jews, of Whitechapel and everywhere, have a rooted aversion to Bacon. So 'tis millions to one against His Honour.

Books we may anticipate.

By the author of *Social Switzerland*:—"Larky Lapland," "Rowdy Roumania," "Attractive Armenia," "Vivacious Venezuela," "Touchy Texas," &c.

By the author of *Beside the Guns*:—"On Top of the Barracks," "Before the Colonel," "Under the Mess-Table," "All Round the Major," &c.

Note from Newmarket—the Cesarewitch.—Mr. Jersey, better known as Mrs. Langtry, put his or her trust in a *Mer(e)man*, and was not disappointed.

Plenty of coal in Kent, seemingly.



"THE ODOUR OF THE FLOWER IS GONE!"

["Foxes.—Exceedingly handsome vixen, tame, hand-reared, frolicsome and amusing, pink of condition, full-grown, no smell. 15*s.*, or exchange anything; worth 50*s.*"—*The Bazaar.*]

Huntsman (after several ineffectual casts for line of hunted fox). "It ain't no use, Tom. Blowed if I don't think he's one of that breed that 'aven't got any smell!"

JONES, WYNDHAM & CO. LIMITED LIAR-ABILITY.

Everybody interested in the Drama will heartily congratulate Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, first on having written the best comedy that has been seen for some time on the English stage, and, secondly, on his exceptionally good fortune in procuring for it so excellent a company as Mr. Charles Wyndham has gathered round him at the Criterion Theatre. It is not too much to say that there is not, in the whole cast, one single *rôle* even indifferently played. All concerned, from the principal character down to a supernumerary servant, are at their very best. So also is the author. The third act is perfect comedy; the wit lies in the situation developed by dialogue that is never once strained for effect, and by perfectly natural acting, that is, by acting of the highest artistic merit. From the commencement of this act until within measurable distance of its climax the audience laugh heartily; the enjoyment of the ingenious complication being intensified with the arrival of each character on the scene. The actors are perfectly serious; the audience, being in the secret, revel in their perplexities and in the prospective tragedy of their troubles. This third act is a masterpiece, and indeed it would be difficult to name any other comedy of our time in which there occurs a better scene, or even its equal.

An author creates his characters, and has an unquestionable right to do as he likes with them within the elastic limits of probability. It may be doubted whether in the fourth act, which is at a great disadvantage after so brilliant a third, the author has not, in a weak and tender-hearted moment, allowed himself to yield to the pleadings of Miss Mary Moore on behalf of *Lady Jessica Nepean*, and caused that irritating, flirty, flighty little person, the liar-in-chief, to make just one attempt at winning the sympathy of the audience. This is most decidedly a mistake; she should be a feather-headed, vain, silly flirt to the last; there should have been no secret parting with her devoted lover, leaving the audience in doubt as to what really took place at that final meeting; and if the husband (admirably played by Mr. Standing) is compelled by the author to propose an enjoyable supper-party, we ought to see at a glance how, in another second, she will be all smiles and enthusiasm over a delicious *pâté* and inspiring champagne. And in this fourth act, too, Mr. Charles Wyndham, making his preparations for going to Africa next morning, is perpetually breaking off in the midst of his serious speeches, suddenly remembering that "he *must* go on with his packing," just as in *The Headless Man* he was always interrupting himself with "Now I *must* write to my uncle." Presumably there is, in this act, more of Charles Wyndham, as *Christopher Deering*, than of Henry Author Jones. Also the love-making of *Sir Christopher*, and his final acceptance by the widow, *Mrs. Crespin* (Miss Janette Steer), seems to have been an after-thought for the sake of "keeping up the Christopher."

That the celebrated African explorer, the terribly-in-earnest *Edward Falkner* (Mr. Thalberg)—*L'homme qui ne rit pas*—should have allowed even his best friend to continue bullying and lecturing him, "all for his good," as if he were a naughty school-boy, is, granted the character as described and pourtrayed, a step beyond the bounds of probability. Such a man might just tolerate a moral lecture from his dearest friend once, and only once; but he would then have said, "My dear fellow, many thanks. You mean well; but—I don't wish to hear any more on this subject,—and so good day." Any further interference would have been resented as an impertinence by such a man of action as is this resolute African explorer.

Mr. Vane-Tempest and Mr. Alfred Bishop are admirable; as are all the ladies in the play without exception.

That the Criterion is provided with an exceptional play which will have an exceptionally long run, there cannot be a doubt; so, once again,—congratulations to all concerned in it.

Remark of an ardent Quoit-player on experiencing the first frost of the Year.—Now is the winter of our diskos-tent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Dainty" is the word for it. Nothing short of the epithet "dainty" can be applied to the little pocket-volume containing *The Rape of the Lock*, illustrated in weirdly-fantastic style by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Yet the fantastic has great attractions. It invites close inquiry into details by the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass, otherwise may be lost some of the exquisite limning which is the *specialité* of this artist. Yet, *Belinda* at her toilet-table, having her hair dressed by her maid, while the park in perspective is seen through the open window, is the best, as it is the simplest of them all. Of the "strange phantoms rising as the mists arise" (p. 32), it can only be said that it is a marvellous representation of the nightmare of an artist who does himself not wisely, but far too well, at an unnecessary supper. "Only that and nothing more." The book is a dainty curiosity, and there is not a collector of such literary curios who should be without this latest edition of Pope's "Heroi-comical poem," *The Rape of the Lock*, as published by Leonard Smithers of the Royal Arcade, W.

By Right of Sword (Hutchinson) is a book my Baronite recommends the gentle reader not to pick up about the hour at which she (or he) ought to be going to bed. It will be found difficult to lay it down before reading it through. The plot is most ingenious, a quite original development of the Jekyll and Hyde idea. The wide difference is, that there are actually two men concerned, the merging of their identity being rendered possible by singularly complete personal resemblance. The Cornish man having assumed the name and position of the Russian officer who meanwhile has fled the country, works his way through the labyrinth of danger and difficulty under the guidance of Mr. Marchmont's skilful hand. From the safety of a comfortable chair the reader follows with breathless interest the frequent feints and swift turns.

Mr. Morley Roberts knows his Thames from Chelsea to Rotherhithe, and has the gift of peopling it with pictures of men and things, not forgetting women. In *Maurice Quain* (Hutchinson), the half of London who have not the slightest idea how the other half live, will find the secret disclosed. The life is sordid, not always honest, occasionally brutal. Mr. Roberts has succeeded in investing it with a garment of romance that makes it grimly attractive. Above all, there is the river in its varied moods and aspects, at morning, noon, and night, painted with skill and force my Baronite does not remember to be exceeded in other pages.

The Baron de B.-W.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND VERY STRAIGHT ANSWERS.

(*Proposed Addition to the Soldier's Pocket-book by Viscount W-ls-l-y.*)

Question. So John Bull has been idiot enough not to add a single battalion to his Army since 1870?

Answer. That is the ridiculous fact—until this year.

Q. And the dolt has done something at last?

A. Yes; the silly fellow has authorised an increment of 8,000 men.

Q. Good gracious! Is this enough?

A. By Jingo! No.

Q. Well, out with it—why not?

A. Because only a fool doesn't know that during the last quarter of a century we have increased our territory by millions of miles.

Q. Then what on earth are we to do?

A. Why, stir up John Bull with a long pole and give him no peace until he is wide awake to his responsibilities.

Q. And how is this to be done—by hanging somebody?

A. Well, that would be the best way, but as that sort of thing is out of date, and also illegal, perhaps it is safer to attain the same effect by a rattling good alarmist speech delivered at a widely-reported public dinner.

The highest possible Record of Character.

New Rector of Swaddlington (to Sexton). I see that the forge is close by the church, Grassmore. I hope that the smith is one of our friends?

Sexton. Why, bless 'ee, yes, Sir, 'e 's the only man in all the parish as settled over the Cesarewitch.

Notice to Correspondents.—Any one sending in a joke, mentioning kiss, &c., with reference to the Ladies Billiard Match, will be prosecuted according to Joe Millerian Law. *Mr. Punch* intends to take a long rest over this affair, and, according to the canons of the table, refuses to be drawn by the In-cue-baiter, even where hazardous damsels are concerned. Let the guilty parties accept this tip in time!



THE FORGOTTEN PAST

Mechanic (to Policeman). "What's goin' on 'ere, then?"

Policeman. "Decorating the Statue to commemorate the Battle of Trafalgar."

Mechanic. "Oh! I never knew the Battle was fought 'ere!"

"DOUBTFUL FREQUENTATIONS."

[Mr. Wh-stl-r, having had a packet returned to him marked "Not known at the R. A.," forwards the same to a daily paper with the characteristic comment:—"In these days of doubtful frequentations, it is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited, official, and final certificate of character."]

J. McN. W. *cantat:*—

In these days of "frequentations" that as "doubtful" may be classed,
You cannot be too careful where your lot in life is cast;
If a man 's a past practitioner in the art of making foes,
He needs to keep a sharp look-out to know who 'tis he knows!

True genius is eclectic—*I* avoid the common herd
Of mere R.A.'s who boil their pot with canvases absurd.
They don't know me—what 's more, they sha'n't; such mediocre flocks
Are not the sort I used to see at *my* smart "Ten o'clocks!"

I might have joined the House of Lords, or been, at least, M.P.,
Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chancellor, or top of any tree,
But that I fear to find myself in a situation fixed
Where frequentations have a way of being badly mixed.

And now I come to think of it, the world 's a doubtful place,
Frequented by a dubious tribe known as the human race;
It isn't safe to walk abroad—you ne'er know whom you 'll meet,
So a desert isle 's the spot for me, and not the crowded street!

DIPLOMATIC MAXIMS À L'AMÉRICAINE.

When an English Minister says one thing he means another.

Hope disappointed warrants astonishment.

"Won't" in England denotes "Will" in the United States.

If a French umpire decides adversely to Transatlantic pretensions, a good thing to do is to get further umpires from Russia and Japan.

Bunkum is good, but bluster is safer.

A lie ready to hand is better than the truth in the bush.

Although it is easy to climb up, it is not difficult—when needs be—to climb down.



She. "BUT SURELY YOU BELIEVE THAT THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILDREN!"
He. "RATHER. MY GOVERNOR PROMISED TO LET ME HAVE A FIVER THIS MORNING; BUT HE LOST IT AT POKER LAST NIGHT, SO I DIDN'T GET IT!"

A JEWEL OF AN IDEA.

["A machine for making matrimonial proposals is the latest novelty. This interesting development is to be seen in a West End jeweller's window, and at first sight appears to be an innocent marguerite daisy in white enamel upon gold; but, by moving an adroitly hidden spring in the calyx, the single blossom expands into a double one, and upon the newly-revealed petals is written the all-momentous question."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

WE understand that a well-known Peer is shortly to figure as defendant in no fewer than six breach-of-promise actions. It seems that, admiring a new variety of brooch exhibited in a jeweller's window, he purchased half-a-dozen, and gave them to various ladies of his acquaintance. He was wholly unaware that, on pressing a spring, there appeared inscribed on each brooch the words "Will you marry me?" Each of the recipients, however, speedily discovered the inscription, and each wrote an affectionate and an affirmative answer to the question, whence the unpleasant position in which his lordship now finds himself.

THERE is no truth in the report that Lord BATTLEAXE has consented to his son's proposed marriage. On the contrary, we understand that when, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, the young gentleman presented his father with a scarf-pin bearing the words "Nothing will induce me to give her up!" Lord BATTLEAXE replied by giving his son a delicately-engraved ring, inscribed simply, "Cut off with a shilling."

IN selecting jewellery conveying messages, it is well to be particular that each article is sent to the person for whom it is intended. We heard lately of a young man who chose two lockets as presents, one meant for an elderly relative, containing the words, "Old age like thine is more than youth or beauty," the other, intended for his *fiancée*, reading, "Darling, my love, my sweet, my heart's delight!" By a stupid blunder on the part of the shopkeeper, his aged maiden aunt received the latter, and the young lady who was—but is no longer—his *fiancée*, the former of these lockets, with, in each case, the most disastrous results.

THE daughter of an American millionaire is said to have ordered a gross of dainty gold charms, each being an exquisite model of a boot. These are intended to convey her answer to the numerous suitors who present her with a "proposal brooch." Unlike those articles, however, they contain no hidden inscription; Miss DOLLARFUL considers that the delicate symbolism conveyed by her act of giving her would-be wooers the boot will be a sufficiently explicit answer to their proposals.

WE understand that Mr. ROBINSON, the eminent novelist, is utilising this new and admirable method of making proposals in his forthcoming story. There is a grand scene, we believe, when the hero and heroine, who are both too bashful to speak to each other, find themselves alone in a garden together. The hero attempts to offer his beloved a proposal jewel, but the bashful maiden is loth to receive it, and it is only when he has chased her round the garden for half an hour that he contrives at length to slip it down her back. It would be unfair to the author to reveal the subsequent events of his story, but we may hint that many exciting episodes follow. The heroine orders at her jewellers a stud for the hero, inscribed, "Darling, I am yours!" but the villain, whom she has previously rejected with scorn, bribes the jeweller to alter the words to "Brute, I detest you!" and the most thrilling complications ensue.



A WARNING.

Father Thames (*to* London). "TYPHOID! LOR' BLESS YOU, MA'AM! I SHA'N'T DO *YOU* ANY HARM AS LONG AS YOU KEEP OTHERS FROM HARMING *ME!*"



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

FOOTBALL MATCH.—ROMULUS ROVERS *v.* NERO HALF-BACKS.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Individual of the Weaker Sex is surprised by intelligence from San Francisco.

A little line of love you send
Across the "herring-pond" to me,
Who was and is and will be friend
So long as friend I yet may be;
So long as in the far, far West,
You don't forget your plighted troth,
And do remember that the best
Of all this life is near for both.

There was a time, I think, my own,
When separation seemed an ill
Scarce to be borne by one alone,—
Who had Love's message to fulfil.
And yet you crossed that wretched sea,
On Californian coast to roam,
Impelled, you said, while you were free,
To look upon Great Freedom's Home!

You write with something of reproof
About Miss Angelina Brown—
From her I've strictly held aloof
Since you, my love, went out of town.
A pelican could not be more
On desert sand regenerate,
And yet your tone is very sore
When writing from the Golden Gate.

* * * * *

A cablegram! The horrid thing
Has sent a quiver through my brain!
That hardened knock! That brazen ring!
Are prophets of a coming pain!
"Married to-day" the message reads,
Not naming the presumptuous clown.
From you my heart (don't think it bleeds)
Is turning—*yearning for Miss Brown!*

THE BIKER BIKED.

Henpeck'd he was. He learnt to bike.
"Now I can go just where I like,"
He chuckled to himself. But she
Had learnt to bike as well as he,



And, what was more, had bought a new
Machine to sweetly carry two.
Ever together now they go,
He sighing, "This is wheel *and* woe."

AN UNCIVIL WAR.

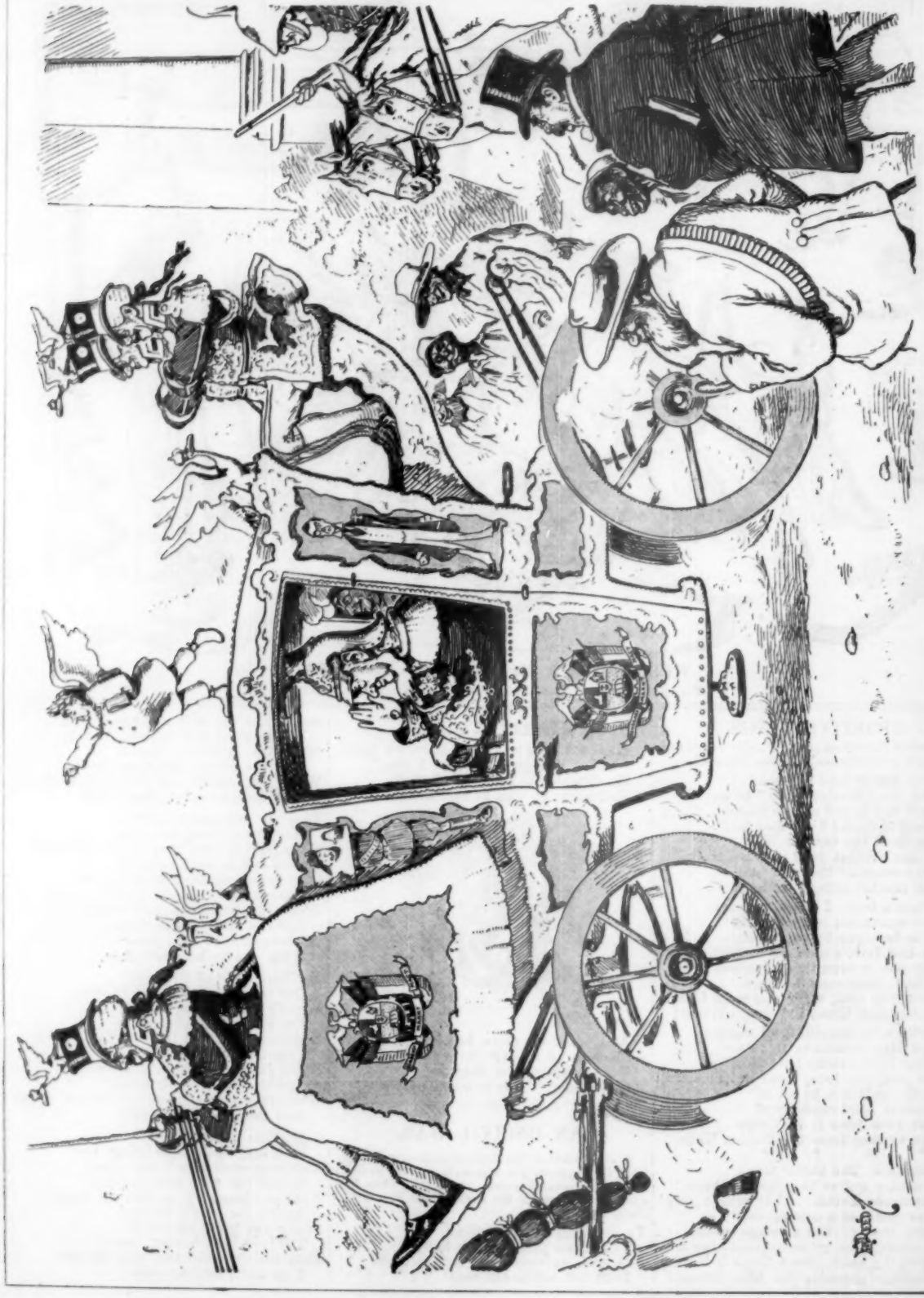
["On account of the strike of engineers in England, the Japanese Government has placed its order for a new armoured cruiser, representing about half a million sterling, in the hands of the French."—*Daily Paper.*]

Ye demagogues of England,
That draw your Union's fees,
And smile to watch our foreign trade
Drift out across the seas!
Belated lie our hollow ships,
The sport of jealous foes,
While you bluff loud enough
And the stormy language flows,
While you bravely egg your clients on
And the stormy language flows.

They are Britannia's bulwarks,
Her towers along the deep,
With *them* it rests that name and fame
Shall still be hers to keep!
Care you at all down what descent
Your country's credit goes,
While they shirk England's work
And the mob-oration flows,
Hoist upon their own petards
While the mob-oration flows?

Ye Chroniclers of England,
Our workmen's boasted friends,
Who fly the agitator's flag
For certain private ends!
Good must it be to feel how fast
Your circulation grows,
While your hacks bend their backs
And the ink serenely flows,
While they play the game of life and death
And the easy liquid flows.

Capitalists of England!
How long shall these things be?
How long shall labour idly stand
Barred out with lock and key?
Noblesse oblige! Your nation's hopes
Are in the deadly throes!
Find a way how best to pay
The debt that honour owes!
They win the most that pay the debt
A patriot's honour owes.



"BOOM IN OOM;" OR, KRUGER UP-TO-DATE.

He takes a Drive in his new Coach, much to the delight of the Inhabitants!

THE BOOM IN OOM.

I.—"Look here upon this picture."

He is not fair to vulgar eyes
As many monarchs be;
My hero's merit rather lies
In rare simplicity!
From childhood up his natural drift
Was toward the ways of virtue,
Excess in which peculiar gift
Can seldom really hurt you.

Though swollen big from being small,
No airs does he assume;
He keeps the state of honest Paul
Whose other name is Oom;
No proud tiara decks his poll,
He wears a common topper,
Having the economic soul
Ideal in a Dopper.

His only meal is mutton-broth,
He never tasted sack;
A coat of broad and sable cloth
Hangs down his modest back;
And though he paints his nether guise
With just a touch of tartan,
His *tout ensemble* justifies
The epithet of Spartan.

He sits at home with pensive brows,
Taxing his teeming brain
To answer wires about his spouse
From Mr. Chamberlain;
And when at times the stress of things
Would tend to make him falter,
He clears his fluty throat and sings
A segment from the Psalter.

No courtly plumage puts he on,
Still humbly he behaves,
When sallying out to sit upon
His Raad of burgher braves;
Proceeding in a simple fly
Or Government four-wheeler,
He goes his way escorted by
A single mounted peeler.

II.—"And on this."

So sang I once, so told the charm
Of Oom's alluring grace;
But now I notice with alarm
A change has taken place;
Within the lute begins to show
A rift of rude dimensions!
And feet of clay appear below
My idol's stern extensions!

For, see! the fallen one has bought
From Britain, over seas,
A Jubilee conveyance, wrought
With regal blazonries!
There flash the arms of early Boers
With fine heraldic feeling,
And eagles swarm about the doors
And also on the ceiling.

Some enemy has worked, I wis,
Upon his guileless age,
And pricked him on to order this
Insidious equipage;
For now that, where the end is thin,
The wedge is once inserted,
His feet along the path of sin
Are hopelessly diverted.

Where will he stop? Far down the years
I see his tastes decline
On jewels bartered from De Beers,
Or some adjacent mine;
With costly liquors, long and warm,
I see his bosom flutter
Beneath a fetching uniform
Shaped by a German cutter!

How wanton pride may lead to shame
Was shown in ancient time,
When Hannibal (who likewise came
From Afric's sultry clime)
At Capua, that giddy spot,
Indulged in hibernation,
Till all his gallant army got
Quite ill with enervation!

O, Little England, dear to Oom!
I ask you, was it fair
To see him sent to certain doom
Through such a deadly snare?
And O, my Labby! have you then
Sullied your latest laurels
By looking on while wicked men
Debauched a brother's morals?



A CUT BENEATH HER.

Lady of the House. "Oh, yes, Jane, I asked Mrs. Johnston to let her Little Boy and his Nurse call to go walking with you and the Children."

Nurse. "Well, Ma'am, I hope as you don't expect me to go walking with *that* young person! I don't think you can be aware as she is only a *Nurse-'Ousemaid!*"

THE GORDON HOTELANDERS.

(*Summary of Meeting at the Métropole.*)

Mr. Frederick Gordon said he was "gored on" ("*Oh! Oh!*") by his partners, and so he acted agordonly. ("*Oh! Oh! Oh!*") Up to now he had always considered *Sauce Hollandaise* (*cheers*) an excellent thing. ("*Hear!*") But it might be made just a little too sharp. He had read what had been said about him in the Holland manifesto, and he might, if they would allow him, sing from *La Grande Duchesse*:—

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande! Oui!"

(*laughter*), but he hoped, in the interests of everybody, that the friction would be only temporary. ("*Hear! Hear!*")

Sir Blundell Maple said: I wish well to all these hotel schemes, which, I am maple to say ("*Oh! Oh!*"), are doing uncommonly well. ("*Bravo!*")

Mr. Holland observed that he and his brother, though a pair, were not to be considered as "Double Dutchmen." ("*No! No!*") He thought Mr. Gordon's quotation from *La Grande Dutch-esse* rather personal; but, for his part, and complimenting the Chairman of the Gordon Hotelanders on his vocal chords ("*Hear! Hear!*") he hoped sincerely that soon they would all be in the same key, act in unison, and that their voices henceforth would be in harmony. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

There was a show of hands, when everybody shook everybody else's hand in the cheeriest possible manner.

[We have since ascertained, too late, however, to prevent this from going to press, that the above report is an entire invention; but as it was evidently conceived in a friendly spirit, it is to be hoped that the real result will be as satisfactory as our False Reporter has imagined it.—Ed.]

At the Colchester Oyster Feast.

Polite Stranger (to Neighbouring Native). May I pass you the Chili vinegar?

Neighbouring Native. No, thank you. I always prefer my oysters *neat*.



FAMILY RECORDS.

Indignant Parent. "You are a very naughty boy, Tommy, telling a fib like that! *I* never told fibs when I was a little boy!"

Impenitent Son. "When did *you* begin, then, Father?"

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Now that the country-house season is commencing, would you grant me space to suggest certain improvements on the present system of entertainment? I would say to the hostess:—

In the first place, let breakfast be a moveable feast, varying from 9.30 A.M to, say mid-day, and let that horrible custom of calling everybody beforehand at the same time be abolished for ever. Also let the housemaids be forbidden to clatter about the passages with brooms and pails during the earlier hours of the day. I can't precisely fix which *are* the earlier hours; but what I mean, wait till *I* am up and out. Order the cook (never mind her grumbling) to have hot and hot dishes ready during the entire forenoon. If a man likes lying in bed, don't bother him to go out shooting, or riding, or driving. Don't expect, as a matter of course, to see him at luncheon, and if he doesn't put in an appearance at that melancholy meal, avoid making sarcastic inquiries as to the state of his health when you do see him. Give the butler instructions to have whiskey, brandy, bottled beer, and soda-water perpetually laid out in a convenient spot, for instance, on a table in the billiard-room or smoking-room, where a thirsty individual can quietly slake his mouth without going through the absurd and semi-public ceremony of ringing the dining-room bell. Never get up afternoon excursions to the celebrated places in the neighbourhood, Castle Glorious, the seat of the Duke of Splendower, or the ruins of Crackmedown Abbey, or the Weasel-gutter Waterfall. On such occasions, in nine cases out of ten, the guests in the conveyances are shaken together in as unsatisfactory fashion as are travellers in an American railway car. Let the coachman, however, understand that he is to be prepared to send out carriages and pony-carts without any orders from the host or hostess. Have "five-o'-clock" by all means, but don't expect your male guests to wander about with cups and plates of bread and butter and cake, like waiters out of place. Before dinner, don't pair off the company, but let each man select his own partner. Avoid inviting any of the neighbouring big-wigs to a grand repast, and strictly abstain from giving a county ball. Don't let the children come down to dessert, and don't insist upon everyone foregathering later on in the drawing-room, to be bored by mediocre music, wearied by the playing of infantine games, or maddened by the influence of atrocious whist. Let everyone have the right of passing directly from the dining-room to the billiard-room. Notify that everyone may go to bed when he pleases, and can order grilled bones and devilled kidneys before doing so. In short, Madam, turn your house into a free-and-easy hotel. You will become very popular, and never lack for visitors.

Such, *Mr. Punch*, is the advice which I would earnestly impress upon the country-house hostess. In all humility as a practical reformer, I am, Your obedient servant,

Dolce far Niente Club, W. John Lazibohn.

P.S.—I could refer to other phases of the question, but all the clauses of a reform bill cannot be carried at the first attempt. We must have a beginning.

VOTES AND VOX POPULI.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Now that the Municipal Elections are in full swing, may I venture to suggest certain Golden Rules to those who intend to cast their shells into the urn? They are as follows:—

1. Always vote for the candidate who objects to lowering the local rates, for as a rule he is an honest man, and has not got a brother-in-law or cousin interested in the house-building, road-making, or plumbing business, which the blatant Economist invariably has.

2. Sign the nomination papers of as many philanthropists as you are legally entitled to support. This will gain you immense respect. N.B.—*You need not poll in favour of these gentlemen.* On the contrary, give them the kick out of the ballot-box. They will never know, and be eternally grateful.

3. Studiously inquire whether the whole-hearted individual who solicits your vote has any ambition to become Mayor. If so, discover whether it be likely that a knighthood be lurking in the immediate future in consequence of some Royal Visit to the borough.

4. On the polling day walk about with your voting-paper conspicuously exposed till a late hour in the evening. If discreet, you will have an enjoyable time at the expense of other citizens, and be able to light your pipe with the document when you are smoking your post-prandial pipe at night.

5. Cultivate the local wire-pullers, and ask them to lend you the use of a carriage to drive about the borough.

6. Never give yourself away, or your vote. Without bribery or corruption a voter may, on such an occasion, revel in *otium cum dig.* at Bumbledom. Your obedient servant,

Herbert Hikaway.

13, *Blue Green Chambers, Little Thisleton.*

A VOICE FROM NELSON'S COLUMN.

(*Heard on the occasion of the Anniversary.*)

Yes, it is all very well to cover my column with leaves, but could they not do a little more? Quite right to keep my memory green, but my fame ought to be protected with equal care. I suppose I ought not to complain. Nowadays, everybody is abused. I daresay that the good fellows I see beneath me have all been subjected to criticism. No doubt Napier has been called incompetent, Gordon a bigot, and Havelock a slow-coach. But some league or other is sure to look after our pedestals. Even His Majesty Charles the First is afforded a bouquet or two. They took years to build my column; more years to cast my lions; more years yet to remember my anniversary. Well, they have got the date at last, and my pillar is in the hands of blue-jackets *vice* steeple-jack superseded.

All this is quite right and proper. But what I should like to know is, why I am attacked about my battles? Thanks to my friend Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, my fame has been protected. All honour to the Service Magazine that printed his "vindication." But the leaves that called it forth are not like those around my plinth. Those I see below me are Nature's handiwork—green and pleasant. After all, they are more instructive of the appreciation in which I am held by my country than those other leaves—made of paper.

At the Pig and Poleaxe.

Jobbinson. You 're down in the mouth! What are you thinking about, old man? Quarter day?

Dobbinson (wearily). No, my boy, no quarter day, when my landlord puts in an execution.

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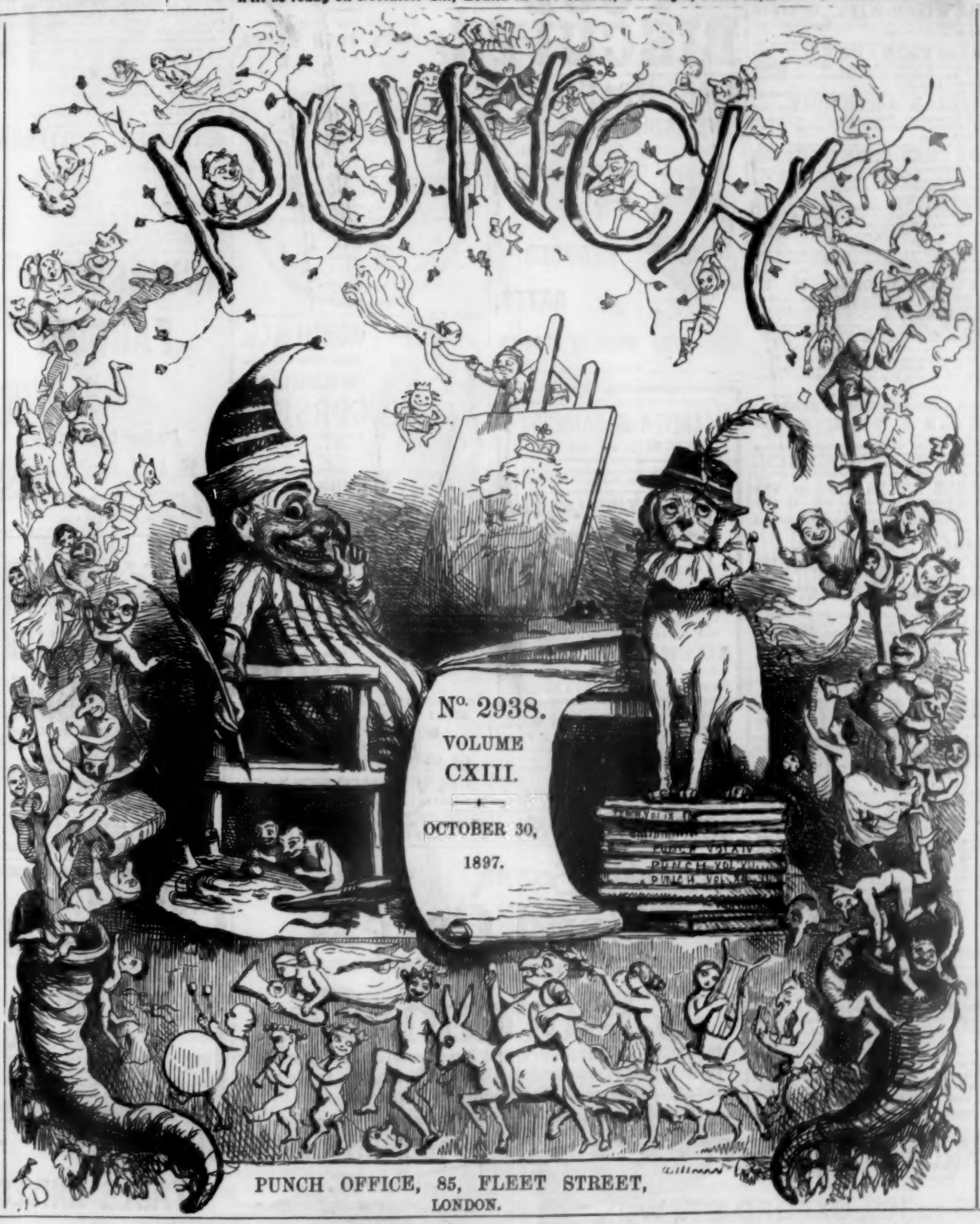
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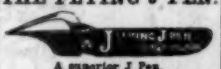
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JUVENILE APPRECIATION.

Teddy (come to see pheasants shot (but they decline to rise to the occasion), to the head keeper). "I say, Mr. White, of course you know the names of all your Pheasants? Our Huntsman knows the names of all his Doggies, and *I* know some of them!"

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Honoured Sir,—Having provided you and your friends with Winter Coals, I now venture to essay to supply you and yours with sundry Luxuries by naming the Winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes, a race which some of the Greenhorns of Turf Commerce appear to compare with the Cesarewitch, quite forgetting the difference in distance and weight. It is indeed astonishing how these Neophytes (an expression freshly culled from the excellent *Webster's Dictionary*) imagine that an animal that can do over two miles in proud style, is equally useful at about half the distance. You might just as well ask a long-distance Human Plodder to win a hundred yards competition. True it is that more than once, as in the case of *Plaisanterie*, the same quadruped has caught the Judge's Eye on both occasions, but how rare have been these Freaks of Fortune, and how carefully planned has been the *coup de grace*? (*Tarver's Anglo-French Dictionary*).

Believe me, honoured Sir, and I speak with the authority of that fine sportsman, Sir John Astley, better known as "The Mate," that, in nine cases out of ten, a Cesarewitch nag is not a Cambridgeshire crock. And this should be remembered when the lowlier sort of punters are sending their Post-Office Orders to the Exiled Bookmakers of Holland, with the expectation of a Double Event. This, by the way, is an exceedingly difficult manœuvre to accomplish, and yet I have succeeded in bringing it off quite recently with *Diakka* in the Duke of York Stakes, and *Merman* in the Cesarewitch.

A Noble Earl (I need not say whether of British birth) who is beholden to me for satisfactory advice on the subject, has, in addition to forwarding me a substantial cheque, sent me a basket of Norwegian Ptarmigan. Inasmuch as I am strictly forbidden by my Medical Man to touch this Scandinavian Fowl, I have directed the L. P. D. C. to convey the hamper to your palatial residence,* with a request that you would pay the carriage. Your thanks I accept beforehand, and now proceed to celebrate in metrical lines the present great Equine Handicap of Newmarket:—

The *Balsam* gent I don't admire,
To *Yorkist* claims do not aspire,
No *Burning Ash* my pen will fire,
But an *Eastern Dame* respect, Sir.
But I surely in the 1, 2, 3,
A *Yankee Saint* expect to see,
And (with a run) the *Jersey Lilie*,
Her one of the two don't neglect, Sir.

Well aware that I have thrown priceless chances to those Winds which blow about the Cape of Good Hope, I write myself down as usual, honoured Sir,

Your devoted minion,
Darby Jones.

P.S.—At the same time remember that a millionaire is not above picking up a pin.

* We were not taking any in.—Ed.

TO SIR F.-P., Bart.

[Sir Faudel Faudel-Phillips, Bart., Lord Mayor, has been made a Knight Grand Commander of the most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.]

Hail! Sir Faudel!
Gaily chordle! *
Faudel-Phillips, Bart.!
"K. G. C.
E. O. I. E."
Lord Mayor still thou art!

* Old form of "chortle."

"Sermons in Stones."—"Sir Edward Sassoon," according to the *Daily Telegraph*, "has offered to the Corporation of Brighton, five statues, representing 'Night,' 'Morning,' 'Truth,' 'Welcome,' and 'Fidelity,' for the decoration of one of the public parks." What a fine moral lesson to husbands, and a moral for those inclined to dine not wisely but too well. "Night" would represent the husband going out to a bachelor dinner; "Morning" his return therefrom; "Truth," which he murmured indistinctly to himself; "Welcome," what he received from his wife; "Fidelity," the way in which he kept his promise not to do it again. The Sassoon statues will give a fine moral lesson to Brightonian husbands. May they profit by it!

A Creature who left the Oasis of Plenty for the Desert of Distress.—The Kew Gardens Pelican—killed by some one who ought never to have been trusted with a gun—October 19, 1897—far, far from home.



"LET WELL ALONE."

John Bull. "No, thank ye, Jonathan. I've done very well with my Gold, and I don't want any Change!"

BOTANICAL BOOTS.

[According to an interview in the *Daily Mail*, the ultra-vegetarians consider it against their principles to wear foot-gear made of leather, and substitute therefor materials of non-animal origin, such as flax, paper, cotton, or some other product of the vegetable kingdom.]

To make vegetable boots,
You must go and grub up roots
In your private kitchen-garden, if you own a cabbage-patch;
Else at your next-door neighbour's
You should prosecute your labours,
Or at Kew, perhaps, when no one 's by, some odds and ends you 'll snatch!

For no longer must you wear
The ordinary pair
That are made of cow-hide, porpoise-skin, or cuticle of pig;
You must shun them altogether
With ev'ry sort of leather,
And endeavour to encase your feet in vegetarian rig.

Then very soon you 'll feel
That, if you need a meal,
You can boil your beetle-crushers, or convert them into stew;
And, when you 're in a hurry,
You can dine on slipper-curry,
And say with truth, "I 'll eat my hat if I don't eat my *shoe!*"

The Early Bird.

It seems that a curious zoologist has been sitting out at night to check the times at which birds begin to sing. The April dawn commenced to break at 2.30 A.M., though a sparrow had already anticipated matters by chirping at 2 A.M. The following, however, is a still more important observation, and one may perhaps be pardoned for adding the italics of admiration:—

"At twenty-seven minutes past three o'clock"—to quote the *Westminster Gazette*—"larks began to soar and sing all round, *although there was scarcely light enough to read by.*" Came without their notes, we suppose.

Fur-cone.—A daily paper states that, wing to the mild weather, furs are "dropping rapidly." Evidently a change of hair is required.



A GIFT OF ARGUMENT.

"Give me a Ride on your Back, Daddy." "No, dear; not here."
"Why not, Daddy?" "Oh, there are too many People about."
"But if you took me on your Back there would be all the more room for the People!"

"A WEIGH THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

["By the new regulations, it is now necessary that Army candidates for commissions should not only possess the chest measurement and height prescribed, but that they should also be of a certain minimum weight."—*Daily Press.*]

"I can assure you, Sir," said the lad, "that I have studied hard to make myself proficient."

"That may be," replied the examiner, "but I fear, from your appearance, that one necessary acquirement has been sadly neglected."

"Pray do not say so," cried the youth in a piteous tone. "I am so anxious to become a soldier. I come of a race of warriors. My father was at Inkermann, my grandsire took an eagle at Waterloo, and the founder of our race (we are of Saxon origin) was the only general who made any serious stand at Hastings."

"With such a pedigree," observed the examiner, "it is strange that your physique should not be stronger."

"Possibly it comes of over-study," continued the youngster. "I have worked day and night for years. I know all that can be known in military history, and am up to my eyes in the *minutiæ* of the profession. As for drill—in all its branches—I have learned it backwards, forwards, and side-ways. Test me, Sir, and you will find I am up in everything."

The examiner good-naturedly put a few questions, which the candidate answered with the greatest ease and precision.

"Yes, you appear to know the technical part of the necessary education, and the Civil Service Commissioners have seen that you have had the ordinary training of an English gentleman."

"Yes, I was at Eton and Christ Church."

"But you apparently neglected athletics."

"Neglected athletics!" exclaimed the excited youth. "My dear Sir, you cannot have read the papers. Did you not see how I broke the record of the five mile race, equalled the long-jump, and carried all before me in a novel competition known—I presume tentatively—as hurling horses?"

"Yes, I have heard something of this."

"And it is not for me to speak of it, but I wear, concealed under my waistcoat, this medal, which was presented to me for saving lives from drowning. And if I may say so without laying myself open to the charge of self-laudation, I might suggest that I was not called at school 'Courageous Charlie' for nothing."

"Still, you know the new regulation. It must be enforced."

"I have done my best. I have eaten porridge, a popular food for cattle, oil-cake, everything. And yet I dread the test."

"Be brave," replied the examiner. "Take a seat. It will be over in a moment."

The lad obeyed the instruction, and eagerly waited for the verdict.

"Nine stone exactly!" said the examiner. "You are not fat enough for the army."

"This is thin, indeed!" cried the youth. And although there was a certain play upon words in the remark, the unsuccessful candidate was too sad to smile at the witticism.



The Chinese Navy, according to the "Daily Mail":—"A Board of Admiralty is to be established to legislate under the advice of a European organiser."

THE FIRST BOARD MEETING, BY OUR PROPHETIC CHINESE ARTIST.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. I.—To VISCOUNT ESHER, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

MY LORD,—It would not be right that an event so momentous as your retirement from the Bench, that for so many years you have adorned, should pass unnoticed by *Mr. Punch*, your friend and admirer.

Our judicial system is to-day poorer by the loss of a real man. Time and again has he who pens these lines watched you as you burst your way with masculine force through the tangled web of sophistries that too often passes for legal acumen. What were precedents to you if precedents told against your view of what was right? You could always distinguish, as the lawyers say, and if your distinctions toppled over for ever the decided cases in which the unwisdom of your musty predecessors had had full scope, so much the worse for the decided cases and so much the better, it may be added, for good sense and sound law.

They said you were rough in your speech, that you did not check in time the crushing remark provoked by boredom, stupidity or perversity. It may be so. *Osric* was never your model of manners, and, in truth, an *Osric* on the Bench would be a melancholy sight. And sometimes the animal spirits that have carried you vigorously from your stalwart undergraduate days, through the rough and tumble of a barrister's and a Judge's life, up to the moment of your retirement, would break out irrepressibly amid the pompous gloom of your Appeal Court, and you would revel in a wordy contest with all the zest of a Caius man belabouring a Barnwell bargee. They still do these things at Caius, I am told, when the occasion requires, and I warrant that you, the noblest Caian of them all, would be the last to blame the happy diversions of youth.

But, rough or otherwise, you were sterling to the core, and as kindly as you were sterling. Others might be cajoled or wheedled: no man can say that he ever succeeded in humbugging you, or that, if he tried to, he brought anything but sorrow and bruised bones out of the conflict. But being a man you liked a man, though he might be your temporary opponent, and the robust energy that urged you to a bout of mental fisticuffs caused you to treat as a mere nothing any blow that might descend on your own skull during the encounter. You forgave and were forgiven; you respected and were respected.

And through all the turmoil and the conflict, highly placed and honoured as you were, you preserved ever a happy memory of the days of your youth when BRETT of Caius was a name to conjure with in the world of oarsmen. BRETT of Caius, who, as a brother Judge sang of him:—

> —— rowed seven to STANLEY,
> Every inch the Judge—the man;
> Upright, downright, comely, manly,
> Beat him, Oxford, if you can!

And I cannot doubt that the ancient medals that bore testimony to your aquatic prowess on the tideway, and at Henley, are still amongst your most cherished and delightful possessions. Others might stiffen and totter and forget, but with you the athlete's delight in conflict, the joyous spirit of abounding vitality that bore you on when your sinews were cracking and your breast was heaving in the fierce stress of a boat-race, the fighter's determination to win or to die—these were and are yours still as when you sat behind STANLEY and helped to snatch victory from the men in dark blue.

How genially, too, and with what tact and humour have you presided over the Boat-race dinners. The youngsters who had rowed rejoiced in your speeches, and always cheered you to the echo. Once, as I have heard, when having temporarily vacated the chairman's seat you were strolling round the tables, you paused behind a lad, who, somewhat inspired by Bacchus, was lustily shouting, "Good old ESHER," a call which, though it showed

enthusiasm, was not altogether so respectful as the dignity of a Lord Justice might seem to require. On him still shouting, and unaware of your presence at his back, you laid a paternal hand: "My dear boy," you said, "I'm afraid your head will ache to-morrow. I once shouted like that myself, and—well, *my* head ached the next morning," and with that you passed on, leaving the boy reduced to a surprised and unwonted silence. It may interest you to know that he subsequently declared you were "a ripper."

And now you are gone into a retirement which we all wish may be as peaceful and pleasant as it is honourable. We shall miss you. Often, when some prosy dryasdust is laying down the law, we shall long for those refreshing gusts of vigorous common sense that swept through your Court when you presided over it. These we shall not feel again, but your example of manly strength and robust insight and unswerving rectitude in word and deed will remain with us unforgotten and undimmed through the years that are to come. I am, my Lord, with deep respect,

Your faithful servant, The Vagrant.

HAND AND GLOVE AT THE AQUARIUM.

It's wonderful! Marvellous! the reproduction of the great fight between Fitzsimmons and Corbett by Fisticuffographic Process at the Aquarium! They "come like shadows, so depart," and I fancy the Witches in their cave knew this trick and presented a series of "living pictures" for the instruction and amusement of *Macbeth*. By the way, herein is a hint for Mr. Forbes Robertson should he wish to give this Shakspearian drama with genuine novel effects. Or, why should not the "living pictures" be given in the Play Scene in *Hamlet*? But this, by the way. *A nos mute-'uns!* For they don't speak a word! Not a sound to be heard! Except the whirring of the machinery. O my head! Never was there so dense and so silent a crowd living, moving, waving hands, and doing all that mortal men can do except speak.

Never having seen a prize-fight, I had imagined that two athletes stripped to the waist, as they appear in prints of champion pugilists, would gracefully stand up to each other until one of them could stand up no longer, the interval being occupied in "squaring up," "hitting out," "slogging," "landing" each other "one on the nut," and, in a general way, exhibiting what muscle, training, and science can effect. Consequently I was considerably astonished at finding these two champions, who seem to hate one another like poison, that is, if the refusal of Fitzsimmons to shake hands with Corbett is to be taken as an indication of this deadly inimical sentiment, occupying the greater part of the time taken up by the encounter in getting quite close together, and apparently hugging each other in so loving an embrace that they find the greatest difficulty in parting; in fact Fitzsimmons seemed quite sorry to let Corbett go, and *vice versâ*. Sometimes they dance, and hop, and hurry, and scurry round the ring, but, as it always seems, with only one aim and end, namely, that Fitzsimmons is so deeply attached to Corbett (or Corbett to Fitzsimmons, it does not matter which) as to be perpetually making for him, with a view to taking him to his arms, and giving him just another hug for old acquaintance sake, and to show that, though at the commencement he had refused to go through the formality of shaking hands, yet he was desperately attached to him, and only wanted to take him to his heart and whisper the touching truth in his ear. All this time the two champions are being followed about all over the place by a stout man in shirt-sleeves, light tie, and high collar, whom at first I took to be a kind of clergyman of some persuasion, skipping about to avoid their both hitting him or treading on his toes, and, probably, perpetually reminding them of Dr. Watts' hymn, how, "Dogs might delight to bark and bite," and "Lions to growl and fight," but that for a couple of Christians to be engaged in a deadly pummeling encounter was not a seemly spectacle, nor a good example to set to the thousands of spectators there gathered together. However, it was soon explained to me that this stout personage, something between a genial elderly parson and a robust landlord of a public house, was George Siler, of Chicago, the referee. A nice time he must have had of it! Once he was nearly sent over the ropes with both champions on the top of him!

The fight continues. Sometimes they are in the full clear light of day, but in a steady pelt of rain or snow, at other times they are all in shadow and a heavy storm is pouring down; but whether in light or shade, all the figures, principals and crowd, are moving about under a kind of continuous Niagara waterfall, of which everyone seems utterly unconscious. It is this that makes it so weird. At last, however, Fitzsimmons becoming annoyed at all his overtures for his amiably-intentioned hugging and embracing being rejected, hits Corbett a nasty one, when down goes the latter on his knee, and what is more, he can't get on his legs again when "time" is called; whereupon "Fitzsimmons is," says the voice of a mysterious showman coming to us through the gloom, for the spectators are almost in darkness, "proclaimed the winner."



Kitty (whose papa has got a telephone). "Gran'ma, are you *there*?"

This verdict evidently so annoys Corbett, that, recovering his legs just a few seconds too late, he rushes at Fitzsimmons, who might have been taken unawares but for the rapid intervention of seconds, backers, umpire, men with fans, men with towels, men with sponges, all throwing themselves on the dangerous defeated one, and hustling him out of the ring. Then in surges the crowd, and all is muddle and jumble and jostling, when suddenly everything and everybody vanishes, the nightmare is over, the hall is once more in full light, and we, with Fitzsimmons in one eye, Corbett in the other, and our head aching from the silent fists of both, are staring about, dazed, wondering if "there are visions about," whether everybody is real, whether—— "Ah! I've been a-lookin' for you, Sir!" 'Tis the voice of the cabman, I hear him complain. I had forgotten to pay him! He has been waiting for me just one hour and a half. Yes; I *am* alive; so is the cabman. It is real.

Siamese Susceptibilities.

["King Chulalongkorn is in Spain . . . . . he was much surprised to find that so characteristic an amusement as a bull-fight had been left out from the authorised programme of entertainments. It was explained to him that it had been omitted solely out of consideration to what the Spaniards conceived to be Siamese susceptibilities . . . . . So a bull-fight is being arranged."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Is the King of Siam turned an infidel now,
That his programme of bull-fights is full?
It certainly seems that his love for the cow
Is at best but a bit of a bull.

Note on Nelson.

Sir,—There is a house of call near here bearing the style and title of "The Nelson Arms." This must have been the very house where the young Horatio in early days took his morning drink. His beverage was good English home-brewed (you remember "England, Home-brewed, and Beauty"?), as he was stalwart, thorough, and not a man for half-and-half measures. But to come to my pint, I draw your attention to the fact that the sign is "The Nelson Arms." Now he could not have frequented this place later in life, as then the landlord would certainly have re-named it "The Nelson Arm." Perhaps this will interest Sir William Fraser, who seems to know all about everything connected with our naval hero. Faithfully yours,

"What Cheer!"



The Colonel. "MR. MORIARTY, I RECEIVED THIS MORNING A MOST OFFENSIVE ANONYMOUS LETTER, AND, FROM CERTAIN INDICATIONS, I AM COMPELLED RELUCTANTLY TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

Moriarty. "AN ANONYMOUS LETTER! WHOY, *OI'D SCORN TO PUT MY NAME TO SUCH A THING!*"

TO PHEME;

or, La Belle Rumeur sans Vérité.

(By TH-M-S B-WL-S.)

AIR—"*The Cane-bottomed Chair.*"

I WAS sounding my way on the Ocean of Life
Where the currents are captious and wreckage is rife;
When a fairy-like figure emerged from the fog,
And I noted the same in my nautical log.

Like the Spirit of Dawn she divided the foam
With the easy aplomb of a porpoise at home,
And on deck up a hawser she gracefully slid
And reclined in her bloom on my binnacle-lid.

"Petty Officer THOMAS," the lady began,
"For I think I address that remarkable man,
I am PHEME, who hails from the vacuous blue,
Petty Officer BOWLES, I've a message for you!

"One word will suffice for a sapient tar
Which is just the identical sort that you are—
Take it, then, on the faith of the feminine sex,
That *your Commodore's going to send in his checks!*"

"Say no more!" I replied, for my temples were red
Where the blood from my heart had got into my head,
And my hair was erect from its ultimate roots,
As already I trod in the Commodore's boots!

I was visibly swelling in stature and weight
While I pictured my hand at the helm of the State,
And I looked at my PHEME and longed to encase
Her delectable form in my folding embrace.

I advanced with the purpose of stroking her wings
(Have I mentioned she wore these adorable things?)
When she checked me in virginal tones of revolt—
"Do not touch me, my THOMAS! I'm going to moult!"

It was true. She attempted to soar from my clasp,
But her feathers came off in my amorous grasp,
And she fell with a thud in the neighbouring main,
And I never set eyes on the creature again.

False, fleeting and perjured, my PHEME had passed
To the limbo of rumours too rotten to last,
And the total remains for her THOMAS to weep
Was the fluff of her wings in a fatuous heap.

So I turn to my study of nautical lore
In a solitude darker than ever before,
For the vision of splendour is hopelessly hid
That she drew (in the rough) on my binnacle-lid.

Yet a relic I cherish, a feather to wear,
For the sake of a party so fickle and fair,
And at times I shall chew me a querulous quid
Where she sat in her bloom on my binnacle-lid.

Shakspeare and Sport.

THEATRES, theatres, everywhere! Among the latest, and doing uncommonly well as it appears, with LEONARD BOYNE in a horseyfied drama by Messrs. RALEIGH and HICKS, entitled *Sporting Life*, is the Shakspeare Theatre, Clapham. Good gracious! Clapham that was once so "serious" and anti-theatrical! Yet, when you come to think of it, or go there to see it, oughtn't Clapham to be the very place where an actor would be most welcome! Doesn't the very name express the sound of applause so dear to an actor's ear and heart? And, as a suburb, isn't Clapham quite handy to London? It would be a bad omen if, instead of Clapham, it was called Hissham, Peltum, or Guyem. A sporting piece, too! Just the place! for isn't Clapham on the road to Epsom? and do not Clapham Schools rejoice on Derby Day? Produced at the Shakspeare Theatre! Why, certainly. Just exactly what WILLIAM, who, as is shown in his works, was a real good sportsman, would have revelled in! Brayvo! Clapham!

At the Quickshot Club.

First Sportsman. Well, I killed four rabbits with two barrels last September.

Second Sportsman. And I had five partridges on one drive, three coming towards me, and two with fresh cartridges over the hill.

Third Sportsman (*wearily*). But nobody comes up to my slaying of an elephant in Assam with a pea rifle. Would you like to hear the yarn?

[*The Third Sportsman is immediately left alone.*



"ENGLAND EXPECTS—"

Shade of F.-M. the Duke of Wellington. "ALL RIGHT FOR *YOUR* SERVICE, NELSON; BUT, BEGAD, SIR, THEY'LL HAVE TO STRENGTHEN *MINE!*"



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

To be bolted with down-hill, a bit of Mud in your Eye, and with everyone in the Field yelling, "'Ware Wire!"

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

To Colonel Mathias and his Gordon Highlanders. Chagru Kotal, October 20.

Bravo, the Gordons! Proved again
The men that never fail!
Though gallant comrades, true and tried,
India's flower and England's pride,
Rushing to storm that bare hill-side,
Reeled in the raking hail.

Then skirled the pipes, and up you leapt;
Out rang your Highland yell;
And there with boyish step and light,
Running the gauntlet up the height,
Shouting for battle's sheer delight,
Young Alec Lamont fell!

Fell as the Gordons choose to fall
On a well-won field afar;
Fell for the flag whose battle-stains
Speak of the fight by Delhi's fanes,
Leaguer of Lucknow, Egypt's plains,
Kabul and Kandahar!

From the Pegasus Stables.—"Wild white horses sha'n't drag it out of me!" as Mr. Rudyard Kipling said when asked to write a pome for the first number of the "Literature" of the Times. Wild white horses! Ah! Happy thought! So he gave in, and gave out the pome; and in true British pugilistic mood he exhorts his countrymen

"To mill your foeman's armies;"

but of course this implies that the "wild white horses" who are to go in for this knock-a-bout encounter require, first of all, a considerable amount of training.



"A TAIL PIECE."

It was the long-tailed Dress Suits last Season. Will it be the short-tailed ditto this Season?

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GUY."

Dear Mr. Punch,—At a time when everybody of note has an anniversary, it seems rather hard that my memory is becoming dimmer and dimmer, until it now stands a fair chance of being entirely forgotten. Of course, the cause of my popular unpopularity has become out of date. No one in this nineteenth century cares whether I blew up James the First or not. The enthusiasm for that monarch has long since evaporated. Of late years it has been the custom to represent me as all sorts and conditions of men. Now I have appeared as a silly minister, a foolish general, a self-laudatory literary man. But now, even that kind of representative seems to be dying out. Unless this protest has the desired effect I feel that the fifth of November will pass without a sign of recognition. Should this be in these days of jubilation over Waterloo, Balaklava, and last, but not least, Trafalgar? I venture to reply in the negative, and to remain,

Yours faithfully, Guy Fawkes.

P.S.—My only consolation is that I am very well represented by most of the London statuary.

"Shine, Moon, Shine!"

[Mr. E. R. P. Moon, M.P. for North St. Pancras, has gone to Canea to study the Cretan question.]

Bravo, Moon! Will he let in a little moon-light on the difficulty? Perhaps just a silvery moon-beam on the troubled waters. Or will his visit only result in Moonshine?

Conscientious Lawyer's Advice.—Do right: don't write.



FROM MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE FRONT.

"The enemy sent in a message that if the troops would come out and meet them *on equal terms*, they would fight."

TOMMY ATKINS TAKES THEM AT THEIR WORD, AND COMES OUT, ADOPTING THE FASHIONS OF THE LOCALITY!

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

["Another 'ex-head-master,' with an experience of seventeen years as head of a public school, seriously asks whether it would not be better to teach boys chess than Latin verses."—*St. James's Gazette*, *Oct.* 18.]

Messrs. Teachem and Trainemup beg to call the attention of parents to the unique educational advantages offered by them at Cramwell College. The gratifying successes achieved by many of their former pupils give the best testimony to the merit of their system, which has completely superseded the old-fashioned theories of education. Their terms for boarders between the ages of ten and eighteen are £200 *per annum*, which will appear a very moderate figure when the expense involved in maintaining their brilliant staff of assistant-masters is taken into consideration. The following subjects, amongst others, are taught with the greatest care:

1. Lessons in Chess are given to every boy in the upper school, under the direction of Professor Gambit, the well-known player. Two hours a day are set aside for this subject, and there are examinations in end-games and problems every week, besides a tournament at the close of each term, by which the boy's place in class is finally decided. It is clearly recognised nowadays that Chess is a far more valuable study than any of the worthless dead languages. Boys in the middle school are taught Draughts, while those in the lower school are thoroughly grounded in Halma.

2. While Chess replaces, as has been indicated, the study of Latin and Greek, it has been found that Billiards forms an admirable substitute for mathematics. And, considering the enormous educational importance of this game, we have added that celebrated player, Mr. Wynnynge Hazarde, to our staff of masters. Each boy is expected to bring to school at the beginning of term his own cue and a dozen pieces of chalk. The lower forms are given lessons in Bagatelle as a stepping-stone to the nobler game, and no one is admitted to the upper fifth until he has made a break of over twenty. Indeed, conscious of our responsibility towards the rising generation, we take the utmost pains that our pupils shall receive the best possible teaching in this all-important subject. And that we have not been altogether unsuccessful is shown by the number of important and responsible posts now filled by old Cramwellians. The markers at the "Spotted Dog" of Hounsditch, the "Red Lion" of Tooting, the "White Hart" at Puddleton, and many others, all received their early training at Cramwell College.

3. In the place of modern languages, history, and geography—useless subjects too long retained in the ordinary scholastic curriculum—our pupils are instructed in the game of whist by Professor Trumpster, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of the teaching. Parents are requested to provide their sons with five shillings a week as card-money during term-time. In addition to the ordinary prizes, we offer annually a scholarship of £10 for especial merit in whist. The present holder is Master Brown *major*, aged seventeen, who gained the distinction by his essay "On American Leads, with an excursus on Finessing." Professor Trumpster also lectures on Ecarté, Picquet, and Bézique, while another Professor (who prefers to remain nameless, but who for many years has enjoyed a large and lucrative practice) gives instruction in the Three-Card Trick to those boys whose parents wish it. An extra fee of £10 is charged for this course, which, however, will ensure for each pupil who masters it a constant source of income in future years. Lessons are also given to the junior forms in Dominoes, Beggar-my-Neighbour, and Spillikins. It will thus be seen that the educational course at Cramwell College thoroughly prepares the boys for their subsequent careers in the world, and the improvement on the old form of public-school education is indeed enormous.

From time to time parents inquire whether we give our pupils any instruction at all in such subjects as mathematics, history, geography and languages. Of course we cannot allow the hours which should be devoted to the serious study of games to be frittered away upon such trivial subjects as these. But we have no objection to allowing a boy to read, for instance, Euclid and Thucydides in his playtime. Only it must be clearly recognised that proficiency in Chess, Billiards, &c., is of far more real importance to him, and that these other, more frivolous, studies must be kept in their proper place.

Messrs. Teachem and Trainemup will be delighted to answer any questions from parents who think of entrusting their sons to their charge, and, for a testimonial to the worth of their system, can refer enquirers to "an ex-head-master, with an experience of seventeen years."



THE SLOCUM POGIS TOILET-CLUB.

"These 'ere Barbers makes a rare lot o' fuss about it, but 'tain't nowt to Sheep shearin'."

Solvitur Canendo.—For continued neglect of French, *Tommy* had earned a caning. The cane, wielded by *Dr. Barlow*, missed *Tommy's* hand. "This," cried *Tommy*, "is what I call the '*cire perdue*' process!" "Why so?" inquired his master, pausing. "Because," replied the juvenile humorist, "it is '*Whacks Lost*.'" The *sequitur* can be easier imagined than described.

Proverbs gone wrong.—One man may look into a house, while another mayn't even leap over a haystack.



TAR—MADE IN GERMANY.

Mr. Punch. "HULLO! WHO ARE YOU?"
Jack Tar. "MINE FREEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW ME? I AM DE BRIDISH SAILOR."

[According to the report just issued by the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, British ships are becoming more and more manned by foreigners, and in the process of time, the British seaman will be as extinct as the Dodo. Out of 125,009 seamen employed last year in British sailing ships and steamers, 27,446 were foreigners.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HER MAJESTY has had many gifts presented to her in Jubilee Year. Possibly none is more prized, few could be more magnificent, than the dedication of *The Oxford Dictionary*, the third volume of which has just issued from the Clarendon Press under the direction of Mr. HENRY FROWDE. Lord ALDENHAM, in addition to contributing two sons to the House of Commons, read all through the proof-sheets of the first volume. My Baronite sits amazed at contemplation of all he must know. SHAKSPEARE managed to write his plays with the employment of 20,000 words. Dr. MURRAY and his coadjutors in the work of *The Oxford Dictionary*, have as yet approached only the sixth letter of the alphabet. Yet they have exhaustively dealt with over 97,000 words. The erudition displayed is equalled by the aptness and ingenuity of the illustrations drawn from the field of the world's literature. Nothing on the same scale has ever been attempted. Nothing approaching it has ever been accomplished. The work, undertaken fifteen years ago, will, according to present plans, be finished in the year 1910—a superb legacy left by the nineteenth century to its successor.

Do not be frightened by the title of one of S. BARING-GOULD's most recent novels, *Bladys of the Stewponey*. It is not a warning to hippophagists given to stewing and devouring ponies. "The Stewponey" was originally "The Estepona Tavern," and who *Bladys* was, and how she became associated with the Stewponey, and what consequences to the charming heroine resulted therefrom, is it not all written in this book, and is not the book worth reading? Most decidedly. 'Tis as interesting a tale as has ever come out of the head of the ready-writing author, whose only error, to the Baron's thinking, is, that he has written a preface to it, which is not calculated to assist the romance, but, by telling you "how it 's done," rather detracts from the story. Avoid the preface until you have finished the story. It is very well illustrated by Messrs. TOWNSEND and MUNNS, and is published by METHUEN & Co.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. That is the proverbial rule: to which the clearly-typed, well-written and well-bound little volume, called, *London in the time of the Diamond Jubilee*, is a most decided exception, although its authors are EMILY CONSTANCE COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A. This Cookery Book is edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S., and published at Llangollen by DARLINGTON, whose name (Town of the Darling) is so suggestive of "Sweet JENNY JONES, the maid of Llangollen," and by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., in London. It is well illustrated, full of useful information, and fitted with maps, which have to be taken up tenderly, unfolded with care, and examined with the aid of a magnifier. With this book as his guide, philosopher, and friend, the stranger in the land will find himself quite at home, and should never be compelled to "ask a policeman," or to declare that "he dunno where he are."

In their pocket *éditions de luxe* of the "Temple Classics," edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., Messrs. DENT & Co., of Aldine House, have already given us such *argumenta ad pocketum* as no collector of daintily-got-up and clearly-printed books can withstand. By way of adding to these literary travelling companions, bound, most handsomely, to go with us everywhere by sea or land, the same Aldine House has commenced a new series of Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels, with useful glossary and notes; the first volume of Waverley being prefaced by an interesting Biographical Note by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, a name of good omen where to give *multum in parvo* is the main object.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Salzburg.—Across the Austrian frontier. Usual discomforts on entering another country. Custom House. Fresh customs, as usual, but not fresh manners. Yet perhaps more manners than in Germany. Also different money, and such money! The florin, the gulden, the krone, the kreutzer and the heller are bad enough. Add to these the Hungarian translations *korona* and *fillér*, and you have seven names to puzzle the foreigner. Then you reckon everything in kreutzers, and you inscribe the coins with the value in hellers. Imagine in England all the small coins being reckoned in farthings and marked in half-farthings. Also the change for a shilling being always farthings and threepenny-pieces—the latter in nickel so similar in size and colour to a shilling that one would need a strong light to distinguish them.

If that were the case, an Austrian tourist in London, having reckoned that the cab-fare for a very short distance should be forty-eight farthings, might in the dark hand to the cabman a nickel threepenny-bit instead of a piece of ninety-six half-farthings. Then, perhaps, you can—I cannot—imagine the remarks of the cabman, and the futile efforts of the Austrian to find "two bob" amongst the pieces of paper, silver, nickel and bronze in his pocket. Such, reversed, is the unpleasant position of the Englishman in Austria.

Salzburg is an interesting old city—so interesting that it is being rapidly improved out of existence by an Improvement Association, and so old that at every street-corner you find a horse-tramcar, or a steam-tramcar, or an electric-tramcar, or a railway up the hill, or a railway down the hill, or a funicular railway, or something mediæval of that sort. There is a castle, in the most picturesque situation imaginable, to which you go up in a lift, and, when you have been lifted right to the top, you find an ancient terrace, commanding a delightful view over snow-capped mountains and fertile valleys, and on the terrace half-a-dozen young ladies discussing the objects of interest in *Amerikanisch*. And there is an hotel, where you might suppose that you were not in Austria at all, seeing that everyone speaks English, and that the *menu* is in French, and that there is an American bar in the hall, where you can find all the cocktails you want. In England you may not so very frequently eat "Roastbocuf," "Irishstew," "Cheste Cheese," "Mixed Pikles," and similar delicacies; in Austria you can have them all daily—twice daily, if you like.

But if you want something superlatively excellent, you should not go to Salzburg, but to an hotel in a neighbouring village, the name of which need not be mentioned, thus advertised in the English language:

"Post Hotel in——. Charming view, fine apartments, accomplished drink, captivating meats, baths in hotel, &c."

One might obtain captivating meats elsewhere, but accomplished drink is a luxury unknown except in that hotel. What are the ingredients?

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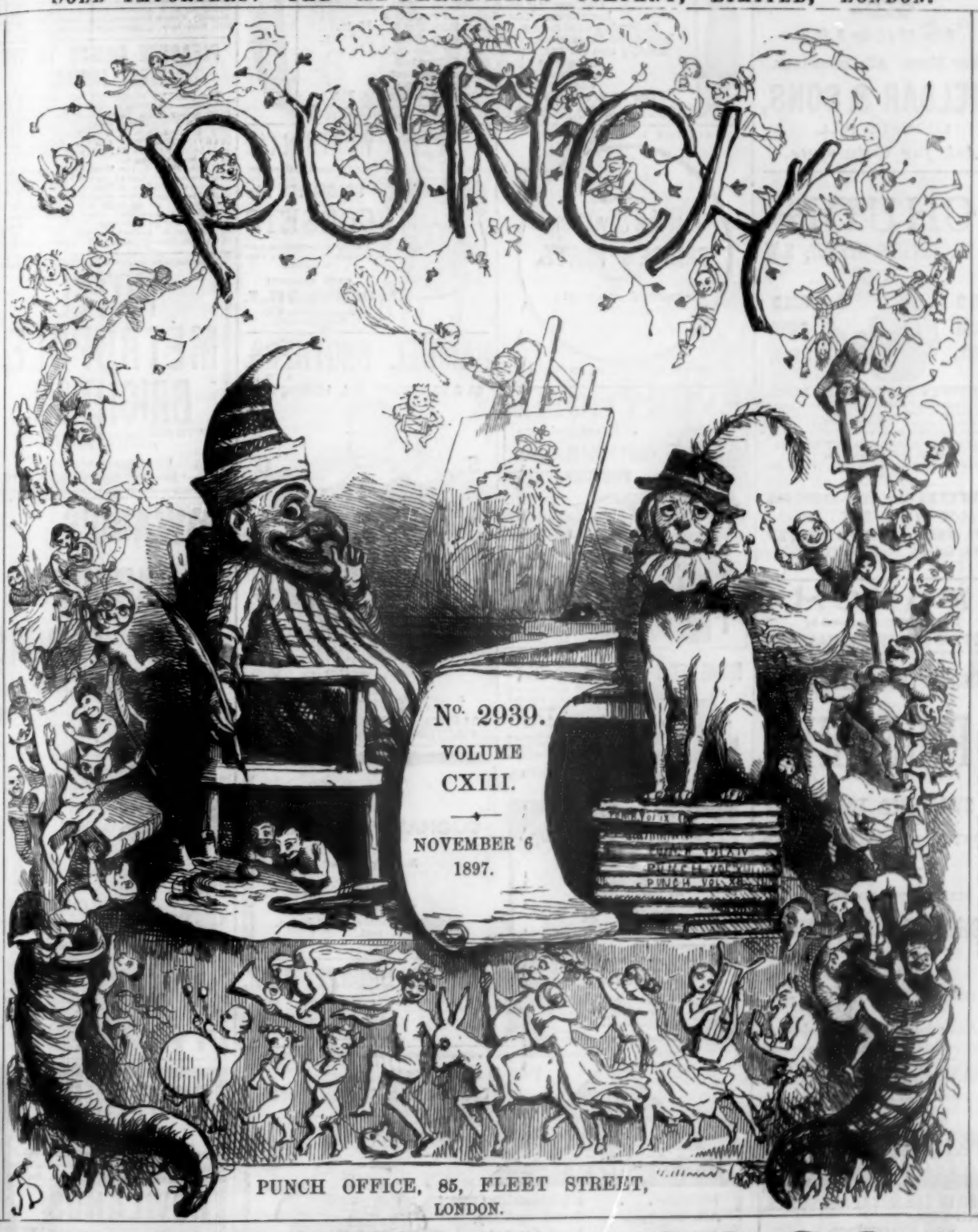
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Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken. Fares from 80 guineas.

Managers: F. GREEN AND CO., ANDERSON ANDERSON AND CO. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges moderate.

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HOWARD'S PARQUET FLOORS

Price lists free.

25, 26, & 27, Berners Street, W.

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Panelling from 2s. 3d. per foot; Parquet Flooring from 3d. per foot.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE **Y & N** *Patent Diagonal* **SEAM CORSETS**

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all fashionable Colours and Shades, of Italian Cloth, satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



COMFORTING.

Sportsman (to Friend who has just ridden into a Bog, and looks like staying there). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, I BELIEVE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL GOOD THING!"

MR. PUNCH'S "TATCHO" MODEL ADVERTISER.

THE MARIE CORELLI Circulation Creator,

"PUFFO."

PUFFO for Prose Writers.
PUFFO for Paragraphists.
PUFFO for Pifflers.
PUFFO for Philosophers.
PUFFO for Princes.
PUFFO for Personages.

This mixture is invaluable for ungrammatical middle-class households. Taken internally in large doses of three to a bottle it prevents the patient from being shocked at anything, and makes him or her another man or woman. It is lurid, unconventional, scarlet, effusive, bombastic, and untrammelled. None genuine without the trade-mark, a picture of a patent-leather-booted Devil swallowing one glass of absinthe, with the legend, "Criticism, that is the enemy!"

PUFFO has vellumed its way into Windsor Castle!
PUFFO makes you sit up!
PUFFO has the scent of Poppies!

Bad men hate PUFFO.
Good men love PUFFO.
PUFFO is POPULAR.

"I certify that PUFFO is made from my own dear little teeny-weeny receipt, and I don't care a bit what naughty critics say about it. (*Signed*) MARIE CORELLI."

ANENT A WEE DRAPPIT.

MY DEAR M-B-RLY B-LL,—I read the other day in the *Times* that a "fairly healthy man clad in homespun, and judiciously fortified by another product of the Highlands, can face any weather on a Scotch moor." This is quite true; but is it wise to let every one into the secret?

Yours ever,
TAM TOPER, LL.D.

Squareborough, Yoicks.



Some Advantages of a London Fog.

You can meet your dearest enemy without looking at him, and cut the atmosphere with the end of your umbrella. You can also cut your tailor, if he be foolish enough to walk abroad, with the utmost unconcern, and can be certain of not encountering your bootmaker. Furthermore, you can look into all the shop-windows without any opposition from the passing pickpocket, and in a great many theatres you can have a great choice of seats. Lastly, but not leastly, you can attire yourself in any costume which it pleases you to assume, and bet ten to one with the Anti-Gambling League that you return home after a three-miles stroll closely resembling one of the minstrels of Messrs. MOORE AND BURGESS, or the humbler, but not less talented "busker" of the sands of Margate or Ramsgate. In a London fog, moreover, you are absolutely unknown to the police.

[It is needless to state that the above is from our Irrepressible One, now in his element.—ED.]

So there is going to be a new "Ashley's"—a genuine Equestrian Circus, which is now being built in a most central position. "Serious report this," observes our Medical Practitioner. "It seems to point to the ossification of the heart of London!"



DUE NORTH.

Lord Rosebery (Wandering Musician from Manchester to Edinburgh). "I 'VE NOTHING NEW. CAN ONLY GIVE 'EM THE SAME OLD TUNE WITH VARIATIONS!"

ODE TO A SLOT-MACHINE.

(Written by way of Protest at a wayside Station on the Line from Tonbridge to Eastbourne.)

Oh! patent marvel of our time,
Your vagaries I'll celebrate
In more or less prosaic rhyme,
For lack of penny chocolate.

I've forty minutes now to kill
Upon this fatuous single line,
That climbs each eastern Sussex hill
In corkscrew curves of mad design.

To cool my heels is scarcely fun
In this most uninviting hole,
Refreshed by no seductive bun,
No "four of Scotch," nor sausage-roll.

Your coy, retiring slot I greet,
That shall my appetite beguile
With blameless automatic sweet—
I've longed for food a goodish while!

Come, here's the necessary coin
I tender your secretive maw;
"Grace before meat," I nearly join,
In eager haste my prize to draw.

I push it in—it disappears,
The solitary bronze I own;
I wait with mingled hopes and fears—
Shall I succeed or starve alone?

A porter loiters idly by,
And marks my half-concealed attempt;
He mocks, with much too knowing eye,
My hungry look, my hair unkempt.

Why, what's the matter? Something sticks,
I've been befooled and drawn a blank;
Confound, I say, such knavish tricks,
The man who made the thing's a crank!

And so my praise is turned to blame;
"Ode *to*"—I started, but I mean
(As I my penn'orth vainly claim)
That I'm "Owed *by* a slot-machine!"

PROVERBS RE-SET.

(By our Vague Impressionist.)

It's no use crying wolf when the fire is out.

Take a pitcher to a well too often and it will look over a garden wall.

What is one man's meat is another king's ransom.

People who live in glass houses should close the stable-door before they are stolen.

A fox who likes sour grapes knows its own father.

Take care of the pence and you will have enough for lunch in the bush.

A cat may look at a sow's ear and yet be sold for a sheep and a lamb.

Convince a man against his will and hang him.

Give a dog an inch and he will soon come home to roost.

A penny in time costs nothing.

When poverty is gold what is the use of silver?

A nod is as good as a mile to the king of the blind men.

TRUE BLUES AT STAMMERSHAM.

The first stone of the New Bluecoat Boys School, *i.e.*, Christ's Hospital, was laid at Stammersham, near Horsham, ten days ago, by H.R.H., in his capacity as Grand Master of Freemasons, with full masonic ritual. "Stammersham" has a queer sound as the locality for a great school, whose youthful scholars are to be brought up as out-spoken, genuine Englishmen, without any "stammer" or "sham" about them. By the way, one of the best and gentlest of all Bluecoat Boys was a stammerer, namely, Charles Lamb. May there be many such a sweet and playful lamb among the future Blues without the stammer and with no sort of sham about them, and so, to all masters and pupils alike in their new abode, *Mr. Punch*, endorsing all His Royal Highness said on the occasion, wishes Happiness and Prosperity.



Dealer. "Yes, Sir, that Gun was picked up on the Field of Waterloo."
Brown. "How much do you want for it?"
Dealer. "Well, I sold one to a Gent the other day for Three Pounds."
Brown. "Look here, I say, none of your Balaklava Charges for me, you know!"

New Roller Steamship.—Surely there's nothing very new in this. Very few steamers in which I have ever voyaged that have not been "rollers." Yet if there is something new in this steamship, if the rollers are to be used with the same effect as garden rollers, then there is every reason for welcoming them most heartily. But in this case ought not the roller-steamer to go first, so that the passenger steamers, following in its wake, can just go over the track which the roller-steamer has levelled out flat and smooth as the cloth of a billiard table? That would indeed be luxurious. Success to the roller-steamer!

The most beautiful and beautifying Tree in London.—The plane.

A capital error is to start a business without a capital.



She (after a proposal). "WHY, YOU SILLY BOY, IF I MARRIED YOU, YOU COULD NOT EVEN DRESS ME!"
He (bashfully; yet eagerly). "PERHAPS, WITH A FEW LESSONS, I COULD LEARN."

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Down the Danube.—Early start from Linz. Very scanty breakfast. Order a sandwich on the steamer. Excellent Germans and Austrians already drinking beer. Civil Viennese waiter supposes that I also require beer. If not, then wine. Assure him that I am only hungry. This is almost too much for his civility. However, he refrains from any comment, but I see him, in distant corners, furtively watching the mad Englishman who is not thirsty at 9.30 A.M. First view of Vienna in the Autumn evening is a smoky fog. Rising high in the mist a gigantic wheel, lighted up. I am back at Earl's Court. On to Budapest. Hungarian gentleman on board anxious to know the correct pronunciation of some English names. He tells me how to say some Hungarian words. Then he remarks pleasantly, "Aingleesh-shpokkenhairy." Do not understand. Of course not, it is Hungarian. Is it a phrase of politeness? Perhaps it might be useful. Try to say it after him. Manage it badly. He repeats it. Try again. Then he translates it into German, and I find it is only "English spoken here." Help him to a more correct pronunciation of some English names and words which he mentions, and at intervals, till we arrive at Pest, he murmurs to himself, making a determined effort to master them, "Bimming-gum, bree—akfast, gudnight, SOLSBRY."

Budapest.—Arrive after dark. Out in the morning and find the whole city gay with flags. Can it be that the capital of free and enlightened Hungary thus welcomes the humble and unworthy representative of *Mr. Punch*, always the friend of freedom and enlightenment? Remember that in Hungary the Press is as free as in England. Remember that some English newspapers have correspondents who are the friends of emperors and the companions of kings. Can it be that all this preparation was made, the Burgomaster, the Town Council and the journalists perhaps waiting at the station, while I meekly slipped in by the steamer, unperceived in the darkness? Do not desire any fuss, but if as the representative, always unworthy, of *Mr. Punch*, it was my duty to be publicly received, I ought to have been publicly received. Go back to the hotel and think this out. Could perhaps even now take a return ticket to the first station, and arrive properly. Must at least learn a suitable sentence in Hungarian in the manner of the Champion Speech-maker of Berlin. Where is that phrase-book? Here we are; the very thing! *Visszontlátásra! Au revoir!* That will do for the end of a speech. Should doubtless put on my evening clothes. Before doing so, had better make quite sure those preparations are not for a correspondent of the *T——s*, or the *D——y N——s*, or the *D——y T——h*. Ring the bell. Enter Hungarian chambermaid. Speaks less German than I do. Not much good to say *Visszontlátásra* to her. Besides, I do not want to see her again. Say merely "*Kellner.*" Enter waiter. The preparations are for the King of Roumania. A mere King! But at least I escape any fuss. Am again a comfortable nonentity, simply—

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Quotations for the Lord Mayor Elect, Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P.

SHAKSPEARE suggests,—"What ho, HORATIO! My sweet Lord"—Mayor. Then if his Right Honourable Lordship-that-is-to-be, is asked what will be the chief events of his Mayoralty, the retired Colonel may aptly reply with TERENCE (the early Irish dramatist), "*Davies sum, non Œdipus!*"

From the Military "Mikado."

OH! this new bullet beats the "dum-dum," "dum-dum,"
The betting (if any) 's a pound to a penny
If hit you are sure to succumb, cumb, cumb,
So join our expressions of glee!

"AH!" exclaimed, enthusiastically, a hair-dresser's assistant, who had been out for a holiday, "'Ind 'Ead, in Surrey! That 's the place for Hair!"

H.R.H. Mary Adelaide of Teck.

Royal by right of birth,
And royal by the sway that rules the heart,
Princess! the Hand that lays you low in earth
Leaves you in all our loves a place apart.

Bound not by blood alone,
Our Queen has held you hers by dearer ties;
And from your life has sprung for England's throne
The mother of our kings that yet shall rise.

So must your memory stand:
But still of other praise the best shall be:—
"She had the gentle smile, the open hand,
The unforgetting heart of Charity!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"God forbid that I should at any time, or under any provocations, have been guilty of so unchristian a thought as to doubt that a bookseller might be a truly good and honourable man." Thus S. T. Coleridge, nearly ninety years ago, wrote to William Blackwood. Coleridge's capabilities were wide and profound. None would claim for him the gift of joking. He was gravely in earnest when he penned this sentence, which throws a flood of light upon the relations of literary men and publishers at the epoch when Byron wrote his famous gibe, "Now Barabbas was a publisher." A study of the character of William Blackwood, presented in Mrs. Oliphant's *Annals of a Publishing House* (Blackwood), convicts the literary magnates of the day of sheer impudence. In his correspondence, and in every action of his life, "the man clothed in plain apparel" of the *Chaldee Manuscript*, stands forth as an amalgam of most that is good in mankind. Shrewd of head, kindly of heart, warm in friendship, magnanimous to an adversary, of sound judgment, quick insight, liberal in mind and in purse, "the bookseller," loftily contemned by the University men of genius in whose favour he drew cheques, shines among them all with purest, serenest ray. The two volumes are full of interest, throwing a flood of light on the history of literature at the beginning of the century. From that misty land there emerge life-like figures of tumultuous "Christopher North"; of versatile Lockhart, "the scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men"; of the poor, vain "Ettrick Shepherd," ever in lack of £50; of De Quincey in almost equal need; of "bright, broken Maginn"; of others of that period, and later, whose names are familiar in English literature. Of these we may read in other books. To my Baronite, Mrs. Oliphant's last work is most precious as making possible close and intimate acquaintance of the sturdy founder of the House of Blackwood, whose personal qualities have happily proved hereditary.

The Lady's Walk (Methuen & Co.), by the late Mrs. Oliphant, is a sweetly pathetic, mystical story. The second tale in this volume is *The Ship's Doctor*. Both deeply interesting, and told with such fascinating simplicity as is the very perfection of the novelist's art.

St. Ives, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Heinemann), does not give us the author at anything like his best. Commencement, excellent; afterwards, the interest flags, and only here and there is attention arrested by a flash of dramatic incident. Its style suggests that the author had set himself the task of competing with Thackeray in *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*. We know, from the prefatorial note, that Stevenson left the story three-parts finished, and betook himself to other work. This seems to imply his own dissatisfaction, or, it may have been, he was overcome by a feeling of weariness, a consequence of his weak state of health. Here and there he has introduced, in so careless a manner as to be almost ostentatious, modern slang phrases, which were, I venture to say, not in vogue during the first twenty years of the present century. And surely it must have been only due to carelessness that he should have described two youths in the house of an elderly matron as "two good-looking young fellows of the other sex." If they were young "fellows," how on earth could they have been "of the other sex?" Where the late Mr. Stevenson left off Mr. A. T. Quiller Crouch has taken it up and continued it. He finishes it in six chapters, and so closely has he contrived to imitate his model that, but for the information conveyed in a note, it would have been uncommonly difficult to discover where Stevenson ended and Crouch began. Mr. Quiller Crouch is possibly unaware that the escape of a man from arrest by climbing into a professional aëronaut's balloon, just as it is on the point of starting from some public gardens, was originally used by Albert Smith in his *Pottleton Legacy*, about forty years ago.



EXPERIMENTALISM.

Herbert. "But, Milly dear, if you don't want the things, why on earth did you buy them?"

Milly. "How stupid you are, Herbert! How could I possibly know I didn't want them till I *had* bought them?"

Christmas Books! "Here we are again!" Though it is so often alleged that children of nowadays are not as those of former days in regard to juvenile literature, yet, in spite of this *fin-de-siècle* accusation, the Lamp of Nursery Light Literature burns as brightly as ever. The royal convivialities of "Ole King Cole" and the dire tragedy of "Goosey, Goosey, Wander" still appeal with repeated charms to the prodigious mind of Baby. In new and dainty attire, these, and many other antique favourites are drawn by Francis D. Bedford (Methuen & Co.), and on the same classical standard ranks the ever verdant, or, more correctly, the ever red *Rosebud Annual* (James Clarke & Co.), Both orthodox editions for the nursery collection.

Mrs. Molesworth's delightfully-told story of *Miss Mouse and her Boys* will be greatly appreciated by those of small advancing years. The proverbial "quiet as a mouse" is strongly suggested in this little character, whose influential quietness is distinctly heard and felt by her noisier companions. The illustrations are by Leslie Brooke.

For those children gifted with a *Silas Wegg* proclivity for dropping into verse, *Red Apples and Silver Bells*, by Hamish Hendry, ought to touch their poetic fancy by the essentially inappropriate title; but that is a mere detail in the stretch of imagination. The quaint pictures are by Alice B. Woodward. It is published by Blackie and Son, from whose firm comes also a genuine boy's book, *With Frederick the Great*, by the redoubtable G. A. Henty, whose great idea is to mix an historical powder in the jam of sensation.

The Baron de B.-W.



A LIKELY CUSTOMER.

"Any old Bottles to-day!"

THE TRAVELLERS TRICKED.

(An à propos Duologue.)

She (*with resolution*). Charlie, I want to ask your pardon. I have made a mistake.

He. Yes, dear; which of them?

She. You shall not put me out by sneering. Yes, I have made a mistake; and when I make a mistake, I do not fail to acknowledge it.

He. Quite right, dear. Nothing like having a congenial occupation.

She. Charlie, we came back to town prematurely.

He. Yes, dear; we certainly curtailed our stay in Paris a little to allow of your purchasing that pretty bonnet.

She. It cost a lot of money, Charlie.

He. It did, dear; but I did not grudge it, as you and the shop girl said it was of the first mode and the greatest novelty in Paris.

She. Yes, Charlie; and I believed her.

He. Well, I am sure that the three or four days we cut off were well worth it, to buy the bonnet.

She. How good, how noble of you to say so!

He. Not at all; I was really glad to get back to the club. And you have your bonnet—a real genuine French bonnet! And the most Parisian shape imaginable.

She (*with an effort*). The shape is not Parisian.

He. Not Parisian! Where does it come from?

She. I see from a ticket in the lining it was made in the Edgware Road.

[*Tears and curtain.*

WONDERS AT A WEDDING.

(An Introspective Record.)

Wonder if it is going to be a fine day.

Wonder if I can manage to put in one more quiet smoke after breakfast.

Wonder if the Best Man will miss his train, get married to the Bride, or mixed up with the Bridesmaids, offer me a cigarette instead of the Ring at the critical moment, put my hat in the pulpit or some other inappropriate place, or what he will be up to.

Wonder why I've got such a tremendous appetite at lunch. I've been eating for three-quarters of an hour, and am still hungry.

Wonder how much longer it will be before her father turns up with her. I've been acting as general pew-opener to the congregation for the last half-hour.

Wonder if the Bride will shake the rice out of her hair after we have faced the battle of *confetti*, harvest decorations, and other missiles outside the church.

Wonder if she has sufficiently smudged the newly-painted name on her travelling-trunks. These little points, if unattended to, *do* give the show away so on your honeymoon-trip.

Wonder if my old serge suit is really too shabby to go away in.

Wonder how many wrong people I've thanked for their presents.

Wonder if we, and the blood-relations, and the company generally, will part friends after being dragged into the wedding-group to be photographed.

Wonder if I've forgotten to invite any of my third-cousins-twice-removed, and how many people will scratch at the last moment.

Wonder if I have got everything packed.

Wonder if all the luggage has gone on first.

Wonder if we shall catch the train.

[*Left wondering.*

White Mokes (in One Verse).

With Apologies to Mr. Kipling's "White Horses." See the new weekly "Literature."

Enough of your curdled hollows—
  Enough of the Kipling wind—
Enough of the moaning groundswell—
  I wish it were left behind!
If "braying" is done by horses,
  What wonder the word "abroad"
Should be used by our wild white Rudyard
  As a Cockney rhyme to "Lord."

WHAT'S IN NAMES?

In Spite of Fate is the title of Mr. Silas Hocking's successful new novel. It cannot help being a S-Hocking story! And that it should be illustrated by Mr. Reason is certainly most suggestive. Next, please! Rhyme illustrated by Reason.

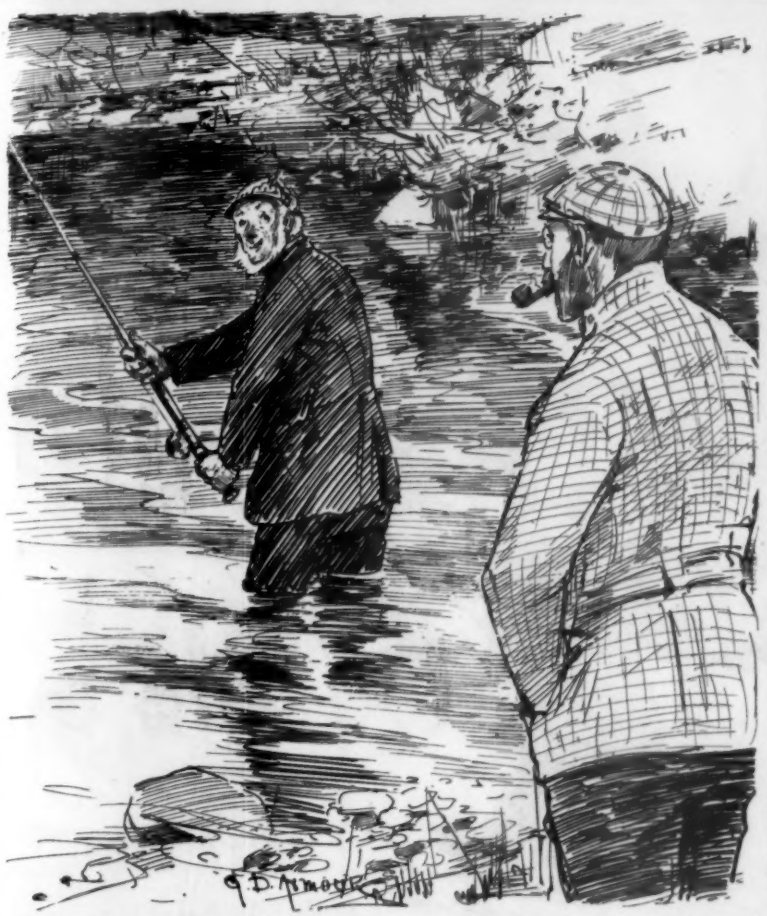
Then there is another by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, *The One I knew the Best of All*, a memory of the mind of a child, illustrated by Mr. Reginald Birch. Poor dear child! Illustrated with cuts of Birch! Birch ought to associate his work with Hall Caine. Birch, Caine & Co. for a Christmas book! Ugh!

Equally appropriate to the title, *The Haughtyshire Hunt*, to be published by Bradbury, Agnew & Co., in November, is the name of its author, Fox Russell. The story ought to be good from cover to cover, and that Fox ought to show us some good sport; of gorse he ought.



A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

First Labour Leader. "I SAY—THINGS ARE LOOKING PRECIOUS BAD!"
Second Labour Leader. "BAD!! WHY, WE SHA'N'T GET *OUR* PAY NEXT!!!"



English Tourist. "HOW EVER DO YOU KEEP WARM WADING LIKE THAT THIS WEATHER?' *Old Scot.* "WHUSKEY, NAETHING BUT WHUSKEY! I JUST TAK' A BOTTLE A DAY. MAN, IT'S GRAND FOR THE CIRCULATION. MY WIFE SAYS WHEN I PIT MY HEAD IN THE WATER IN THE MORNING, SHE CAN HEAR IT FIZZLE!"

THE PLUMBER.

(A New Chapter of an Old Book.)

* * * * * THE White Rabbit was holding a jam tart in his paw, but he suddenly stopped eating.

"What's the matter?" cried ALICE, as he clutched his paw convulsively over the lower part of his waistcoat. "Have you got a pain anywhere?"

"Pain!" ejaculated the Rabbit. "Pain isn't the word for it. Did you ever live on jam tarts for a fortnight?"

"I can't say I did," replied ALICE. "But if they make you feel so ill, why do you go on eating them?"

"Why?" groaned the White Rabbit. "Because I can't help it. If I don't eat jam tarts I must starve. There's nothing else to be had. The cook's turned out of the kitchen—can't so much as toast an oat, so we have to send round to the baker, and the only thing he can give us is jam tarts."

"But why? Has anything happened?"

The White Rabbit's face turned pale. "Sh! The frost," he said. "The boiler pipe has burst, and," he added, his voice sinking to a nervous whisper, "*the Plumber is in possession!*"

ALICE looked bewildered. "You don't understand?" he said. "Very well, then; come and see."

The White Rabbit led the way to the kitchen, and opened the door. The Plumber was leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking black shag. His arms were crossed on his bosom, and his gaze was fixed abstractedly on the ceiling, whilst an empty pewter that stood at his elbow seemed to account for the seraphic smile that played on his countenance. He had taken up half the flooring, he had taken down half the wall, he had pulled the grate to pieces, and the fragments lay scattered about the room.

"There he is!" whispered the White Rabbit. "He's stood there for a fortnight, and heaven knows when we shall get rid of him."

The poor Rabbit looked so unutterably miserable, and the Plumber so abominably self-satisfied, that ALICE felt her indignation roused.

"Well!" she cried. "*You're* a pretty workman! How much longer are you going to stand there doing nothing?"

The Plumber's eyes travelled slowly along the ceiling and down the wall until they rested on ALICE. "Doing nothing!" he said. "That's all you amateurs know. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Busy!" cried ALICE. "What are you doing?"

The Plumber blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Attending to the pipe, of course."

The White Rabbit groaned. Whether it was the jam tarts or the pun, ALICE did not know.

"I don't see how you can be doing that," she said. "I know when the pipe freezes——"

"You can't see anything," retorted the Plumber, very rudely, as ALICE thought. "You're only an ignorant amateur."

"I'm not."

"You are. If you weren't ignorant, you would know that it is not the pipes that freeze, but the water in them."

"Of course, I knew that," ALICE began. But the Rabbit interposed. "Don't argue with him, please," he begged, "or he'll pull all the rest of the house to pieces. And when do you think you will be finished?" he asked, turning to the Plumber with a deprecating smile.

"That depends when I get done," replied the Plumber.

"Of course," said the Rabbit. "And when will that be?"

The Plumber made a mental calculation of the amount of beer left in the cellar. "It might be three weeks, or it might be a month," he said.

"What! to stop a little hole the size of a sixpence!" cried ALICE.

"Ah! you don't know what plumbing is. You've got to find the hole first, don't you see? I may have to pull down the rest of the wall——"

"What! Haven't you found it *yet?*" asked ALICE. But the White Rabbit clapped his paw over her mouth. "Don't argue with him, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "He'll have the house down about our ears."

"Lucky if it don't come of its own accord," remarked the Plumber. "The foundations are rotten, the drains are rotten, the walls are rotten, the bricks are rotten, and as for that boiler——"

"What? What?" gasped the White Rabbit.

"It may burst at any minute."

The White Rabbit gave a little shriek, and almost fainted with terror.

"It's fizzing now," said the Plumber.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried the Rabbit, and seizing ALICE by the hand, he ran off with her as fast as his little legs could carry him. When he had got to what he considered a safe distance, he stopped and listened. "Oh, dear!" he groaned. "It is just going off. I can hear it hubble-bubbling."

But ALICE thought the sound he heard was the chuckling of the Plumber.

"Do you know?" he whispered; "if I could only be sure the Plumber would be blown up, too, I should be almost glad to see my house disappear. I believe it would be the cheapest in the long run."

"I am sure it would," said ALICE.

* * * *

OUR 'ARRY is charmed to hear, on the authority of the *Athenæum*, that "the poems of the Bacchylides" will be published shortly. "O' course," says 'ARRY. "It 'll be pictures of the Lidies as likes their 'baccy; takin' it in cig'rets, doncherno. Good old 'Baccy Lidies!"



CEREMONIALS AND RECORDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON!

(Official Extracts Unofficially Illustrated!)



First Urchin. "Fifth o' November, Sir! Only a Copper, Sir! Jist a Penny, Sir!"
Second Urchin. "Let 'im alone. *Cawn't yer see 'e's one of the Family!*"

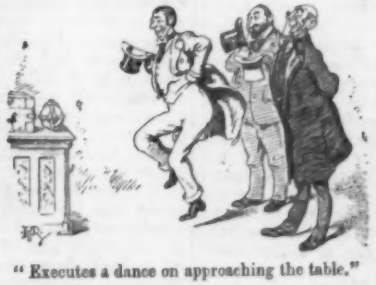
TOBY M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

I.



The world is not lacking in Parliamentary Guides. There is the time-honoured *Dod*, the veracious *Vacher*, and others. None, however valuable or estimable, attempt to fill a gap long neglected. The newspaper reader constantly comes across phrases in Parliamentary Reports glibly uttered in the House, with the assumption that every one knows exactly what they mean. If they don't, they should; and so no matter. The simple design of this work, primarily conceived in the interests of new Members of the House of Commons, will, it is humbly trusted, be not without interest and advantage to the public at large.

"The New Member took the Oath and his Seat."—In pursuance of a resolution dated February 23, 1688, new Members returned after a General Election are "introduced to the Table between two Members, making their obeisances as they go up, that they may be the better known to the House." So the ancient order runs, and new Members will do well to observe its spirit as well as its letter. On being introduced to the Table, they should bear themselves with frank cordiality, shaking it warmly by the leg, and inquiring after the health of the family. Much depends upon first impressions. The new Member should make the most of this opportunity.



"Executes a dance on approaching the table."

If, walking up the floor escorted by the two Members, he were to halt midway and execute a few steps of a dance, it would be pleasing, as testifying to a light heart, and a disposition to entertain.

The Clerk at the Table.—Having completed the ceremony of introduction to the Table, the new Member will find awaiting him a gentleman in wig and gown. This is the Clerk. Ordinarily, new Members, observing his hand outstretched, place in it the certificate of the Clerk of the Crown that the return to the writ is duly made. That is a mistake, and though the Clerk says nothing, being of retiring disposition, long-suffering under this persistent error, he feels it none the less. The new Member should seize the extended hand, heartily shake it, and in tones indicative of keen interest, ask, "How is Mrs. Kruger?" or whatever the name of the Clerk may be. This he will be careful to



Shaking hands with the Clerk!

ascertain beforehand. No man likes to be asked after *some* other man's wife under the impression that she is his own.

Time's Protest.

"If Time permit." Egregious man,
To put the blame on *Edax Rerum!*
One section of you makes a plan,
The other does his best to queer 'em.
Penelope's web is still your model,
One party-spinner just begins it;
Another tries, by tedious twaddle,
To unravel fast as t'other spins it.
If thus you waste your work and wit,
In your mad spirit of modernity,
To finish aught Time *won't* permit,
Nor, for that matter, would Eternity!



PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

Obliging Cornet. "WANTS A BOB EASY, DON'T YER? WELL, NEXT ROAD BUT ONE—NUMBER THREE—OLD GENT ILL—BUY YOU OFF IN TWO MINUTES IF YOU GIVES IT 'EM STRONG!"

THE HEATHEN.

(Perverted from the Manx.)

BLIZZARDO! *BLIZZARDO!!* BLIZZARDO!!!

It was on all the Hilarity sandwiches. Enigmatic as it might appear to the common crowd, for *one* this simple iteration was pregnant with meaning. That one was ALLELUIA GROUSE, seated at the time in an automatotor, going neither she nor the driver knew exactly whither. At first she had failed to take it all in. You know how trying it always is when you come straight out of the comparative retirement of a nunnery into the whirl and glare of the Metropolis, with its omnibuses and heady gas-lights. It was only during one of the vehicle's involuntary pauses that she began to grasp the purport of the posters. It was her love, her LUKE BLIZZARD, the chaste dream of her childhood, who, under the thin veil of an Italian pseudonym, was to make sport for the sensual multitude in a music-hall. How changed from the LUKE of those dear, dead days of innocence, when they climbed the tree of knowledge together, he in flannels, she in a lily jersey and her own ruby curls!

Suddenly from without, through the Great Horseless Carriage-window sprang the nunnery bull-pup, *Sandowski*. The faithful creature had been following her into the wide, wide world on the petroleum-cistern, from which he had displaced three extra passengers, eating a small piece of each. Ah! *he* at least had not changed; life, then, was not all illusion!

These meditations were rudely interrupted by a diversion on the part of the automatotor. The machine had been supernaturally arrested at the very door of the Hilarity. Gorgeous equipages were depositing fair women in music-hall cloaks and satin shoes; also brave men in patent leather and shirt-fronts: some with three studs, some with two, some with one. A momentary doubt assailed her. The pit! Its very name was associated in her guileless mind with the eventual end of the ungodly! But curiosity, the fatal passion to know the worst, overcame her scruples. She entered the vestibule, closely pursued by *Sandowski*. The portal guardian attempted to oppose the entrance of the bull-pup. "Mark him, *Sandowski!*" she said; and the man retired abashed. The same unstudied tact carried her past a row of brilliant flunkeys, and easily secured her a seat in the front row of the pit. The dog, not easily astonished, curled his lithe form under her feet.

For a time she forgot her object in the novelty of the scene, about which the reader, if he has not had the author's advantages, ought to be told something. An interval was on. Clouds of rank tobacco-smoke, very distressing to many ladies of the aristocracy, obscured the *proscenium;* while champagne for the front seats, and beer for the back, flowed in open conduits down the *radii* and *diazomata* of the *auditorium*. *Sandowski* noticed this, and helped himself. At length the band began to play. The music had reference to the new performer, not to the one who had gone off ten minutes before. A lady came on and sang something about another lady's back-hair, and the place where it hung. ALLELUIA was inexpressibly shocked. She looked round at the shameless faces behind her grinning saucily above their light frock-coats (a popular form of apparel in the pit). "Such," she said to herself, "are the nightly pleasures of our people. O my country, my country!" Involuntarily she had lapsed into quotation from a Mr. CAINE, gifted Manx expert, and widely recommended to the rising generation of Man.

Presently, a new number was put up. In case it is not generally known that these numbers correspond to those in the programmes, and are slid into picture-frames on the stage by liveried minions, let this fact be no longer concealed. Through the roar of anticipation which shook the Oriental building, ALLELUIA could detect the offensively vulgar phrase, "Good old BLIZZARDO!" She strongly resented this tone of universal proprietorship. Her feet swam under her as she saw a figure, only too familiar, advance jauntily to the footlights, which, it should be said, are placed in the forepart of the stage. Though sadly marred by a false nose and a "bald comic" she readily recognised the speaking features of her love of the old Manx days. Nodding to the audience, he began to sing. Ah! the sweet old song! How often had she heard him give it in her native isle at the Sodor and Man diocesan treats! The same massive baritone, the same persuasive delivery, the same irresistible contortions of the face, allowing, of course, for the change of nose; but, then, how significant that change! how subtly fraught with sinister import!

The song was a little thing in the original Gaelic, which went straight to the heart of every Anglo-Saxon in the house. Innocent as were the words (in the original), they suffered severely from the audience in the process of ignorant translation. The ungovernable licence of the pit lent to them just any meaning that appealed to its low, its deplorably low, taste. The air was thick with innuendos; the floor paved with double intentions. On one of the stoutest slabs stood a philanthropist in a dark cloak, leering suggestively from under his Babylonish sombrero.

But the saddest thing of all was that the singer seemed to approve the improper interpretations of the crowd. Twice he openly winked; once at the trombone, once at the triangle (a three-cornered tinkling instrument); and as he took leave of the audience he had the effrontery to hitch up his trousers at the knee, only slightly, it is true, but enough to discover a portion of pea-green sock in a way that was far from delicate. The effect was instantaneous: it brought down great fragments of the house. With that brute instinct which is often superior to the moral intelligence of fallen man, the dog *Sandowski* emitted a howl; thus drawing upon himself the attention of a Member of the Force (in plain clothes), who proceeded to arrest him for being without a muzzle. In vain a very gallant neighbour declared that he was its guilty owner; for *Sandowski* at once took him in the jaw before being felled to the ground by a blow from the constable's whistle. And even as LUKE BLIZZARD was coming on for his encore, wearing a wreath of damask-roses, the gift of an admirer in the stage-box, ALLELUIA GROUSE was being ignominiously passed on from chuckerout to chuckerout in the wake of her inanimate hound. Her heart was too full to pay much attention to the philanthropist in the Babylonish sombrero, who was just then hovering round the pit-door, taking notes for his new work, *If Mr. Stead went on the Stage.*

Author's Note to the Editor (not necessarily for publication).—Will you earn my profound gratitude by giving publicity to the fact that the above work has been soundly advertised in the *City and Suburban* pulpit? [Certainly not.—ED.]

WHEN on the first day of Term time most of the Legal Luminaries lightened up the venerable Abbey of Westminster, what an opportunity of improving the occasion was missed by not reading to them something from one of the books of Judges just by way of a "Lesson"!

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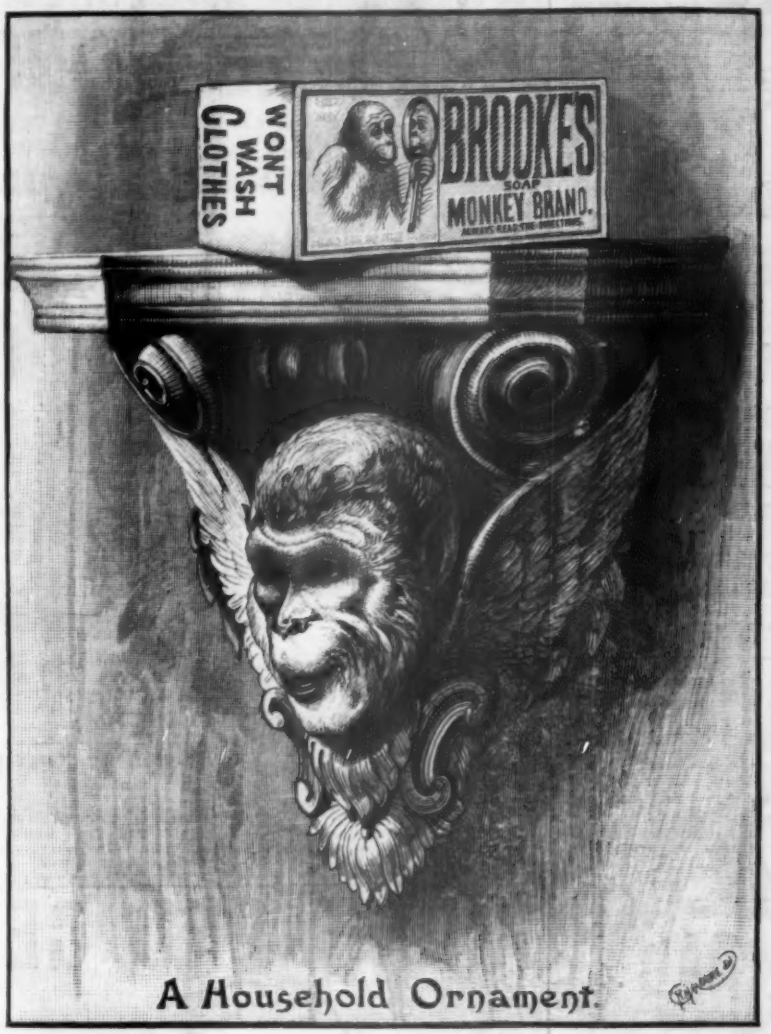
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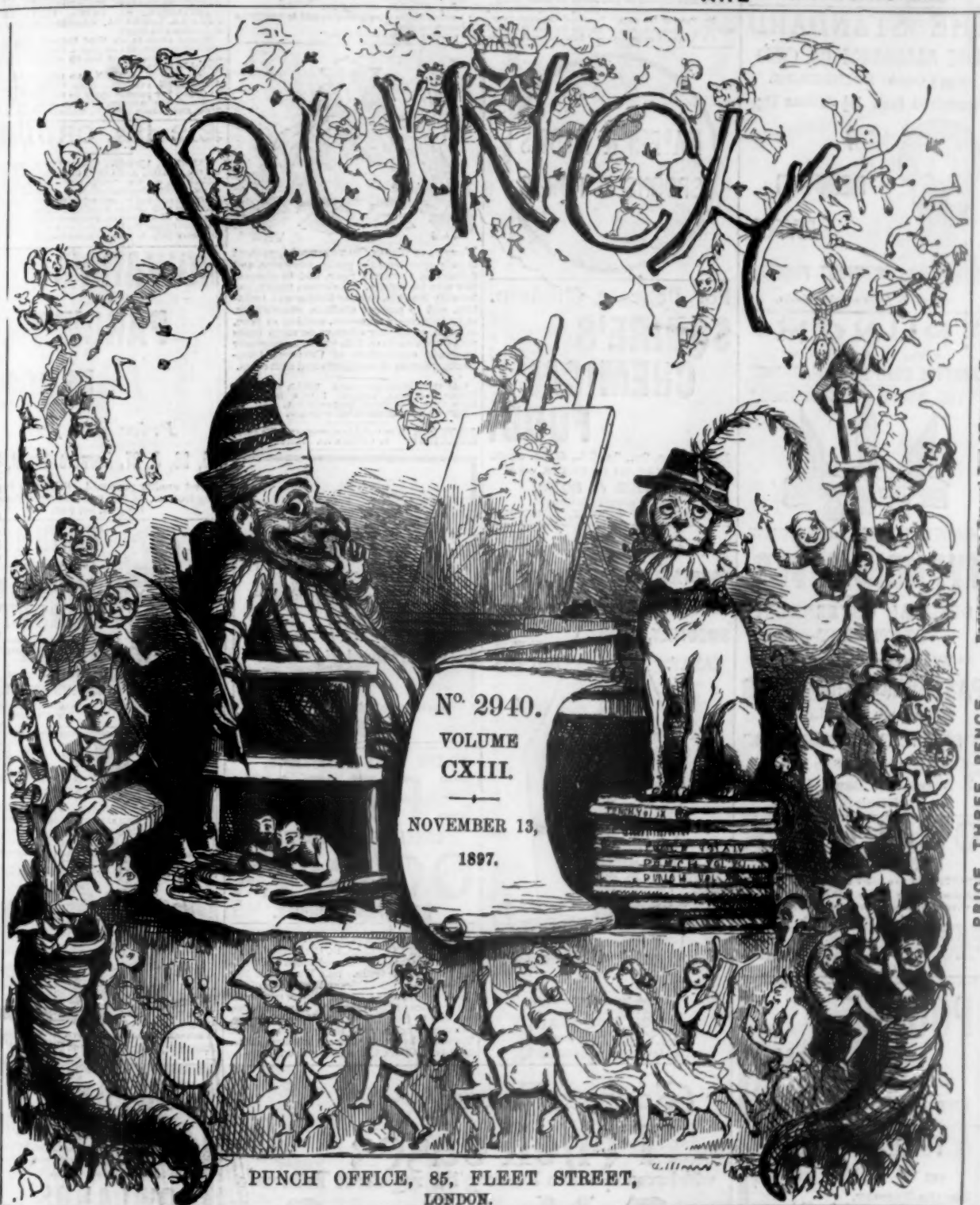
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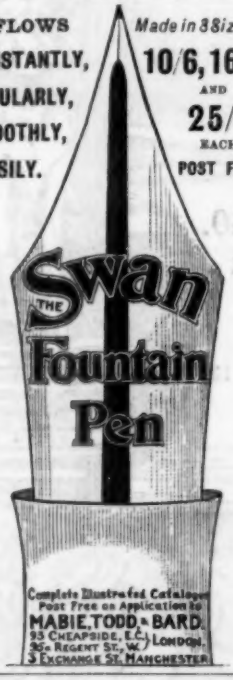
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"MUST BE FOR PERSPECTIVE, THEN. SEEMS TO BE ALWAYS AIMING AT THE VANISHING POINT, DON'T YOU KNOW."

SAFE IN PORT.

(A London Bachelor playfully addresses certain Country Sirens.)

FLO, PHYLLIS, DORA, understand,
Not yours for better or for worse,
I cannot give you heart or hand,
But only—all I have—a verse.
For you has failure been decreed—
I cannot say that I am sorry—
And you have had bad sport indeed,
A silly pack, a worthless quarry!

You all were clever to extract—
And it amused me, I confess—
From common courteous word and act
A compromising tenderness.
"Sermons in stones" who finds, I've heard,
Displays a certain penetration;
But you—in every civil word,
You found a lover's declaration!

You simpered at a "how d'ye do?"
You blushed in the absurdest way,
As if I'd any thought of *you*,
When I observed, "A charming day!"
Your tennis party, FLO, was grand,
Your mother almost asked me whether
I'd spoken yet (she squeezed my hand)—
Because—we 'd played two setts together!

I asked you, PHYLLIS, for a song—
That made me yours at once, I found!
I came in time to thus belong
In turn to half the girls around!
Safety in numbers, I'm advised;
I let the game go on right gaily,
And managed to get "compromised"—
But with a different Siren daily!

Now when the hour of tea occurs,
No doubt I get my share of "dirt"—
Consuming cakes and characters,
Of course you whisper "Shocking flirt!"
Ah, well! Abuse me, if you must,
Because your little plans miscarry;
You 'll do no good—or harm, I trust—
At least you will not make me marry!



A Suggestion for the Ladies if their Cape Collars get much higher.

THE NEW JUDGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who does not reveal his name, but whose address is significant, sends us the following:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just struck with a brilliant idea. If you want to get to France without going there, disagree with the new Judge. Then you 'll be *crossing the Channel!* Yours, &c.,
Padded Room, Hanwell.

THE solution of the Eastern Question, to use Lord SALISBURY'S phrase, remains "within the domain of prophecy." Then by all means let us secure the profit.

SUGGESTED AS A SEASONABLE RACE FOR LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—A Pint-to-Pint Steeplechase.

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE NEW BULUWAYO RAILWAY.—The Colossus of RHODES.



"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

Imperial "Traveller" (to H.I.M. the Sultan). "I'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO YOU, AND IF YOU SHOULD BE WANTING ANYTHING IN THE CANNON OR RIFLE WAY, YOU REALLY *MUST* GIVE US THE ORDER."

[Sir ANDREW NOBLE was in Constantinople with the object of getting for ARMSTRONG's firm the order for the re-armament of Turkey, but the prospect of his succeeding is small, as the order will almost certainly go to German firms.—*Daily Papers.*]

THE CRY OF THE CORONER.

["The London coroners . . . . have organised themselves into an 'Association.' . . . They have just addressed a circular to the County Council complaining that they are underpaid. . . . It is all very sad; especially as we notice by the latest volume of the Council's statistics that the Chairman of the 'Association' appears to be only receiving £2,244 per annum."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

You may talk of the briefless that battens
On a crust at the close of the day,
Of the curate whose family fattens
On a second-rate scavenger's pay;
You may post your fraternal remittance
To the hungry locked-out engineer—
What of *us*, with our pitiful pittance
Of a couple of thousand a year?

And the work! Why, the work's never finished!
You may think it is over, but tush!
If the accidents should be diminished
The suicides come with a rush.
And the babies! We seem to be at 'em
The whole of our weary career,
And they don't add a half-penny, drat 'em!
To our couple of thousand a year.

Then, when there are any explosions,
We have to establish our courts,
And the Government vex our emotions
By calling for lengthy reports.
Oh! the sorrows that wear out the soul of
The coroner! Isn't it clear
That it 's simply a scandal, this dole of
A couple of thousand a year?

ELECTORAL JOYS.

JUST been invited to sit—I mean stand—for Grimyville, great working-class constituency. Must declare for eight-hours day, toady the Union, and generally pose as friend of horny-handed son of toil. Call on Mr. JOHN BIGWORDS, Secretary of Amalgamated Union of Nailwhackers and Confederated Trades Association, the great Labour Leader, and ask his advice *re* my electoral campaign. Discover him smoking choice Cabana and drinking HEIDSIECK's Dry Monopole. After declining drink, I explain my mission. L. L. smiles in superior manner, and says,

"Wot you want to do, guv'nor, at the workin' man's meetin' to-night, is to pitch 'em the tale. Wot's that? Oh! just a bit of the usual. 'Ere's a few things to say. Tike 'em dahn on yer notes. Fust of all, tell 'em they're not men at all, but slaves, crushed under the iron 'eel o' the opresser. Wot? You say as they're gettin' good wages? Well, o' course they are. Wot's that got to do with it? Then tork abaht the bloatered haristocracy, and say w'y should the pore man work, an' give the sweat of 'is brah to keep the opresser in leisured hopulence? Don't forgit that word, hopulence: it 'its 'em, I tell yer, strite. You says they won't understand wot it means? That don't make no difference; it sahnds well, and that's orl you got ter think abaht. After you done this, speak contemptuous abaht the soldier hofficers as gilded popinjays. Wot does that mean? Oh, I dunno! You're too pertickler, guv'nor, you are. You try an' work 'em up for a strike, that's your gime. 'Ow do yer work a strike? Oh, easy! Jest go an' say, 'W'y should they be dahntrodden, w'y ain't they as good as the marsters, an' w'y should the Capitalist suck their berlud?' and the job's as good as done. Don't you fear! It 's the easiest thing in the world for to make men berleeve they're hinjured hinnocents."

I venture to ask Mr. BIGWORDS, "Why get up strike if not necessary?"

"Not necessary, be blowed! Wot 'ud become o' me and my bloomin' pals, an' our selleries, an' cigars, and shampain, if we didn't 'ave no strikes! Garn an' stuff yerself!"

Decline to garn and stuff myself, but take down in note-book all I have been told, and, like *Oliver*, "ask for more." Mr. B. waxes confidential.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor, you tork abaht eight hours! Wot I says is, w'y should the workin' man work for even eight hours? Bust it! I arsks you, *w'y should the workin' man work at all?*"

Feel so overpowered by this stupendous proposition that I depart in silence.

* * * *

Have addressed my first meeting, and returned whole. Did very well until I came to the "gilded popinjays," when audience arose as one man, and, amidst shouts of "What about the Gordons?" made for platform. I made for home, and did best on record to hotel. Splendid hall for political speeches; such excellent private way from platform over roofs of several houses into side street. Shall avoid subject of gilded popinjays during rest of electoral campaign.



The Rev. Mr. Henpecked (examining boys in Natural History). "NOW, SAMMY SMITH, WHAT IS THE MASCULINE OF VIXEN?" *Sammy Smith (promptly).* "VICAR, SIR."

A PROUD day for Eastbourne, which now has the Duke of DEVONSHIRE for Mayor. Yet does it not suggest that the town will be submerged? Is it not "*Eastbourne-sous-mer?*"

Before the School Board Election.

Blosker (to JOSKER). Wot I wants yer to do on the polling day is to tell me where to make my mark on the helevated hedication ticket.

LATEST NEWS FROM KLONDIKE.—The output of cold has been unprecedented.



Miss Candid. "Oh, Mr. De Tiring, I *was* at Home yesterday when you called; but you are such an awful Bore, you know, I was compelled to send you away."



Learned Judge. "Before adjourning the Court to-day, I wish to state that I have been guilty of Betting, at a 'Place' within the meaning of the Act. I therefore fine myself a sum of Twenty Pounds and costs, coupled with a severe reprimand."



Of course, the "Automatic Conscience Clearer" for minor offences would soon be immensely popular. We beg to offer the above suggestion. N.B.—The Inventor has been provisionally protected.



Master Bob. "Please, Ma, will you kindly chastise me? I've been at the Jam again!"



Cabby (at police-station). "'Ere, I've just charged a fare Sixpence too much, and I want a summons out aginst meself."

["A POLICEMAN'S CONSCIENCE.—Police-superintendent ROBERTS, of Torquay, has won a splendid reputation for impartiality. He even punishes himself for breaches of the law. The other night while cycling home from Brixham his lamp went out, and yesterday he appeared before the magistrate, in response to a summons issued by himself against himself. He said a clergyman spoke to him on the subject, and this brought the offence to his notice. He was fined 5*s*."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. II.—TO THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

RESPECTED JOSEPH,—Pray note the humility with which I open upon you. To a person of your disposition it may seem presumptuous that one who is not even *notus tibi nomine* should venture to address you. Blood-curdling stories are told of the all but feminine anger with which it is your custom to visit the most trivial offence to your dignity or to the esteem in which you hold yourself. "That sort of thing," you have been heard to say, "I *never* forgive and *never* forget." Has not your face grown pale with suppressed fury while some unrepentant Radical, Mr. ASQUITH, let us say, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or Mr. JOHN MORLEY, reminded you and his other hearers that once you too were even as other Radicals, that you taunted the aristocratic non-toilers and non-spinners amongst whom you now delight to dwell, and propounded to an astonished world a doctrine of ransom which, though you never explained it even to yourself, earned for you the name and reputation of JACK CADE? And how your lips must have tightened when minor Tories, whose tongues one might have thought would be privileged by contact with your boots, presumed to write patronising letters about you in the *Times*, pointing out that you were not quite so bad as you were made out, and that, after all, you did make yourself reasonably useful to the Tories in spite of your occasional endeavours to claim too much for yourself and your little knot of hangers-on! All these things are dreadful. And then there is Lord LONDONDERRY. He does not mention your name, but he trounces the Government, of which we know you are the spokesman (ominous word, not unconnected with the stoppage of wheels!), and with an almost terrifying audacity he abuses "*My* Policy" and "*My* Social Programme." Where is Lord LONDONDERRY to languish? In what remote and gloomy dungeon is this rash owner of collieries to drag out the remaining years of his miserable life? Has Mr. JESSE COLLINGS yet selected for him the special varieties of bread and water on which he is to support existence? And that reminds me. Most of us have the JESSE COLLINGSES we deserve. But no other JESSE COLLINGS that I have met ever displayed a faith so sincere, or a devotion so touching as that which your bland and imperturbable adorer lavishes upon you. Why should we vex our minds with musty memories of DAMON and PYTHIAS, or HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON? To me, I declare, the JOSEPH and JESSE of the present day are worth more in their happy alliteration than all the inferior twin-friends of past ages.

So there are compensations—of a sort. And on the whole you have had a fairly successful year, not sufficiently brilliant, of course, to warrant you in imitating POLYCRATES by casting some treasured object—JESSE, it may be—into the sea, but quite reasonably successful for all that. Not for nothing did the Colonial Premiers visit our jubilating shores. Careless observers might suppose that they were here to do honour to the QUEEN, to prove by their presence the vastness and the freedom of her Empire. I (and you) knew better. It was to swell *your* triumph, my dear JOSEPH, that they turned their course to England, and it may be added that they and the world at large were not allowed to forget the object of their visit. Did the intoxication (I speak in metaphor) of all those dinners and speeches, and of the art-

fully-devised eulogies that these unsuspecting Statesmen lavished upon you cause you to forget for a moment that rugged old Boer President who, whatever else may be said against him, proved himself more than a match for the dapper cocksure chief of our Colonial Office? Was there not a brand-new patent scheme of Home Rule for the Rand which burst upon a puzzled public after the Jameson Raid? Where is it now? And that polite but prematurely-published invitation to Mr. KRUGER, what has become of it, and when, oh, when, is it to be accepted? And there are still rude and prying ruffians who want to know about a batch of telegrams, and go about declaring that you are far too clever and cunning to have been so ignorant and so innocent as you wish to be believed. Of your declaration as to what a public man may do, and yet maintain his honour unscathed, the less said the better. Not often has the House of Commons listened to so amazing a discourse on the ethical value of deceit, intrigue and evasion.

Well, well, there are flies in every politician's pot of ointment, and it is fair to remember that, owing chiefly to your own care, the pot you possess is not a small one, and your ointment is of the very best. But be warned, my dear JOSEPH, be warned. It is not much, of course, to have an attractive and amiable personality. Many men have that who will never make a stir in the world. And to be modest or courteous will not secure immortal fame. But a trace here and there of amiability, of modesty, of courtesy to opponents, might possibly be useful. After all, you did not invent the British Empire, and some of us had heard of the Colonies before you became their Secretary of State.

Commend me to Mr. COLLINGS, and believe me to be

Yours respectfully, THE VAGRANT.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

IN reviewing a recently-published collection of "Nursery Rhymes," a daily paper remarks that "such productions as these must surely have had their day," and points out that modern children cannot be expected to find pleasure in such "barbarous jingles." While recognising the force of this criticism, *Mr. Punch* feels that it would be a pity if these old stories were entirely forgotten, and he therefore recommends their re-publication in a style more in accord with the literary tastes of the day. The following tale may serve as an example of what the nursery-story should be when re-written for youthful decadents. It is entitled:

NOCTURNE IN BLACK-AND-BLUE.

The subtle colour-harmony was fading from the Western sky, and JACK awoke from his reverie, the material prose of this squalid world resurging strongly in his inmost soul. "Pah," he exclaimed to his fair companion. "How vain is all our life! A few golden hours have we snatched, my JILL; all this afternoon have we been dead to the world—dead to ourselves—free from the thrall of the insistent present. Forgetting to analyse this complex transcendent *Ego* that lures us to despair, we have enjoyed a sensuous, pagan, objective interlude. In fact, we have made dear, delightful mud-pies. And, as a consequence, my hands are not clean, and you, my JILL, have a large lump of mud on your nose. Let us"—he shivered slightly—"return to the house, to the sordid environment of the Philistines, and let us wash."

JILL clasped her hands, and her voice trembled with passion as she replied, "Oh, not in the house, JACK, not in the house! Its atmosphere chokes me—stifles me. Let us rather ascend to the hill-top, the hill-top sweet with the fresh fragrance of the breeze, and let us thence bring down the necessary pail of water!"

JACK's eyes were moist with tears.

"JILL, forgive me. You are right—you are always right. Yes we will climb together—always together. See, I will hold you tightly by the scruff of your neck—thus—and run you up in no time. Nay, do not kick my shin. To the hill-top, where, perchance, we shall find Mr. GRANT ALLEN and his company of heroines—to the hill-top, where the pure fountain of translucent water bubbles forth. Are you ready? Go!"

And with a loud scream JACK pushed the struggling JILL towards the slope, where they vanished in the twilight. Ever thus should it be, man and woman, boy and girl, climbing the hill of Fate together!

* * * * * *

Two shrieks ring through the startled air.

"Hold tight, you silly fool!"

"JACK, I'm falling! I'm falling!"

A crash; two sickening bumps on the hard ground, and silence.

* * * * * *

JACK lay in bed. His injuries were terrible, and we will now, in accordance with the spirit of true realism, describe each of his wounds in detail . . . . (*It seems well to omit a lengthy paragraph here.*) Around his head was paper, paper sombre, darkly-brown in hue. The air was redolent of some mystic, subtle fragrance, unspeakably searching and strange—the smell, in fact, of vinegar.

"My world is dark!" sobbed the poor sufferer. "For one brief moment I saw stars, gracious, golden, gleaming stars, and then the same eternal greyness! We have failed, JILL and I, we have failed."

"Nay," cried the dauntless JILL, whose bandaged face reposed upon the pillow of the adjoining cot, "say not so, my JACK. Hereafter once again shall we seek the hill, once again shall we climb its terrifying height—and then—and then——"

Her voice faltered. Some soot fell down the chimney. The clock on the mantelpiece struck. It was midnight.



A TEST CASE.

Hairdresser. "AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM?"

Sable Beauty. "I WANT MY HAIR WAVED FASHIONABLY, IF YOU PLEASE!"

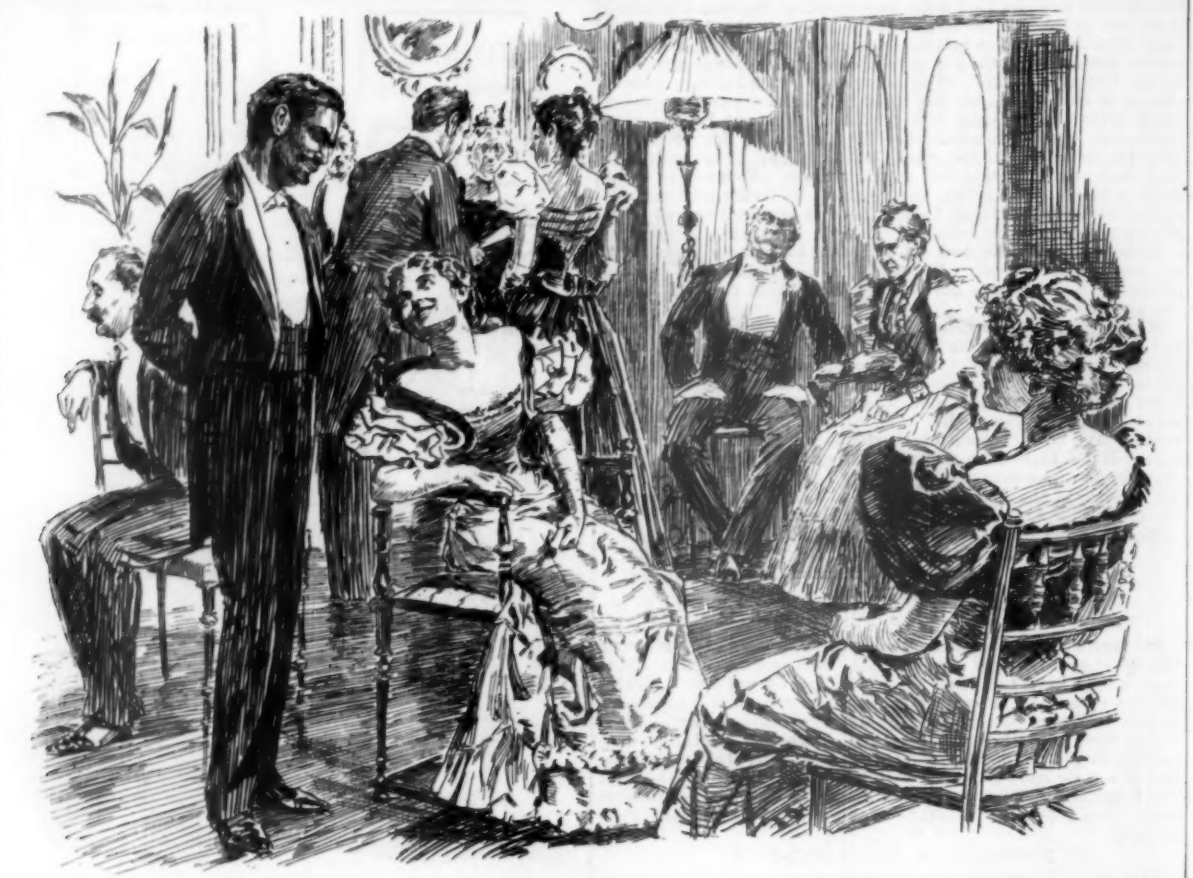
An Egyptian Difficulty.

Anxious Inquirer (to flippant friend). I say, what is the Sirdar in Egypt?

Flippant Friend. My dear fellow, I never heard an ab-sirdar question. [*Exit.*

QUERIES AND NOTES.—What would be an excellent name for a Derby winner to be bestowed on him after he has won? As to names, of course he *had* one *before* he won, but afterwards, why not change it to *Asbestos*, since of all the starters he will have genuinely come out *as best 'oss?*

CORRECT MOTTO FOR THE EASY SHAVER.—Nothing like lather!



The Rector's Wife. "JUST SEE HOW SHAMEFULLY THAT MISS DASHWOOD IS FLIRTING OVER THERE WITH THAT INDIAN GENTLEMAN!"
The Major. "AH! SHE EVIDENTLY BELIEVES IN THE 'FORWARD POLICY'!"

DARBY JONES ON THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Full of honours as a Field-Marshal at the conclusion of Successful Warfare, I nevertheless rouse myself from the Apathy which invariably besets a Turf Sybarite, who has provided himself with some eider-down quilts and cases of tawny port for the Winter. I think, Sir, that you, with that acumen for which you are renowned from the North Pole to Tasmania, and even further, will acknowledge that in presenting *St. Cloud* to your notice and that of your readers for that classic event the Cambridgeshire Handicap, I did not err far from the spot, which is not barred on the turf. We must not, however, depreciate Sir WILLIAM INGRAM'S victory, the news of which illustrated his confidence in his trainer.

But now, honoured Sir, let us to the future, not the past. Poor as I am in poesy, faulty as I am in rhyme, I nevertheless again venture to bound on the mount Parnassus, carrying, as I fully believe, the name of the hero of the Autumn Event associated with the whilom haunt of that apparently extinct waterfowl, the picturesque Liver. Indeed, anyone sending me a Live Liver will be amply rewarded. (This in parenthesis while the Muse is getting up steam.) Here goes, after a peaceful and bardlike slumber:—

For me one, two, three,
Is the *Man of the Sea*,
But beware of the *Fowl of the Stream*.
And the *Green of the Sward*
In the judge's award
Has run close with the *Duke's* in my dream.
On the *Maid who can laugh*
Have an eye for a place,
But through folly and chaff
'Tis the *Jerseyman's* race!

Such, honoured Sir, is my unbiassed opinion, strengthened by what Little Acumen I have derived from sharpening my brains on the Noddles of more respectable citizens. Trusting that you are profiting by my Insight into the Ways of Owners, Horses, and, may I add, Jockeys *plus* Trainers, I beg to remain,

Always, honoured Sir,
Your devoted running footman and
peripatetic prophet, DARBY JONES.

RESTFUL.—"The Benin City of to-day," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "is now a city of Peace." It might be the Benign City. We've Be(e)n-in and we're not coming out again.

"TRUE TIME."—Professor JOHN MILNE has been issuing circulars inquiring as to the exact time of day everywhere. What a sharp chap the Professor will become! Wherever he goes he'll "know what o'clock it is!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

[Judge VAN WYCK, the newly-elected Mayor of New York, "has no history. The most notable incident in his career is his success at a feeding competition."—*Daily Chronicle*, *Nov.* 3, 1897.]

CONGRATULATIONS to New York!
She has achieved her proud ambition—
A Mayor who plies stout knife and fork,
Who's won a feeding competition!

Now let her pile for him the feast,
Course after course, in her elation!
She won't, in this respect, at least,
Excel our ancient Corporation.

Our Lord Mayor's guests are all agreed
That holders of that proud position
Know just as well the way to "feed"—
Albeit "not for competition"!

CHANGE OF NAME.—Mr. DAVID P. SELLAR (whose name a snuffling person might pronounce Mr. Pea-Sheller, but very far from being a green pea-sheller), who has offered to give two hundred pictures, his "Old Dutch," Italian and English, to the nation, should the President of the R.A. and council approve, will be remembered as Mr. D. P. "DONOR," not "SELLAR." Surely, if the pictures be genuine, they are better removed from a "cellar," and placed in the best light possible.



THE TAMMANY TERRAPIN AND THE CITY TURTLE.

TAMMANY TURTLE. "WA-AL, BROTHER TURTLE, WE 'RE IN TOGETHER. WE 'LL MAKE A GOOD THING OF IT FOR OURSELVES—*AND FRIENDS.* EH?"

CITY TURTLE. "SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BROTHER TERRAPIN. OVER *HERE* WE 'VE AN OLD-WORLD PREJUDICE IN FAVOUR OF HONESTY."



ON THE WAY TO COVERT.

Perks (immensely pleased with his new Mount). "PICKED HIM UP BY AUCTION FOR A MERE SONG. SAID TO BE WONDERFUL JUMPER—IN FACT, NOTHING STOPS HIM!"

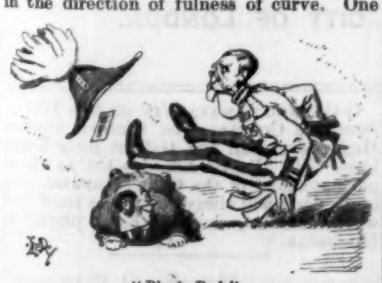
(Unhappy Thought.) NOT EVEN BRIDLE!

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

II.

Black Rod.—This is a high functionary of the other House. From time to time he visits the Commons, bearer of a message summoning the hon. House to hear the Royal Assent given to certain Bills. Usage requires that Black Rod should walk slowly up to the Table, his eyes fixed on the Speaker with cataleptic stare. Thrice he bows, and pulling short up at the Table, delivers his message—if he can remember it. This done, he retires backwards, bowing as before. For a Member of ready wit, here is an opening for sport. If he can quietly approach Black Rod whilst he stands at the Table, and furtively thrust a pin into his black silk-stockinged calf, Black Rod's consequent movements lead to some merriment.

This device, once popular, fell into disrepute in the case of a functionary now no more. He was noted for the shapeliness of his legs, the calves perhaps erring a little in the direction of fulness of curve. One day, a frolicsome Member, getting into position, used a pin with skill and force. Black Rod took no notice; went on with his message as if nothing was the matter. Which seemed uncanny.



"Black Rod."

A more popular proceeding in later Parliaments has been for a Member, timing the return journey (backwards as aforesaid) of Black Rod, to lie prone in his pathway. That never fails to bring down the House as well as Black Rod. The new Member, anxious to make his mark, should take the earliest opportunity of achieving this feat.



"The Speaker takes the Chair."

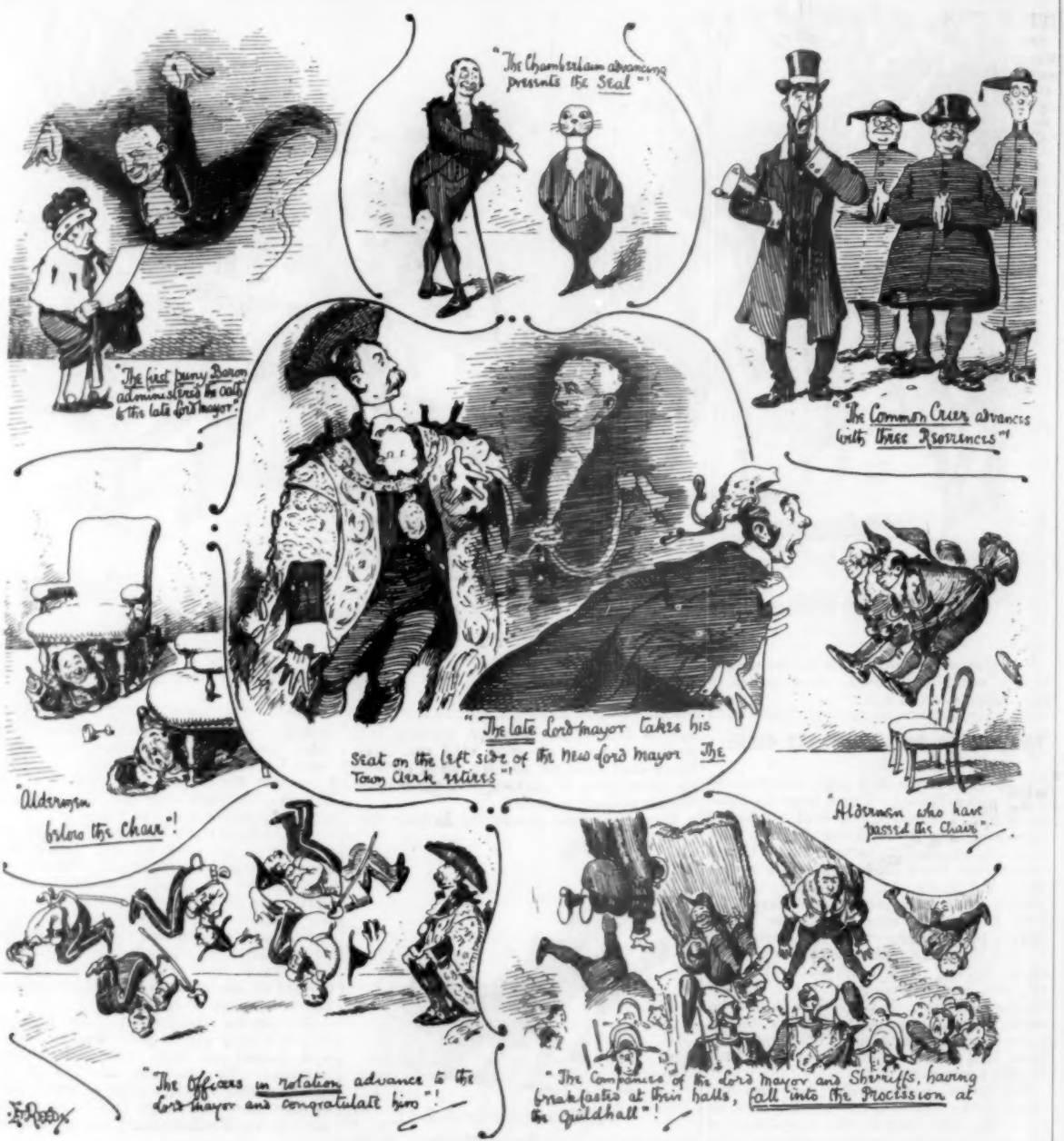
The Speaker takes the Chair.—This phrase, familiar through the Session, flashes an interesting light on ancient Parliamentary customs. In the childhood of the Mother of Parliaments, the Chair was (so to speak) the Speaker's perquisite. At the close of each Session, the right hon. gentleman, lifting the Chair on his head, walked out of the House, and so home, literally "taking the Chair." Other times, other manners. Mr. ABBOT, afterwards Lord COLCHESTER, the Speaker in office when first PITT, then FOX, died, was, the Member for Sark tells me, the last personal appropriator of the Chair.

The difficulty about vested rights and all that is got over by the device of a counter-proposition. When, before the new custom was firmly established, disposition was shown by the Speaker to hoist the Chair and walk off with it, a resolution was promptly submitted that "the Speaker do now leave the Chair." The occasion for this formula does not now exist. The history of its inception is probably forgotten. But it is in use to this day.

Moving the Speaker out of the Chair.—This is a very pretty performance. When well played on both sides, it is even hilarious. The occasion arises when the Speaker, either from a sense of public duty or from pure cussedness (the word is here used in its Parliamentary sense), declines



"Moving the Speaker out of the Chair."



THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO CEREMONIALS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(Most Unceremoniously Illustrated.)

to go home and let others go. Then you shall see Members, quietly gathering from both sides, suddenly, at a signal, swarm down upon the Chair, and elbow the Speaker out.

Of what beverage does the melancholy cry of a dog with a regulation strap over his nose remind you? The Möselwein [Muzzle-whine].

Light Reading.

Problem.—If you had a lamp weighing twenty pounds, why would it be a very great convenience and a saving of considerable trouble to keep it invariably quite close to another lamp weighing fifteen pounds?

Solution.—Because the lamp weighing twenty pounds would then always be next to a lamp-lighter.

G-G's who always Win on the Indian Frontier Course.—The Glorious Gordon Highlanders and the Gallant little Goorkhas. *Mr. Punch* doffs his hat to these noble soldiers of the Queen-Empress, and hopes they will always be in the front tier when a military drama is being played in Hindostan.

Synonym for a Waiter.—"A Plate-layer."

COMIN' THRO' THE ROMANY RYE.

[The *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S poem, *The Coming of Love*, remarks: "The Romany idiom possesses an immense advantage over our poor, every-day English, in offering at least two new rhymes for 'love,'—'tuv' (smoke) and 'puv' (a field). These are priceless additions to the meagre Saxon stock—'dove,' 'glove,' 'above,' and the impossible 'shove.'" The reviewer does scant justice to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON'S liberal ear, which allows him, in this volume, to employ "cove," "move," "grove," "approve," and "rove," to rhyme with this same sound of "love."]

It is the massive gipsy-maid!
I think I recognise my Luv;
Hither she walks; I see her wade
Across the sodden turnip-puv*;
O Luv, my Luv!

The lark is tootling in the sky,
Coos in his cot the wedded duv;
Then wherefore should not you and I
Gambol like rabbits in the gruv?
O Luv, my Luv!

Come, let us fly the wicked world,
And all the simpler pleasures pruv,
For life 's a vapour thinly curled,
And human glory ends in tuv,†
O Luv, my Luv!

By stilly ponds and stagnant meres
In solemn silence we will muv,
Or whisper down each other's ears
The trifles we are thinking uv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or let us from the ocean's marge
Out in an open wherry shuv,
And when the moon is fairly large
Perambulate a sandy cuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or, where the sheathèd filbert shoots,
Your dusky hands that scorn a gluv
Shall pluck and pass me fairer fruits
Than tooth of ADAM ever cluv,
O Luv, my Luv!

And if, in case of cold or rain,
We cannot comfortably ruv,
We 'll twine our noses on the pane,
Or stew beside the peety stuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Such dreams, so roseate and warm
My free, erotic fancy wuv,
When first your fine and ample form
Upon my swooning vision huv,
O Luv, my Luv!

You 're not, I grant you, free from fault;
Your grammar one might well impruv;
Your brow is tanned a rich cobalt;
But still you *are* a treasure-truv!
O Luv, my Luv!

And with a creature like my Own,
As tentatively sketched abuv,
Oft have I heard (though never known)
Of poets who serenely thruv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Then let us fly the wicked world,
And take our chance alone with luv;
For life 's a vapour thinly curled,
And all ambitions end in tuv,†
Mere tuv,† my Luv!

* Field. † Smoke.

IN THE MATTER OF A POINTLESS ANECDOTE.

ON the appointment of one of our latest judges, an amusing anecdote was told, illustrating the occasionally strained relations existing between Bench and Bar. The Q. C. one day, finding his Lordship had not arrived punctually to time, employed the pause in attending to some other business in an adjacent Court. On his return to the original Court, he was greeted with the announcement from the Bench that he had kept his Lordship waiting for five minutes. "Indeed," retorted the Q. C., wittily. "Why, you kept me waiting five and twenty!"

The success of this pointed repartee has encouraged, we believe, a well-known firm of publishers to issue a volume of *Professional Anecdotes*, containing gems of equal purity. We give a few stories that may serve as specimens.

A Field-Marshal, dining at the mess of a line battalion, asked the Colonel to hurry the waiters up, as he wanted to catch a train. The proceedings, however, were of the usual leisurely character, and the officer was thwarted in his endeavour. "You might have made them smarter, Colonel," said the guest. "Utterly impossible," returned the host. "You see, we had not finished our dinner."

An Archbishop, who had to preach at a country church, was much annoyed by the arrival of the curate (who had to read the prayers) ten minutes late. "I really think you might have kept to time," said the Archbishop. "Very sorry, your Grace," returned the other, "but it was so hot!"

At a consultation of eminent specialists, some delay was caused by the tardy arrival of a country practitioner who had to meet them. "I suppose your train was late," suggested the Senior Medical Baronet. "No," replied the provincial surgeon, "I was only lazy!"

The Court of Appeal, upon calling upon an eminent Q. C. to address them, found that he was *non est*. The fact had scarcely been ascertained before the silk entered. "We have been waiting for you for the last forty minutes," said the Master of the Rolls. "Indeed," exclaimed the Q. C. "Dear me, while you were sitting here, I was putting on my wig!"

It will be seen from the above specimens that the work—when published—will be deeply interesting.



Winny (one mile an hour) to Annie (two miles an hour). "SCORCHER!"



A PAINFUL INSINUATION.

Butcher. "*FOREIGN* MEAT, MADAM? I'M SURE YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ME CAPABLE OF SERVING MY CUSTOMERS WITH ANYTHING BUT THE BEST 'OME MEAT!"

Young Housekeeper. "OH, I DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU *KNEW* IT WAS FOREIGN, BUT I DO THINK THEY HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF YOU AT THE MARKET!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PLEASANTLY chatty, interesting, and amusing, are Mr. FITZ-GERALD MOLLOY'S two volumes, entitled, *The Romance of the Irish Stage*. Mr. MOLLOY reminds us of many old stories, and as good old friends, they are most welcome, especially as he appropriately fits them up with well-known names, and cleverly localises them. But of all reminiscences, those concerning PEG WOFFINGTON (whose biographer some little time ago was Mr. MOLLOY) are the most interesting, though occupying but a small space in the two volumes. Hard drinking, ready fighting, horse-play, reckless gambling, and a general happy-go-luckiness were the characteristics of tip-top Irish Society a hundred and fifty years ago. But what wonderful salaries in those days did not the light and leading comedians receive!! Three guineas a week was apparently a tip-top price for a star of the first magnitude, who relied on his benefit to give him such a handsome sum as might be represented by one hundred and fifty pounds clear! It is published by Messrs. DOWNEY & Co., and there is a good photographic reproduction of ROMNEY'S Mrs. JORDAN and Sir JOSHUA'S Mrs. ABINGTON.

Another batch of books, redolent of the festive season, lie waiting inspection. The newest and neatest volume is one of the "Dumpy Series," a delightful collection of short stories by E. V. LUCAS (GRANT RICHARDS), beginning with *The Flamp*. Now, The Flamp requires explanation. He is a somewhat strange animal belonging to "the brillig and slithy goves" of nursery literature with a morbid desire for sympathy. His claims are original, yet they suggest some distinct relationship to the Mock Turtle. Still, he is amusing in his quaintness.

Song Flowers, from a Child's Garden of Verses (GARDNER & Co.), by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. An exquisite little nosegay. The melody of the music by KATHARINE M. RAMSAY suits their freshness, and the drawings by GORDON BROWNE reveal the story of each song. S. R. CROCKETT deemed them worthy a touching introduction. A charming gift this book will make.

MRS. MOLESWORTH, in *Hoodie* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), tells of a little girl who, "when she was good was wery, wery good, and when she was naughty was 'orrid"; and the fascinating culture of horridness, which appeals to most infantile brains, predominated in this child of the nursery. The pathos of a gentle illness, with its accompaniment of nasty physic, restored her moral equilibrium.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

DR. LECHER'S SPEECH.

[The other day, Dr. LECHER spoke in the Austrian Reichsrath for 12 hours.]

O WILHELM, by no means the Silent, look out,
Here 's somebody far more loquacious than you!
A speech of twelve hours, a record, no doubt,
Is more than your Majesty even could do.

Unhappily, LECHER, though German in race,
Lives not where the *regis voluntas* is law,
Or else his *lèse-majesté* soon would efface
A traitor who rivalled his sovereign's "jaw."

Vienna is ruled in a different way,
And dignified silence the KAISER might teach
To you, and to others with plenty to say;
The Deputies there are the experts in speech.

But do not be downcast, though LECHER must be
The mightiest speaker this planet has heard,
With suitable training you 're better than he,
And able to have—fitting phrase—the last word.

Just visit, *incognito*, London some day,
And practise with all the professors of jaw;
We also have people with too much to say,
Connected with politics, mostly, or law.

Talk with them incessantly, morning and night,
Talk sense or talk nonsense, talk slowly or fast;
Such excellent training will make you all right,
Your jaw will be stronger than LECHER'S at last.

Then challenge your rival to combat of tongues,
For twenty-four hours hold forth, might and main;
You 'll beat him in spite of his powerful lungs,
And you 'll be the Champion Speaker again.

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First Enterprising Female. What a capital idea it was to advertise in a clerical paper for "two young ladies to try being cook and house-parlour-maid for £14 and £12 a year."

Second E. F. Yes; and to explain that "daughters of clergymen would be preferred." Shall we see how they are getting on?

Third E. F. Why not. We must keep them up to their work. More especially as we promised them "a quiet place." The labour ought to keep them silent, if nothing else does.

Mary (*entering on a bell summons*). Yes, ladies?

First E. F. Have you cleaned the kitchen chimney?

Mary. Yes, madam; and as I was about it, did the others, too.

Second E. F. Quite right. And you (*turning to* JANE, *who has entered*), did you sweep down the stairs, wash the steps, do the rooms and mend the linen?

Jane. Yes, madam; and as I thought you might like to see them clean, washed all the windows.

First E. F. And of course you have done all the ordinary house work.

Mary and Jane (*together*). Yes, madam.

First E. F. Do you want to know anything further?

Mary. Well, madam, you say we are playing a game. How is it going?

Second E. F. Very well indeed. You see, we are getting servants of gentle birth—who shrink from complaining—to do double the ordinary work for half the customary wages.

Mary and Jane (*together*). And what does that count?

Three E. F. (*together*). Why, one to us, to be sure!

[*Scene closes in upon the discovery.*

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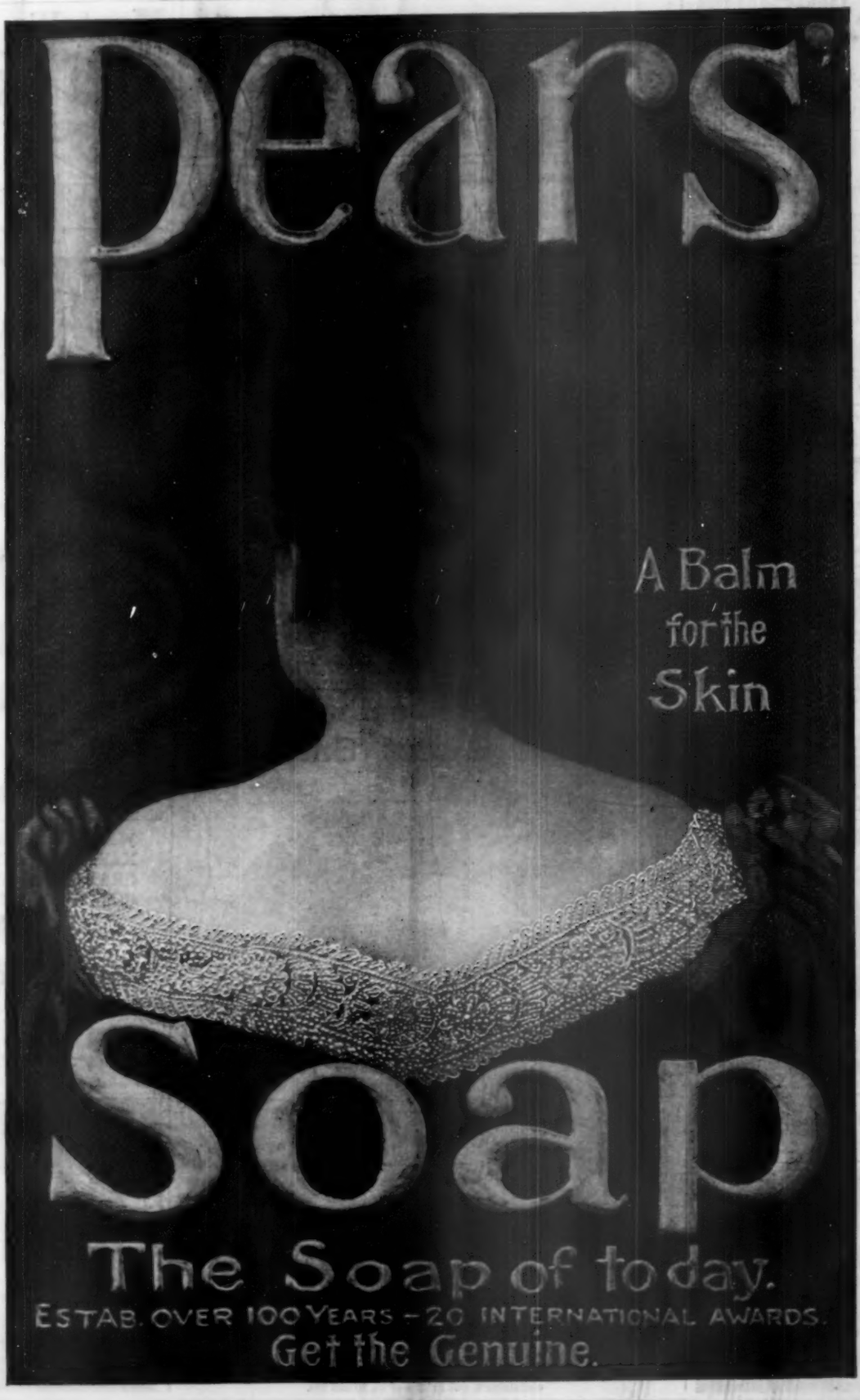
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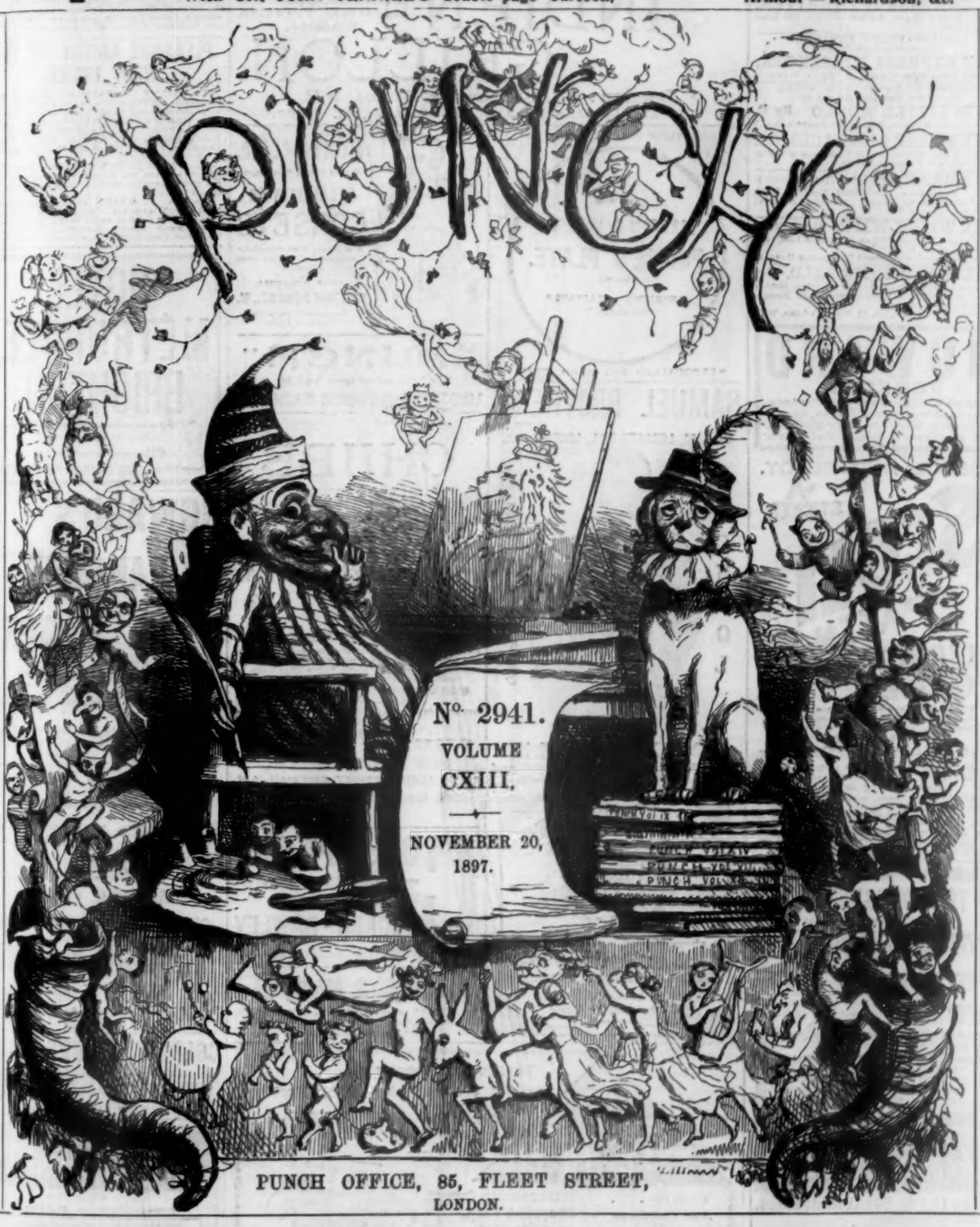
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ON the cover, a maiden in a sad violet-coloured gown, trying to catch a wild deluge of green shamrocks, is no surprising preparation for a story of the "distressful counthry." This figure on the outside is transformed inside to *A Daughter of Erin*, by VIOLET FINNY. It is a romantic tale of a family "of no importance," except that they possess a banshee—the one great hall-mark of genuine Celtic respectability, and without which no house is considered complete. (BLACKIE & SON.)

The History of the Horn Book, by ANDREW W. TUER, F.S.A. (Leadenhall Press), gives the start and decline of the handy form of primer from which our forefathers learnt their A B C, in the days when education was not a matter of compulsion. According to learned research, the Horn Book occasionally served other purposes, such as a battledore or even bat; whilst it became a seductive instrument in a teacher's hand wherewith to impress its contents on some hard-headed youth. Its subtle handiness was not at such moments highly appreciated by the pupil. With graceful allusion to *Mr. Punch's* advice on a former occasion, the author has inserted two or three specimens of the Horn Book in a pocket at the end of the book. That the names of LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PHIL MAY, PERCY MACQUOID, Miss MAUDE SAMBOURNE are among the many illustrators, speaks volumes for the book.

Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY has added two volumes to his story of *The French Revolution* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The undertaking of such a task in view of the imposing array of standard works on the subject indicates a bold spirit. With all its proved inaccuracy, CARLYLE'S *French Revolution* still fills the bills. Mr. MCCARTHY, though not quite so picturesque in style, is safer than the Sage on matters of fact. Reading between the lines of his work, it is easy to see that he has spared no pains in the way of consulting authorities. As the last gleaner in a well-swept field, he has the advantage of profiting by the labours of those who have gone before him since CARLYLE brought out his brimful basket. His literary art is equal to the most exacting demands. In particular, it might be imagined that a still young author would shrink from telling over again the story of the Flight to Varennes. Mr. MCCARTHY is not in that mood, and for breathless interest the chapter need not fear comparison with CARLYLE'S famous and flaming picture.

By the way, the Baron is informed, that in a recent review he twice misspelt Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S name and called him "Crouch." Very hospitable of the Baron to give him a liquid, and here's Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S health! But how much better to be "CROUCH" than "COUCH," as the latter name implies an article only intended to be sat upon. *Une fois encore à votre santé, Monsieur Canapé!* So far, so good!

The Political Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, illustrated from *Punch* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), brought up to within measurable distance of its conclusion by the late Mr. E. J. MILLIKEN, and now finished by Mr. H. W. LUCY, must be to every Englishman, no matter to what political party he may belong, or to the philosophic spectator holding aloof from all political parties, and considering them, as did the heathen philosopher of old, "all equally right or all equally wrong," a work of absorbing interest. These three volumes are a most valuable contribution to the political history of our time. The illustrations, by the artists of *Mr. Punch's* staff, headed by Sir JOHN TENNIEL, give us the chief characters among the *dramatis personæ* in the many and varied epoch-making situations that have occurred during the run of the great political drama in which Mr. GLADSTONE played the principal *rôle*. THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—It was a "Happy Thought" of Mr. JOHN LATEY'S to turn Klondyke into a little Christmas Gold-mine for himself and his companions in the Golden Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, though what connection there is between Klondyke and a "Hunt Breakfast" as represented in the large coloured picture where those indispensable members of a hunt, namely, foxes, male and female, are all enjoying themselves together, it is at first sight not a little difficult to say. Perhaps these sly foxes are discussing whether it wouldn't be better to be off to Klondyke before the Winter is over, the discussion having been started by the *Star of Klondyke*, the title of Mr. LATEY'S Christmas Number aforesaid, now brought under their notice. Artists and authors have made the *Star of Klondyke* a real brilliancy, or 'twould be better to say, "transparency," as no doubt everybody will get it, and *look through it*.



A GUILDHALL NIGHTMARE.

["Africa was created to be the plague of the Foreign Office."—*Vide Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, Nov. 9.*]

THE REMOTE NIGHT-GOWN.

[Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, in his "Hints as to Dress for British Central Africa," says, anent night-gowns, "I believe these indecent monstrosities linger in remote parts of England, but they have long since been banished from the life of Europeans in the Tropics."]

WHEN condemning our night-gowns,
And calling them fright gowns,
Sir H. makes a grave accusation;
For these very same white gowns,
Although they are light gowns,
Do not merit his hard imputation,
Since for ages they 've been
Just the garments unseen
By any known African nation.
Though in countries remote—
Such as England—they vote
For this monstrous "undressification,"
And from England, let 's say, to Bombay or Bahamas,
The night-robe in case holds its own with pyjamas!

THE BITTER CRY OF THE ESQUIRES.

IN pursuance of the address which was communicated on November 12 to the Baronets of England, Ireland, Scotland, Great Britain and the United Kingdom, by an influential committee of that Honourable Order, it is understood that a circular is being drawn up to the following effect by the long-suffering and down-trodden holders of the ancient, but now misused, title of "Esquire":—

We, the members of "The Senior Committee of the Estimable Order of Esquires," being of opinion that an occasion has now arrived when suitable preliminary steps may be taken with a view to establish and maintain the privileges of the Order, do invite as many other esquires as possible to join in the aims as here summarised, for example:—

1. To revive the Royal Warrant of the date April 1, 13th Queen ANNE, in so far as it is ordained that esquires on succeeding to their title should establish their descent from some sort of an ancestor, so as gradually to eliminate the *parvenus*, the *nouveaux riches*, the organ-grinders, cab-runners and potato-can-men, *soi-disant* esquires, from further official recognition.

2. To vary the recent precedency order so as to apply only to esquires who are unable to pay their week's rent, or have lately served a term of penal servitude. To revive the use of the ancient style of "estimable" or "respectable."

3. To assign to the Esquirage like other orders below the peerage, with habit and insignia, that is, coat, collar, and cuffs, the last-named having been provided (at the expense of grammatical training) on credit at any of the Universities throughout the Kingdom.

4. That on the death of each esquire his insignia be returned by his executors to the washerwoman and the dustman respectively (as is the case with the Orders of Gents, Misters and Commercial Travellers), to be returned to the next esquire on satisfactorily proving his need of the same.

5. That the relative precedence of the Estimable Order among foreign *croupiers* and *chevaliers d'industrie* should be authoritatively defined.

6. That those esquires whose patents contain the clause by which their eldest sons are entitled to the style of "Mister" on attaining their majority, should send in the names forthwith, in order to have a definite ruling on this important point.



Traveller. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO HOLLOW MEADOWS?"

Hodge (who stutters frightfully). "YE-YE-YE-YES. YOU T-T-T-T-TAKE THE F-F-F-FIRST T-T-T-T-TURNING ON TH-THE RIGHT, AND KU-KU-KU-KEEP STRAIGHT ON OWER TH' B-B-B-BRIG. BU-BUB-BUB-BUT YOU 'D BUB-BUB-BUB-BETTER BE GU-GU-GU-GANGIN' ON. YOU 'LL GU-GU-GET THERE QUICKER TH-TH-TH-THAN I CAN T-T-T-TELL YOU!"

The primary essential for the success of this movement is an overpowering number of supporters, and it will materially stiffen the backs of the committee if esquires will kindly append their mark to the enclosed form, approving our aims, and becoming, nominally at least, one of our supporters, for fortune favours the big battalions, all things, we mean, all *other* things, being equal. Indeed, it cannot be too clearly nor too often reverberated, that unless the greater majority of prehistoric esquires are agreed as to our aims and methods, we shall continue to be ranked at dinner-tables among plain Misters, just as Baronets have their digestion spoilt by taking precedence after the sons of legal life peers, and our efforts may be regarded as foredoomed to failure, and we shall be thankful to know whether the order as a whole is sympathetic, apathetic, or paralytic.

The Force of Classic Teaching.

Master. Now, boys, what is Hexham famous for?

Binks Minor. Making the hexameter, Sir. [*Waits afterwards.*

DIVISION OF SOCIETY IN KENT.—The Lower Class and the Hopper Class.

HAGGIS AT THE HAYMARKET.



MR. J. M. BARRIE (*Novelist and Dramatic Author*).

"ECH, SIRS! 'WHAUR'S YOUR WULLIE SHAKSPEARE NOO?'"

THE linguistic "deefeecultees" (if Little Minister BARRIE will pardon my attempt at phonetic spelling of Scotch "as" I think "she is spoken") that faced me within the first few pages of *The Little Minister* (wasn't it called "*The Stickit Minister*," or is that another divine in another ministry?) were so obstacular, that no amount of my own particular supply of perseverance, within a limited period, was sufficient to surmount them. Had I been a literary "Death or Glory Boy," I would have charged again, would have broken down the Barrie-cade, overtopped the "deefeecultees" or perished in the attempt. But it was not so to be, and hence it happens that my thorough acquaintance with the story and characters of Mr. J. M. BARRIE'S Scotch novel has been made through the medium of his play at the Haymarket. The plot is fresh, ingenious, and dramatic; it is lucidly told by the dramatist, and, every one of the *dramatis personæ* being a distinctly marked character, it is admirably acted by all concerned in the representation. If ever dramatic author had reason to be thoroughly satisfied with his interpreters it is Mr. BARRIE. Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE may well congratulate themselves, and certainly deserve the congratulations of all play-goers on the wisdom of their selection. Thank goodness that Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, Mr. MARK KINGHORNE, Mr. TYLER, Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, and Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE—all excellent—only very occasionally speak such Scotch as is unintelligible to the unaccustomed ear of the McCOCKNEY. The thanks of the public on this score are equally due to Mrs. E. H. BROOKE and Miss MARY MACKENZIE, both of whom favour the public with just so much of the strong Scotch as suffices to show how unintelligible they could be if they chose. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has been wisely advised (by himself) in not making any attempt at a broad accent which might have rendered the charming love passages between the captivated Little Minister and the eccentric daughter of the Earl of Rintoul so hopelessly ridiculous that their marriage would have excited the deepest sympathy of the audience for the father (as cruelly deceived as was ever old *Brabantio* by luckless *Desdemona* who married the Moor—not up in Scotland), and the greatest pity for the honest, plucky Little Minister, in whose future as the husband of such an eccentric, volatile, and tricky little person as *Lady Babbie* would be laid up a store of misery, ending in sensational scandal and divorce. The character of the *Reverend Gavin Dishart*, who at the end of the third act might well have changed his name to "Give-in-Disheartened" but for the blundering malice of *Captain Halliwell*, (not a pleasant type of English officer, well-played by Mr. HALLARD,) is perfectly rendered by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, artistically made up as the youthful Presbyterian clergyman.

Mrs. CYRIL MAUDE, still appearing in the bill under her maiden name of Miss WINIFRED EMERY, has found in *Lady Babbie* a part to which, as a true comedian, she can do full justice. That *Lady Babbie* is irritating to a degree no one can fail to admit, and that the aristocratically-nosed Earl, her father, played with Wellingtonian abruptness by Mr. W. G. ELLIOT, would be justified in somehow punishing her severely, must be felt by every self-respecting paterfamilias visiting the theatre; and yet this "Babbie," in spite of her Carmen-like manner when she throws the rose at "the Reverend gent," just as the Spanish Gipsy-girl threw the flower at the captivated *Don José* and then ran away, and in spite of her silliness, her giggling, her making fun of her lover, and tricking her father, is irritatingly lovable—and whippable.

The last act is the best of four good ones, and the very last situation on which the curtain descends is quite sufficient to dismiss an audience thoroughly pleased with everything and everybody—for they stop to encore the final tableau, over and over again, so humorous and so full of surprise is it,—and to insure the complete success of *The Little Minister*.

In the bill it is stated that Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has specially written music for the piece. It may be so, of course it is so, since it is so announced, but for my part, I got no "special Scotch" in the way of music during the entertainment, for when the actors were not speaking the audience were, and conversation being loud and general during the *entr'actes*, while a considerable number were availing themselves of this "ten minutes allowed for refreshment" to visit the smoking-room, it seemed to me that, "but for the look of the thing" in the programme, a few Scotch tunes, and occasionally an ordinary "melo," would have been quite sufficient to have met the musical requirements of the play. However, thank goodness, there are no bagpipes. Probably Sir ALEXANDER'S "special Scotch" compositions will soon be heard, and then appreciated at a McCLASSICAL concert.

TO GUARDIANS.

["The Holbeach (Lincolnshire) Guardians have received a letter from the Local Government Board asking what number of currants were to be put in the children's puddings. It seems that the information was wanted for audit purposes. The master of the workhouse is to provide a reply to the communication."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

IN view of the above it is obvious that guardians in the future will be expected to possess certain qualifications that have not been required of them in the past. We are informed on high authority that intending candidates will be subjected to a searching examination before they are allowed to offer themselves at the poll. The following questions have been forwarded to us as a specimen paper, the numbers in brackets indicating the value attached to a correct answer to each.

1. How would you test for adipose tissue in a Holbeach pauper? How would you proceed if you found any traces of it? [10]

2. Analyse your emotions after consuming a workhouse dinner. Describe the preparation known as "bread and scrape," and estimate in millionths of a millimetre the thickness of the butter. [10]

3. There are x old women in a ward A. There are y tea-leaves in half a pound of tea. There are z gallons of H_2O in the copper. Solve the mixed equation

$$\frac{[y \times z\ H_2O\ (\text{lukewarm})] + 1\ \text{oz. condensed milk}}{x} = 1\ \text{pint pig-wash.}$$

[10]

4. Twenty-four bilious paupers are fed on plum duff. Twenty-four deaths take place within twenty-four hours. The local press (Radical) argues that the latter are the direct result of the former. Is this a case of the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*? If not, why not? [10]

5. "Nature abhors a vacuum." What inference would you draw from this as to Nature's attitude towards (*a*) a Guardian's skull, and (*b*) a pauper's stomach? [10]

6. Solve the problem proposed by the Holbeach Local Government Board as quoted at the head of this paper. [50]



EMULATION.

Stranger (who means to cut us all down). "I suppose it's Jumpable?"
Our Pet Thruster (determined not to be left). "No, quite impossible. But it will be all right—if you can Swim!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. III.—To Mr. A. Conan Doyle.

My dear Sir,—Your modesty will perhaps pardon me if I begin by stating that I consider it a privilege to write to you. We both follow the profession of literature, both of us know what it is not to spare the *peritura charta*, both understand by what hieroglyphic marks the mistakes in proof-sheets may be corrected, and both of us, I suppose, receive with due gratitude the honorarium to which our labours entitle us. But there the resemblance ends. You have fought your way up to the magic Castle of Romance, you have struck the shield that hangs upon the outer wall, and have blown a loud, clear blast upon the mighty horn. I—— But why should I speak of myself? All I need do is to tell you again that I am proud to have the chance of talking to you for a few moments on paper.

Many are the pleasant hours I have spent with the men you have created, men with deep chests and broad backs and untiring limbs and dauntless courage. That is the company (White or otherwise) that I like. I can step into the street at this moment and see hundreds of the spindle-shanked and pigeon-breasted in their top-hats and black coats and dingy trousers—all very worthy, very respectable, and perfectly punctual. They pay their rates, and eat their roast mutton, and support their families; they catch their morning trains, and crackle the topics of the day with one another as they fare city-wards, but when I say that for interest they cannot vie with *Micah Clarke* and *Hordle John*, or many another of the stout and valiant fellows whose honest, swashing blows resound in your stories, that *Sherlock Holmes*, too (never an arch favourite of mine—but let that pass), outweighs them all—when I say this I am stating a truth mildly and, I trust, without offence. And as for problem novels, analytical novels, sex-novels, and all the rest of the Gadarene class, I fancy we have got through any craze we may have had for them. Have we not all problems enough of our own without resorting to novels? How shall we fashion our lives, even in such small matters as the daily arrangement of dinners, or the ordering of new clothes, or the making and keeping of friends, or the acquisition in marriage of the beloved one? These matters are, in all conscience, perplexing enough for us. And as for sex-novels, great Heaven, we may be degenerate and anæmic, but most of us have not yet sunk so low as to bother our heads about the stale questions that occupy the minds of the epicene purveyors of dirt and balderdash. No, penned in as we are by convention and circumstance, we sigh for the lusty and rejoicing manhood of past ages. We commit ourselves to you, and under your guidance we press onward into the mountain passes, we are with the White Company in their last glorious stand, we hear the trumpets sound and the clamorous battle-cries re-echo from host to host, the arrows hurtle through the air, the great swords rise and gleam and fall, and the tide of conflict rolls backward and forward till the night descends. And then—why, then we come back with fresher hearts to the dull routine of our inglorious lives. And it may chance, too, that after such a companionship with you we shall feel our breasts thrill with a higher emotion and a more generous admiration when we hear of the deeds that our fellow-subjects are even now performing far away amid the crags and precipices of the Indian frontier.

But softly, good friend—it is a carper who speaks—softly: all that Mr. Doyle does has been done before. Scott has done it, Dumas has done it. Granted, I answer; but what then? Scott, whom we love, and Dumas, whom we love, need not exclude a later affection for you. I make no comparisons; I have before my eyes the fear of Mr. Christie Murray; nor, in any case, is it necessary either to exclude or to include a modern by comparing him with the ancient masters. Let a man stand on his own sturdy legs and be judged. Thus I place you, and salute and thank you. And, I may add, that not so long ago I took from the shelf *Le Bâtard de Mauléon*, by Dumas, and read it with a breathless interest. The period is that of your *White Company*, and there is magnificent fighting in it, but the mail-clad warriors fight on the side opposed to yours, and *Bertrand du Guesclin* is their hero. But my enjoyment of the *Bertrand* of Dumas did not in the least impair my delight in your *Black Prince* and all the rest of your Hampshire heroes. Why should it not be so with all of us? Why should we read Scott or Dumas, and say, "We end there; no other and later romancer shall ever give us pleasure"?

Farewell, Sir. You are yourself a strong, broad-shouldered man, and you take a natural delight in deeds of strength and courage. Soon, I cannot doubt, you will array yourself in armour and gird on your sword again. Are there not vast regions open to you where adventures may be had for the asking? Proceed and conquer them, and lay your spoils once more before your faithful readers. Affectionately yours, The Vagrant.

"Bright Chanticleer."—During the speech of Mr. Cock, Q.C., in the recent "Medical Divorce Case," a juryman fell fast asleep. At the sound of the voice of "the Herald of the Dawn," it is popularly supposed that the sleeper is awakened. Perhaps the case of the sleeping juryman insensible to the notes of the Cock, chaunt he never so wisely, is the exception that proves the rule. In future, Mr. Cock, Q.C. will not be "too cocky" as to the rousing effect of his oratory.



She. "YOU MUST FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO UNENTERTAINING TO-NIGHT, MR. SOFTLY; BUT I 'VE HAD SUCH A COLD ALL DAY, AND I 'M ALWAYS SO STUPID WHEN I HAVE A COLD."
He (wishing to be gallantly consolatory). "WELL, I ASSURE YOU I SHOULD NEVER HAVE NOTICED THAT YOU HAD THE LEAST COLD!"

FURTHER PROVERBS.

(By Our Vague Impressionist.)

THERE is never rain without sun.

The early worm is the shepherd's warning.

Half a loaf is better than a feast.

Never cry "wolf" until the steed is stolen.

A stitch in time saves a pig in a poke.

Take care of the pence, and you will never know where the shoe pinches.

Wilful waste makes the mare to go.

Amongst the blind there is no such word as "fail."

A man convinced against his will may as well be hanged for a dog as a lamb.

When the cat 's away, a man may look at a king.

One good turn may be another man's poison.

"HORAS NON NUMERO" QUANQUAM "SERENAS."

[The *Times*, after publishing an article on the sunny South, ceased to record the sunshine in England.]

Oh! doubtless, well-intentioned *Times*,
You tantalised the reader
With thoughts of sun in brighter climes,
Depicted in your leader;
In Monte Carlo or in Nice,
Where rooms are twenty francs apiece,
And, as you said, the natives fleece
The stranger.

Yet here the shining of the sun
Deserves more careful mention,
Ten minutes, five, or even one,
In London claim attention.
Strange if no rain or snow should fall,
Or fog should form a sooty pall;
And if the sun should shine, then all
The stranger.

TO A BOSCHVIOOLTJE.

"LITTLE wood violet"—
Such the fond epithet
In mellifluous Dutch bestowed
On the subject of my ode.
Yes, it sounds innocent,
Shy and sweet, redolent.
"Boschviooltje!"—how it slips
Butter-like from out one's lips,
Conjuring visions rare
Of the Spring fresh and fair,
In this London Autumn-time,
Charming forth a meed of rhyme!
See, I 've bought twenty-five
"Violets," where they thrive
At the Hague, and all the lot
For a guilder have I got.
Cheap enough, you 'll agree—
Each has scarce cost a *d.*,
With a cedar box as well,
And a quasi-Cuban smell.
Now no more can I wait—
My desire grows too great;
Boschviooltje! thee I press
To my lips with close caress!

* * * * *

Heavens! I feel beastly sick,
Run and fetch brandy quick!
Boschviooltje? *Bosh* indeed!
'Tis a cabbage run to seed!
Violets! Some one 's joked;
Viler weed no one 's smoked!
Well, my luck I might have guessed
From the name. Here, burn the rest!

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

(A Continued Correspondence.)

DEAR PUNCH,—I am only forty, yet I have talked to a man who saw the battle of Agincourt. He was present when the engagement came off on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Yours truly,
METHUSELAH, JUNIOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was present at the funeral of the first Duke of WELLINGTON, and (as quite a child) the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Beyond this, I perfectly well remember the last appearance of Mr. MACREADY. And yet I am only three-and-twenty.
Yours sincerely, A SPINSTER.

DEAR SIR,—I have spoken to a man who knew a man who was cousin of a man who had seen a man who thought he remembered reading an account of the battle of the Alma. This takes us back to the days of the Crimean war. Yours faithfully,
A FOSSIL OF TWENTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think I can beat the record. It is easy enough to say you have known men who have heard this and that. But to go back to the flood and earlier, is, in my opinion, one better. Well, I have seen a plank of the ark, and a pip from the original apple. I met both in a museum at Boston.
Yours, SIMON SIMPLE.

MY DEAR SIR,—The other day I found a bottle of sauce that had been forgotten in a cupboard. It bore traces of having been in its glass receptacle for some eighty years. When tasted, the flavour was as good as ever. I need scarcely say to those who know its merits that the condiment was called the——.*
Yours in the name of business,
THE PROPRIETOR.

* Editorially suppressed. For further particulars, apply to the advertisement department.



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Mr. Punch. "GLAD YOU 'VE GOT THEM IN *AT LAST*, MR. RITCHIE; PITY IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DONE BEFORE!"



["The Auto-car will soon make its appearance in Peking."—*Echo.*]

AND SO WILL THE AUTO-CAR, IF OUR PROPHETIC CHINESE ARTIST IS RIGHT.

SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION, 1897.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to offer myself as a candidate for election to the London School Board. It would be my first endeavour, if elected, to raise the rate. The British public evidently likes School-Board extravagance, so why should it not be humoured?

I should give constant attention to the enforcement of regular attendance at schools, the wholesale fining of parents, and above all, of the teaching of useful subjects, such as playing the harmonium, geometrical drawing, the study of the articulated skeleton, the Greek and Hebrew languages in all their various ramifications, learning Sanscrit, and writing essays on the Morse code of signals. The art of golfing would also occupy a considerable portion of the scholars' time (clubs, balls, and links, together with a reasonable number of caddies, to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers).

The special schools for children of defective intellect, deserves, and would receive at my hands, every encouragement. I should propose to supply the inmates of all such schools with a liberal amount of the modern "hill-top" novels, together with the recent lucubrations of several of our most distinguished minor poets.

The schools for the deaf and dumb should each be provided with a German band. If the efforts of all itinerant Teutonic musicians were confined to these institutes, none of the rest of the public need carry guns.

The cookery and laundry classes cannot be of the slightest use, nowadays, and I should vote for their abolition and the substitution of a bicycling class in their place (bicycles, fitted with pneumatic tyres, to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers).

It would, in my opinion, be disastrous to introduce Sectarian teaching into the Board Schools. Much better to give the children lessons in scorching, and how to dodge the Bobby when observed.

I should always oppose the introduction of a birch or any other instrument of correction in any Board School. The punishment inflicted by such implements is all very well in such schools as Eton and Rugby, but would at once become degrading in a Board School, where none but the most refined and sensitive of children are found.

If returned, I shall esteem it an honour to procure for the rising generation, regardless of cost, a thoroughly up-to-date education, so that they may be well equipped for the struggle of life (again, at the expense of the ratepayers).

TO A DESTROYER.

["While leaving the harbour at Devonport on Saturday, a collision occurred between two of the torpedo-boat destroyers. . . . Four of the six forming the flotilla at Devonport are now disabled."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

DESTROYERS must destroy, oh! yes,
But we who pay the pelf
Wish you 'd sometimes sink something less
Expensive than yourself.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The "Christmas Card" is annually threatened with extinction; it was to have been dead as the Dodo, and as much a fashion of the past as the Dado. Yet here it is again, and as much to the front as ever. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS! Probably Father TUCK brings the cards out simply as a Christmas amusement for his sons. So kind! So thoughtful! His "house of cards" is solid. Their booklets, calendars and platinotype panels are as novel as 1897 can produce. Further addition is a charming gift-book of *Hamlet*, illustrated by HAROLD COPPING. Exquisitely and cheerfully got up, it is *Hamlet* out of mourning—perhaps for the festive season only. This book is dedicated to Sir HENRY IRVING.

A NOTE ON A DIARY OR SO.—Our little "systems" are supposed to last only for a poetical day, but JOHN WALKER & Co.'s "back-loop" pocket diaries have a neat, useful endurance for three hundred and sixty-five plain, matter-of-fact days. Now that '98 is in view, there is no going back, but start afresh with this excellent system in the choicest varieties of leather. How nice to look at the diaries *now!* So blank! so new! But at the end of the year! . . . . *Happy Thought!* Put down nothing that 's unpleasant to remember.

A Suggestion for an Advertisement.

TRY OUR TURKEY CARPETS!

CAN'T BE BEATEN BY ANYONE ANYWHERE!!



A "CHEF D'ORCHESTRE;"

Or, A Soul for Music.

A SKETCH OF A CARVER AT A RESTAURANT ENTIRELY CARRIED AWAY BY THE STRAINS OF THE INTERMEZZO FROM *CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA*, AS PERFORMED BY THE BAND IN THE GALLERY.

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Menagerie of Letters.

[A certain weekly paper is said to have established a British Equivalent to the Académie Française, with annual prizes amounting to 150 guineas.]

Man, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your attention may have been directed to a recent epoch-making announcement in the pages of *The Schoolmaster at Home*. The staff of that leading organ of criticism has decided to establish a *Ménagerie Littéraire*. Already it has tentatively published a list of the Greatest Forty. Once a year it threatens to select a work of signal merit and crown it (Fr. *couronner*) with a Triple-Expansion Grand Piano. It has further arranged for the coronation of a book by some young aspirant. The tiara in this case will take the shape of a Small Cottage Street-organ. It is felt that this munificent offer will furnish a noble source of sustinence to the starving hero of the year; and, apart from the grosser incentive, will encourage even the Greatest Writers to become, if possible, Greater Still.

But, weighty as must always be the authority of such a journal as *The Schoolmaster at Home*, I can hardly doubt but that some of The Rejected will appeal against its verdict to your sympathetic and erudite judgment. My many friends (including notorious pulpit-orators) have urged me, much against the instincts of modesty, to write to you on my own claims. I am emboldened to take upon me this uncongenial task by the kindly appreciation you have already extended to my latest masterpiece, *The Heathen*. To have come home to something like 100,000 beating British bosoms ought, you would suppose, to entitle a writer to rank within thirty-six places, say, of the Duke of Argyll. I think I have the authority of the President of the Inoculated Society of Authors (whose name, I notice, is no more there than mine) for contending that Popularity is the true measure of Literary Distinction. But as it has never been my habit to boom my own work, I merely ask for a *referendum* to be addressed to the great heart of England.

I am, Yours in the bond of literature, H-LL C-N-.

P.S.—Native Extraction is, I believe, necessary to success in this competition; but the ordinary coupon system has been generously dispensed with.

No. 1, *Outside the critical pale.*

SIR,—It has always been among the most painful Sorrows of Satan that, while largely appreciated by the masses, his extreme merits have never been recognised by the Elect. In this sentiment I altogether differ from my friend. I am content to titillate the billion. By the way, have you seen my portraits?

Yours retiringly, M-R- C-R-LL-.

P.S.—If justice had been done (which it never is), I hold that Mr. SWINBURNE's place in this *ménagerie* should have been taken by that exceptionally brilliant bard, Mr. ERIC MACKAY.

The Summit, Hindhead.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter."

You follow me? Yours, till Pisgah,

GR-NT ALL-N.

HUMOROUS SIR,—Gratified as I am, in a political sense, to observe that no fewer than four ex-Ministers of the Liberal Government find places in the first eleven (I presume that the Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE there mentioned is identical with the well-known Statesman), while not a single Tory figures in the whole list, I cannot but think that insufficient honour has been paid to the claims of pure *esprit*. Might not room, for instance, have been found for the author of *Ex Tempore Lucubrata*?

Yours playfully, A-G-ST-N- B-RR-LL.

Vigo Street.

SIR,—To be excluded from a catalogue which ignores the merits of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is, in itself, an honour than which I ask nothing better. Yours, *au grand sérieux*, W-LL-M W-TS-N.

Vigo Street.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—How comes it that the name of my distinguished friend Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON is not to be traced among the Greatest Forty? Yours, &c., R. L- G-LL-NN-.

Vigo Street.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—How comes it that the name of my distinguished friend Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is not to be traced among the Greatest Forty? Yours, &c., J-HN D-V-DS-N.

At the Sign of the Aërial Triplets.

SIR,—Man is a bestial, if necessary, blot upon creation. Could I and similar matrons have our way, he should be soundly smacked. Sexual jealousy, I take it, has kept my name from this arbitrary list. Yet I have just written *The Beth Book in the World!* It is not for me to say who has written the necth beth.

Yours indignantly, S-R-H GR-ND.

P.S.—I exempt you, *Mr. Punch*, from the spanking assertion with which my letter opens.

c/o Clio, Parnassus.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am glad to observe my name among The Forty. I do not, however, altogether subscribe to the other thirty-nine articles. Yours, sceptically, W. E. H. L-CKY.

c/o D. T.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though myself a writer of verse of the old school, and therefore unlikely to receive due recognition from a decadent age, I am still not oblivious of the merits of rising talent. Now, there is one young man whose name should certainly have appeared in the list of Worthies. He has already published his collected works; but being curiously unaffected by a sense of his own importance, he would never advertise himself by putting forward his own claims. I hope I shall not be suspected of partisanship if I urge them on his behalf. It is a youth of promise—a certain Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.

Yours warmly, CL-M-NT SC-TT.

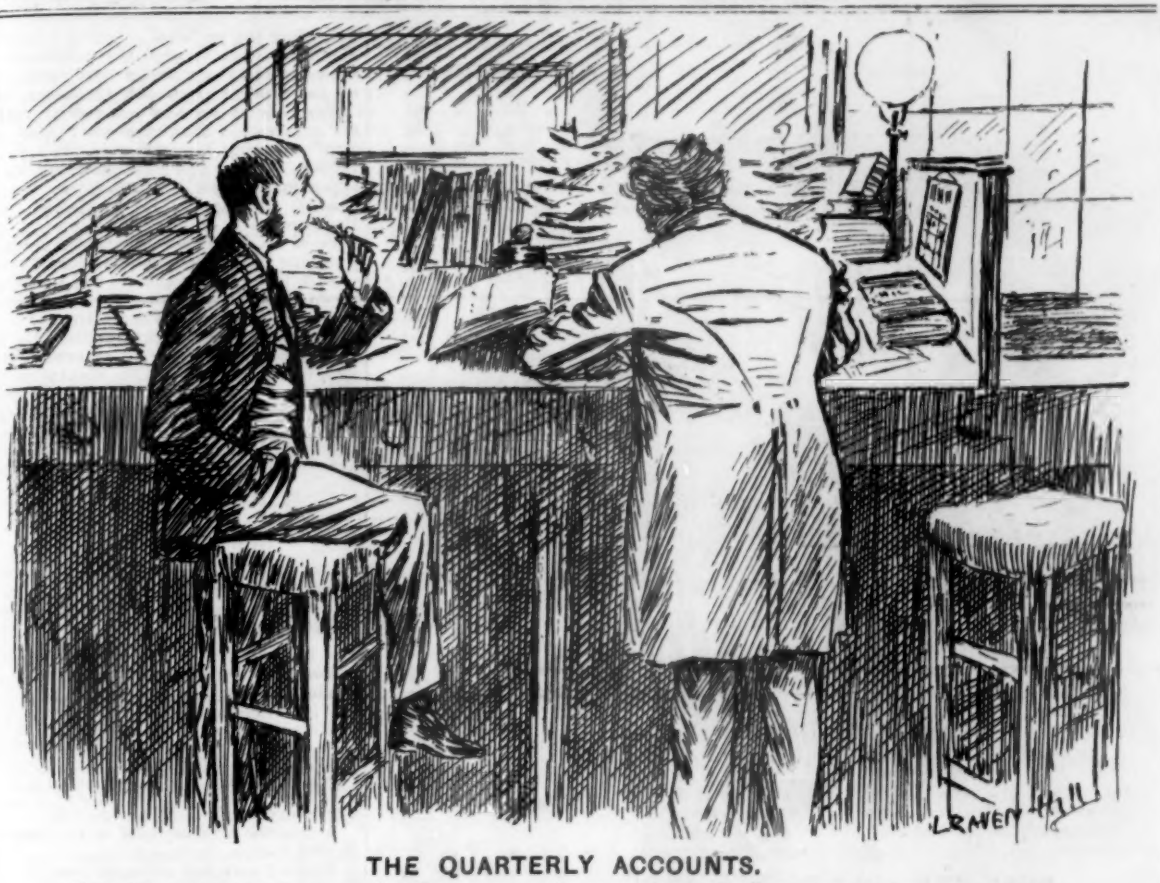
The Morgue, Paris.

SIR PUNCH, MISTER,—Hope differed—as one says—makes the core bilious. Here they will not have me at no price, try all I will. But you, you have the nose fine for merit. Albeit, in effect, not of Anglo-Saxon provenance, I am traveller. I have made the grand voyage of the Sleeve. See there, then, I speak the English. O yes! Alright. Agree, &c., EM-L- Z-L-.

(*Imperial Wire.*)

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SOMETHING WELL KNOWN, BUT NOT GENERALLY REMEMBERED.—That we owe the invention of printing to a "Coster."



THE QUARTERLY ACCOUNTS.

Clerk. "Sorry to say, Sir, there's a Saddle we can't account for. Can't find out who it was sent to.
Employer. "Charge it on all the Bills."

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

In pursuance of his benevolent plan, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer his younger readers another nursery story, re-written in a style that will commend itself to the youthful decadents of the present day. With the charming vagueness so much in fashion, it is called simply

AN INTERLUDE.

Jack Horner sighed wearily, and turned to his sister. "Jemima," he said, "you annoy me—you annoy me excessively. When I fain would pen the last stanza of this priceless Ballade of Bath Buns you interrupt me with a Philistine request to "play soldiers." Child, I begin to despair of you. You are eight years old—but twelve months younger than myself—and you are dead, quite dead, to all the finer instincts of the æsthetic mind. Jemima, I crave for solitude—I would commune with my own deep thoughts, and probe the mystery of the inmost soul. And so, having wiped my fingers—which I perceive to be stained with the ink of authorship—in your hair (I beseech you, spare me those inharmonious wailings!), I will now seat myself in yonder corner, secluded as far as may be from the debasing horrors of the nursery furniture."

He moved towards the corner, but paused for awhile at the table. "Ah, what have we here?" he murmured. "Yes, it is one of those quaint relics of an effete superstition—it is, in fact, what they call 'a Christmas pie.' Yes, this strange emblem of the benighted past shall accompany me to my corner. 'Twill furnish food for both mind and body. Dear pie, let us wend together!"

"That is my pie!" cried his sister, angrily.

He turned towards her, and with inimitable grace laid his thumb lightly upon his nose and spread his tapering fingers towards the girl.

"You are *so* crude, Jemima," he said in weary tones. "We have done for ever with those foolish distinctions. Whether 'twas once yours matters not; rest content to know that at least 'tis mine now. We have done with the bad old modes of thought, we have done with ignorant altruism—and if I *have* struck you with some slight emphasis on the nose, 'tis scarce needful to shriek in that distressing way!"

He seated himself comfortably in the corner, and then turning towards his still sobbing sister, poised a large currant deftly on the thumb of his right hand.

"Jemima, it were wiser to rejoice that you have a brother who is in truth a paragon of virtue. Why lament that the low and sordid delight of eating this pie is withheld from you? Yours is to be a far rarer and more subtle pleasure, which I will now afford you, even at the risk of some personal inconvenience. This afternoon have I finished that pot of strawberry-jam which I stole—nay, that is a Philistine word—which I rescued from the store-room. Subsequently I took to my inmost self at tea-time two meretricious muffins and six coquettish crumpets. Yet, so admirable is my courage, so dauntless my virtue, that I will not shrink from this present task, I will not deny you this purest pleasure. You shall not eat this pie, Jemima, but—happy, happy girl!—you shall see me eat it!"

There was a tense silence as Jack Horner swallowed mouthful after mouthful. "Dear, delicious morsel!" he exclaimed, apostrophising the large currant which still rested on his thumb, "ripened, perchance, in sunny Greece, replete with the divine Greek charm, you are placed at last in no unworthy mouth!" . . .

It was all over. The deed was accomplished. Not a crumb of the pie remained. But Jack Horner grew white and pale, while his sister regarded him with wicked glee.

"Alack," he moaned, "'tis ever the lot of the truly good to suffer! A strange feeling of depression is stealing over me! . . . . Jemima," he added, in strangely altered accents, "don't sit there giggling like that, you little booby! Can't you see I'm ill? Go and fetch the nurse, dear Jemima—and do please be quick!"



Sportsman (who has just shot at a duck). "I THINK HE 'LL COME DOWN, DUNCAN."
Duncan. "AY, SIR, HE 'LL COME DOWN—WHEN HE 'S HUNGRY."

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

III.

The Speaker put the Question.—The new Member will do well to train himself in observing where the Speaker puts the question. As he may learn to his cost, there is significant difference between the Speaker putting the question in his boots, under the cushion of his Chair, or simply in his pocket.

"*I am sure hon. Gentlemen near me will bear me out when I say*——"—Next to moving the Speaker out of the Chair, a Parliamentary proceeding already described, this is the most popular, as tending to vary the monotony of a dull sitting. It has, moreover, its uses and advantages as indicating the probable course of a debate. Members listen to what the gentleman on his legs has to say, and if they agree with his assertion or argument, those near him instantly jump up, and generously confirm his expectation that they will "bear him out," dropping him either in the Central Lobby or down the main staircase, as he is personally popular or otherwise. If they dissent, they ignore his invitation. Old Parliamentary Hands often forecast the issue of an important debate, simply from watching this course of procedure.

Sark tells me this custom had something to do with the rejection, by a small majority, of MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, when he offered himself as a candidate for the Speakership. Had he scaled even a stun less, he might have run Mr. GULLY nearer. But every pound over sixteen stun obviously increases the difficulty of "moving the Speaker out of the Chair." Members think of this when called upon to decide between the candidates for the Speakership.



"Hon. Gentlemen near me will *bear me out* when I say——!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sporting Cavalier, sojourning on the South Downs, unwittingly takes wrong course to the trysting-place of the Hounds, and is grievously disappointed.

THE morning mist is wan and grey,
Sweeping across the blue-green downs,
Hiding the dawning of the day
With wind-borne wrinkles, foggy frowns.
The air is nipping, taking hold
As Dunstan did the Deuce's nose,
And clutching with its fingers cold
The limbs that still demand repose.

For many a mile I'll have to ride
Across the short-clipped, wintry sward,
Before I reach the covert-side,
Where I may find my right reward.
She knows the guerdon that I seek,
A glance, a word, may be a smile,
And, were all Nature thrice as bleak,
I'd ride a league for every mile!

I see you sitting on your bay,
Diana-Vernon-like, you seem.
Oh! would that I could hymn a lay!
Or symbolise a painter's dream
Of all that 's femininely fair,
Of all that 's beautiful and true!
Both song and picture should be rare,
Because they 'd only speak of you!

Of you, the Princess of the Wold,
My Lady of the laughing eyes,
That can such merriment unfold,
And give to Hope what Love denies!
Of you, who sent that little note!
'Tis next my heart! I do declare
'Tis warmer than my overcoat!
"At Upton Gorze, shall you be there?"

Thus thinking of you as we speed
O'er broken ridge and chalky hill,
O'er dyke and ditch, no check I heed;
I ride with purposeness of will.
Nearer and nearer yet we draw
To Upton Gorze. The goal is near.
The air that I thought chill and raw,
Is now divinely warm and clear!

The Gorze at last! No one in sight!
No hounds! No field! Am I too late?
My watch! Oh! yes; the hour 's all right!
I breathe again. Of course, I'll wait.
A yokel! "Hi! what time 's the meet?"
"What meet? There 's none out here to-day!"
"At Upton Gorze," I twice repeat.
"Oh! Upton! That 's ten miles away!!"

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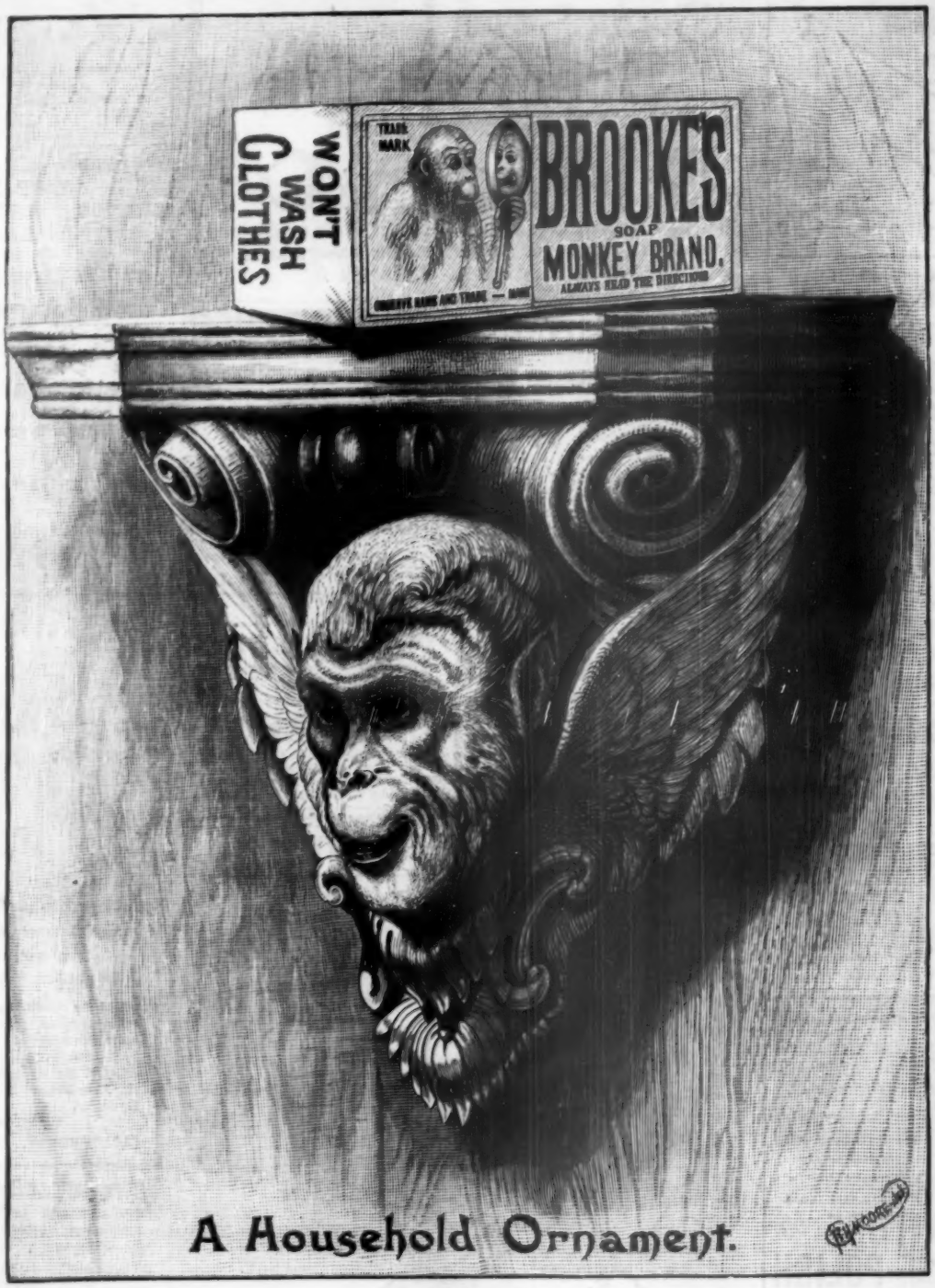
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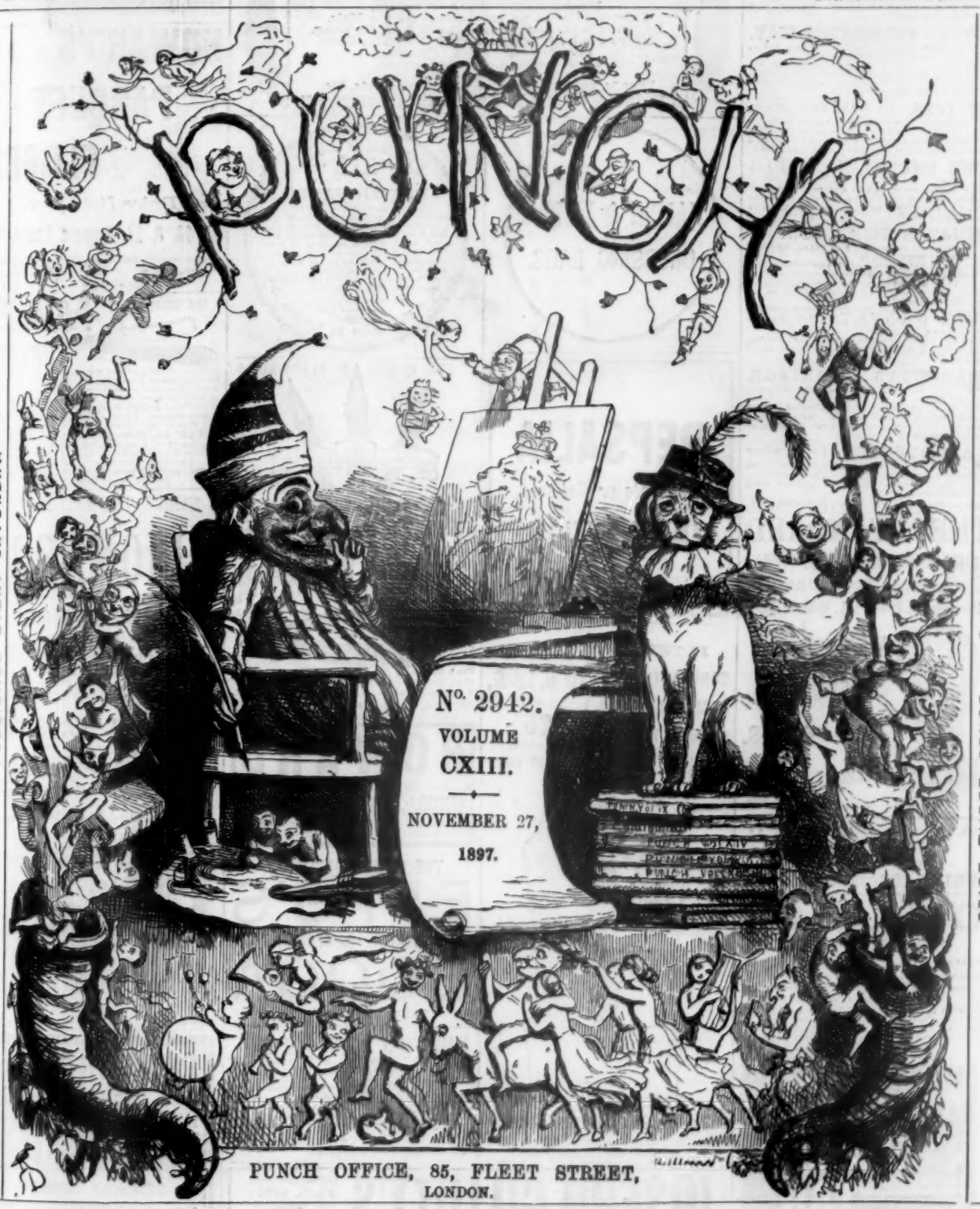
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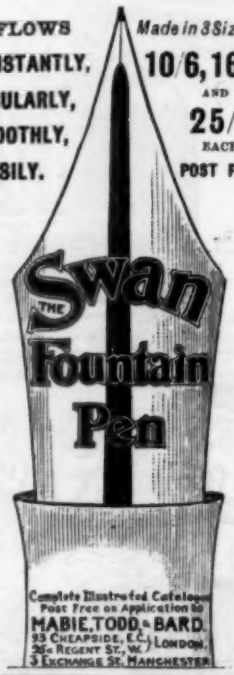
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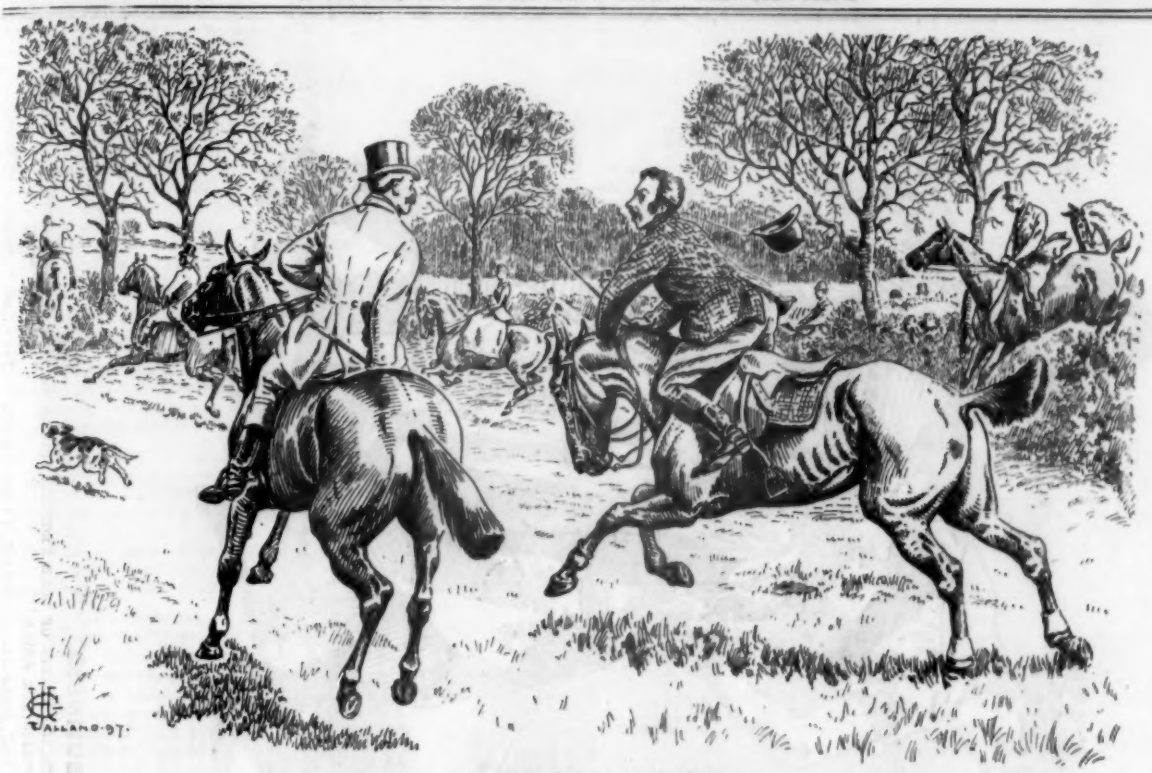
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A SLIGHT DISPLACEMENT.

Gent (who narrowly escaped being jumped off at the last fence). "HI, MISTER, CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THIS CONFOUNDED SADDLE?"

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Budapest.—The Hungarian begins the day in clouds of tobacco smoke. He hastens through the dangerous freshness of the outer air to a *café*, where the double doors and double windows, carefully closed, have preserved intact the cozy atmosphere of the previous evening. Here he obtains the national breakfast—one strong cigar, one glass of cold water, and one glass of coffee and cream. After breakfast he smokes another cigar, and two more glasses of cold water are placed before him. This second supply of water is not intended for serious drinking, but only for sipping, like a *liqueur*. He dines in clouds of tobacco, he sups in them also, still protected from the dangerous fresh air by double windows and double doors, he works, in his office or his bank, in the same snug atmosphere, if he travels he has double windows in the railway carriage, and he finishes the evening, probably in the *café* where he has breakfasted, with some more cigars and some more water, in a still more solid air. His complexion is usually sallow.

The Hungarian is intensely patriotic. He even smokes Hungarian tobacco. As evidence of his patriotism he is not compelled, as the German Bohemian seems to be, to make speeches twelve hours long in public, but if he gets hold of you in private, in a train or an hotel, he will make speeches quite sufficiently long to satisfy any reasonable stranger. He has a fine country, and everything in it, from gold to pepper. No one has ever seen his gold, because it is all paper. As for his pepper, it looks as if it were all red lead, but it turns out to be excellent. He has his own pepper, his *paprika*, which is quite unlike other people's, and he has his own language, which is more so. And he thrusts them both down your throat whether you like them or not. If you do not appreciate his pepper, or understand his language, you must go without. Probably he used them both a thousand years ago, and has used no other since.

In Italy, notices in public buildings are often translated into French, in Germany, frequently into English, though there are people who know Italian, and some even who understand German. But no stranger knows a single word of the Magyar language. The Hungarian does not care. If he is too proud to use German, he might try French, or even Latin, a language as respectable as his. Not he! He puts up notices which may mean "Entrance," "No admittance," "This way out," "Private," "Emergency Exit," "Push," "Pull," "Back in Half an Hour," or anything else, as far as the hapless stranger can tell. One must ask a bystander for a translation. Even on the steamers one would have to ask the man at the wheel to translate the notice which forbids one to speak to him.

It would be an advantage to understand some of the regulations in Pest. On the chief bridge over the Danube the foot-passengers in each direction keep to one side. Small policemen, armed with swords, and wearing bowler hats with long white feathers in them, stand at the entrances to keep order. I have no doubt that no one must turn back. If you once got on, having paid your kreutzer, and found you had forgotten your handkerchief or your umbrella, you must go all across the bridge to the other side and come back correctly.

If the language bore the faintest resemblance to any other, an enterprising tourist might learn a few words. In most countries the Englishman starts the day with a word the first letter of which is B—bath, *bain*, *Bad*, *bagno*, *baño*, and so forth. When you begin with a *fürdö*, and try to rub yourself with a huge, chilly, linen sheet, you feel that you are indeed in a strange land.

In some words, however, the language is so like others that you understand it perfectly. When you see "*A villa*," you feel quite at home. But the wily Magyar does not let you down so easily. It is only his fun. For *a villa* means "the fork." And when you see "*Beföttek*" in a bill of fare you know what that means. So would a Frenchman. It is of course the Hungarian spelling of *Bifteck*. But the waiter brings you a small quantity of stewed fruit, a German *compot*, just as you are expecting the satisfying *filet*, and you find that the Magyar has done you again. You rub your eyes still more when you see on the paddle-box of a steamer the word "*Margit*." Can it be that this boat goes down the Danube, through the Dardanelles, and across the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay to the Kentish coast? Again the Magyar has deceived you. That is his rendering of the name "Margaret." So at last you become reconciled to "*Bécs*," which is the way he spells "Vienna."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



SENTIMENT V. BUSINESS.

John Bull. "IS IT NOT STRANGE, MY DEAR MADAM, THAT WHILE *HE*, WHO ONLY TAKES 9,000,000 FRANCS OF YOUR PRODUCE, SHOULD BE YOUR BOSOM FRIEND, I, WHO BUY *SIXTY* TIMES AS MUCH, GET NOTHING BUT ABUSE!"

["Whereas Russia bought 9,769,000 francs' worth of produce from France for the first six months of 1897, England bought 500,000,000 francs' worth."—*The "Globe," November* 17, *quoting from the French Paper, "Le Soleil."*]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Pedant, roused by the piteous appeal of a damosel worsted by critics over a literary essay, writes to console her.

Some little cares, some little woes,
Some fickle friends, some bitter foes,
Some water from a Critic's hose,
  Is this the tale you tell, dear?
The cares and woes may both be drowned
Together with the friends unsound;
The Critic—why, when you're renowned
  He'll long have dried his well, dear!

Think not, my sweet, that tongue or pen
Can make or mar the aims of men;
They only bar the course—and then
  They fall like chains disjointed.
You'll notice that of "men" I speak,
The ever striving, ever weak,
But take advice from one who, meek,
  Is also disappointed!

Once was the day I longed for fame
All prone to gain an honoured name,
And light the world with such a flame
  As would mankind go blinking.
I'd novels write that would excel
Or Reade's great style or Balzac's spell;
I soared aloft—and crushed I fell,
  And that set me a-thinking!

Thinking am I from day to day,
The while my hair grows yet more grey,
But yet my course I will not stay,
  No Critic yet could blind me.
The Plough of Time may furrows make,
But still good seed will good crops take,
And on that soil it's mine to stake
  The all I leave behind me!

So, little girl (I call you so
Because I knew you long ago,
Before you ever had a foe),
  Be firm in aspiration.
'Tis not the dog that eats the dog,
'Tis not the fumbler in the fog,
Nor e'en the roller of the log,
  Who'll make your reputation!

ST. JOHN'S WOOD HOUSE OF LORDS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The new secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club will certainly be a gentleman capable of scoring freely among his brother members, but I venture to suggest that he should also be a far-sighted individual, who recognises that the P. P., or Paying Public, at Lord's likes to witness some few incidents of the game when a gate-money match is on hand. *Consule* Perkins, on such occasions, the backs of ladies' hats, of heads of both sexes, of carriages, and of special stands, have been the outlook of the humble pedestrian, not a member of the M. C. C. Without Röntgen rays the aspect of cricket has been invisible. In fact, in this respect, village commons always beat town Lord's. Let the new sec. be extra sec in keeping up the fizz of cricket.

Yours respectfully,
The Wicket Uncle.

Stumpington Lodge, Runnymede.

Philosophy of the Cross-ways.

Friendly Child (to Crossing-sweeper). What a bad cough you have. Why don't you go and see the doctor? I always have to.

Crossing-sweeper. No, thank you, master; I ain't got no holding with doctors. Why, they writes their perscriptions in Latin, but sends in their bill in English.



"Well, and are you going to be a Soldier when you grow up, Tommy?"
"No, Auntie. I *was* going to be a Soldier, but it never came off!"

TURNS OF THE TIDE.

Scene—*The Sanctum. Editor and Sub-editor discovered.*

Sub-editor. What shall we call the seaside column, Sir? It's getting too cold for our Autumn heading, "Ocean in Harvest-time."

Editor. Which was far weaker than our earlier title, "Summer with the Waves."

Sub. Yes, Sir; that was right enough. I think its predecessor, "Neptune in Springtime," was pretty, and equally intelligible.

Ed. Shall we drop the column for the present?

Sub. Rather a pity, Sir, as we get a good deal of interesting matter from the North and the Thanet coast. Besides, it's a becoming position for Hastings, Southend and Brighton.

Ed. Well, let me think. "Yule-tide Afloat." No; too suggestive of a voyage by a penny steamboat. Dear me! Let me consider! I have it! "Christmas by the Sea."

Sub. Capital, Sir! That will do to carry us on at any rate to January.

[*Suggestion adopted.*

Nurseriana.

Little Chris. Oh! mamma, mamma, baby's moulted again.

Mamma. Moulted! What do you mean?

Little Chris. Why, he's just dropped another tooth!

["Whereas Russia bought 9,769,000 francs' worth of produce from France for the first six months of 1897, England bought 500,000,000 francs' worth."—*The "Globe," November 17, quoting from the French Paper, "Le Soleil."*]



A VISION OF THE FUTURE—PROPULSORY EDUCATION.

Little Girl. "NURSE, WILL YOU SPEAK TO BABY, PLEASE? HE'S NOT WORKING A BIT!"

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Ménageris of Letters.

Omar Khayyám Club.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is a widespread feeling among Persian scholars that injustico has been done to Mr. LE GALLIENNE. I am not, for the moment, regarding him as the Expert in Under Linen, nor as the pensive Narcissus who collapsed before the apparition of his own beauty. Others, perhaps he himself, will vindicate his claims in these attractive *rôles*. It is as one of the ardent lovers of the great RUBAIYAT that I speak. Long dissatisfied with the old-flavoured rendering of FITZGERALD, embarrassed as his genius was by a disturbing familiarity with the actual Persian language, we have waited patiently for a poet who would give us our OMAR untainted by the emasculating ingredients of scholarship. Such a godsend we at length find in Mr. LE GALLIENNE. Not wholly free from bondage, for he has followed FITZGERALD's scheme of quatrains out of a fine deference for tradition, he can yet revel in that prancing license which is only given to the translator who is absolutely ignorant of his original. If his courage serve his as well as his innocence of tongues, we shall yet look for new and nobler renderings, of HORACE, say, or ANACREON, or ISAIAH, to which a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew respectively contributes no distracting element, Yours, &c., A MEMBER OF THE ABOVE.

P.S.—By the way, talking of HORACE, I disapprove the following version of Carm. I., 38 (*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*), given in the liberal manner of our friend:

> Reader, I hate your dim pedantic Persian;
> I want no whiff of OMAR's rose divine;
> The essence squeezed from good FITZGERALD's version
> Contents this nose of mine.
>
> The ancient Muse—I neither know nor need her;
> Your crib (and cribs are never near so hard)
> Shall amply serve the taste of you, my reader,
> And me, your bounding bard!

House of Correction.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I will just settle the whole matter with a stroke of the pen. From any Ménagerie Littéraire of mine I would exclude all those who write with the definite purpose of saying something. Style should be my only standard: abstract style unfettered by sense. Personally, as you well know, I write sense, and this would always be fatal to my assumption of the crown as advertised. Beginning, therefore, with myself (as if I were actually in the list), I eliminate all those in whose work the thing said is of more value than the manner of saying. All critics (even Mr. ARCHER) must go. This disposes of half the list. Away with all historians, away with most novelists (they are sadly purposeful), away with poets (those who mean something) and dramatists (who are never literary, though *Arma virumque* was a pretty thing), and away with men of science (I beg pardon, I see there are none in the list). RUSKIN is a prophet; GLADSTONE, I understand, is a politician; ARGYLL is a Peer. Remain—Mr. SWINBURNE, Mrs. MEYNELL, Mr. HENRY JAMES. I will let you have the supplementary thirty-seven some other day.

Yours, &c., G. B-RN-RD SH-W.

The Moated Hermitage.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is my own fault, but I only recognise two names out of the whole Forty. Perhaps I am behind the age. I don't really care for anything much later than ARISTOTLE; though I sometimes read my bit of *Paradise Lost* before turning in. Is MILTON much read just now?

Yours, LAUDATOR, &c.

Hawarden.

DEAR SIR,—Confessedly not insensible to the interest attaching, or likely to attach, to the projected scheme of *The Schoolmaster at Home*, to a discussion of which you have generously exposed the pages of your discriminating journal, you will comprehend the reluctance which I entertain, in my present comparatively advanced stage of longevity, to allow myself to be insidiously inveigled into argumentative discussion upon any debatable topic or topics, whatever that topic or those topics may happen, in the wise and incontrovertible ordering of Providence, to be or not to be. This fact notwithstanding, and further, in defiance of the general consensus of medical authority, I am moved to convey to you my humble appreciation of that mature judgment—not

arrived at, I may well believe, without great and conceivably painful searching of the heart and reins—which has, with unerring instinct, consigned to my literary achievements, such as they are, have been, and, I must anticipate, are never likely to be again, a position within measurable distance of the very summit or acme of distinction.

To this satisfaction I confess with the more lively candour, inasmuch as I have from time to time been the victim of a harrassing apprehension, now shown to be causeless, that the overshadowing importance of the part played by me, over a more than ordinarily extended period of activity, in the service of the nation's parliaments, might obscure, by its more readily cognisable appeal to the popular fancy, those excursive operations in the field of literary labour—limited as they have been by the exigencies of a public career at no time relieved by a superflux of leisure—in which I seem to discover my most abiding claim to the approval of posterity.

The argument may be advanced by my adversaries—for such a contention I do not shrink to prognosticate—that I have seldom, to borrow a phrase from the terminology of forestry, broken fresh ground in literature; that I have, in the main, but translated or conveyed from the more humane of ancient letters, if I have not actually marched through rapine and plunder to the attainment of my designs. To this contention I will reply in one word—for the hour presses, and the post-card, of a pliable consistency, on which I forward these observations, has already thrice over acquired the similitude of a palimpsest—that it is not only intelligible, but even capable of demonstration, that a sincere student of another's work may, by force of mental detachment and abstraction of self, so far merge his own individuality in that of the object of his veneration, as, in the evolution of time, to become positively absorbed in, and identified with, that object.

Conscious, in my own case, of the development of some such process, not materially differing in kind from the process of mstempsychosis, the conviction has been resistlessly borne home upon me—and the warm place which I have secured, or, to speak precisely, the possession of which has been of late days emphatically confirmed, in the heart of the Greek Ethnos by my personal, and, as the issue proved, deplorable intervention in that crisis which resulted in such lamentably bellicose eventualities, has only tended to endorse this conviction—it has, I repeat, been irresistibly borne home to me, that I am the actual author of the so-called Homeric cycle of poems.

I might add, if it is not too obviously alien to the foregoing assertion—that, while I cannot altogether admit my approval of the inclusion, so close to my own name, of that of my political opponent and late supporter, the Duke of Argyll, it is not without gratification and an impregnably-rooted sense of the justice of this arrangement, that I remark to how relatively low a position the merits of humour, as exemplified in the persons of Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and "Lewis Carroll," have been relegated.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, W. E. Gl-dst-ne.

(*Imperial Wire.*)

Charivari London Unwarrantable error in last week's wire for mortal verse read immortal have beheaded delinquent operator pheasants plentiful William Potsdam.

A SEASONABLE ARTICLE.

(*Contemplating Yule-tide.*)

Edwin and Angelina lingered by the sunlit waves. He was wearing a suit of tweeds, and she a gown of muslin. Their costumes were those they had adopted in the height of summer.

"You are sure you are warmly clad?" he suggested.

"Too warmly. It was a mistake to bring this thin, diaphanous-looking cloak. I told you I would not want it."

"My darling, you cannot be too careful," the *cousin intime* continued. They listened to the songs of the birds and gazed at the trees as the new leaves showed themselves in buds upon the branches. She put up her *en-tout-cas* to ward off the fierce rays of the sun; he lay on the shore, throwing pebbles into the sea.

At length night came on, and the moon put in an appearance.

"I greeted you with the old, familiar wish."

"You did, dear, and I returned the compliment."

Then they entered their house, and began to discuss the cod, the beef, the turkey, the mince-meat, and last but not least the holly-decked plum-pudding. She arranged the summer ornament in the fireplace, and he opened the window.

And then once again in honour of the festival they wished themselves "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

[Yes, all very well, November 20, but by the time this appears we may be in the depths of an old-fashioned winter.—Ed.]



COMPLIMENTARY.

Brown. "Ah, Smith, let me introduce you to Mr. Cayley Gott. I'm sure you've read his famous Books!"

Smith. "N-n-no, I'm afraid I haven't had the Pleasure."

Brown. "Oh, *of course* you have, my dear Fellow, but you've *forgotten*—that's it!"

SOME QUERIES AND SURMISES.

(*By a Man on the Penny 'Bus, on passing through Knightsbridge.*)

Why have the local authorities so carefully selected the middle of November in order to block the busiest part of this thoroughfare when there was all September in which to execute the repairs?

Are they laying down a chicken-run in the road opposite Sloane Street? It is nicely covered with a thin layer of gravel, and railed off, and only seems to be waiting for a few barn-door fowl or live-stock of some kind.

Or perhaps these bunkers indicate that the occupants of the Hyde Park Club are going to start a private golf-links in the middle of the street. We shall soon have lost the right of way over these solitudes.

Query, by Rule of Three, if two British workmen, pottering over the job for the usual number of hours a day, and consuming the regulation amount of beer, take more than three weeks in repairing the hundred yards section at Albert Gate, how long, more or less, will Piccadilly be "up," and how many citizens' tempers will be lost in the period?

Why don't they put on a night shift? Is it because they are afraid of disturbing the sleep of the rude forefathers (or the present fathers) of the hamlet of Knightsbridge?

What do they know of London who only Knightsbridge know? At any rate, *we* are extending our knowledge, as we are being driven down by-lanes and purlieus at the instance of the ubiquitous and leisurely road-repairers, who seem to be determined to give us an object-lesson in the noble art of How not to Do It.



INCURABLE.

First Rustic. "WELL, BOB, AN' HOW ARE YE TO-DAY?"
Second Ditto. "OH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GIT ALONG. I HA' GOT THE RHEUMATIZ IN MY LEFT LEG, AN' A BAD COUGH, AN' I DON'T FARE UP TO MUCH."
First Ditto. "AH, BOB, I KNOW WOT'S THE MATTER WI' YEW. *ANNO DOMINI*—THAT'S WOT BE THE MATTER WI' YEW!"

THE SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION VADE MECUM.

(*At the Service of both Moderates and Progressives.*)

Question. You take an interest in the School-Board election?

Answer. Naturally, as the amount of our rates depends upon its result.

Q. You are in favour of maintaining the efficiency of the teachers?

A. Yes; if it can be accomplished without sacrificing the interest of our pockets.

Q. And you would not reduce their number?

A. No; if the number could be maintained at less expense.

Q. And you would have sufficient school houses?

A. Certainly; but not greater expenditure.

Q. Are there, in your opinion, too many of these institutions?

A. Yes and no. Of course, the supply ought to keep pace with the demand, but then the demand should not be satisfied on a false basis.

Q. Is that not a complicated reply?

A. It is; but that is no uncommon thing with matters connected with the School Board.

Q. Well, is it not possible to make the answer plainer—by example, for instance?

A. If there is an increase of seven hundred scholars, it seems extravagant to secure accommodation for seven thousand.

Q. But that is not the universal opinion?

A. No, it is not; for non-ratepayers have no objection to expenditure to which they do not contribute.

Q. I presume that this would be the opinion of the Moderates?

A. Yes; but human nature is human nature, and most people like to be charitable when they can display the virtue without cost or inconvenience.

Q. And what is your view of the religious difficulty?

A. That it is a difficulty, and as such, better avoided.

Q. But cannot a compromise be secured acceptable to both Moderates and Progressives?

A. Yes, if the principle of Free Trade in commerce is extended to Free Trade in belief.

Q. Is not the present contest causing an immense amount of excitement and work?

A. It is, amongst women as well as men.

Q. Is it not creating a good deal of ill-will?

A. Unquestionably, converting neighbours into strangers by the score and the hundred.

Q. And whichever side wins, what is the probable result?

A. That the School-Board rate of the next three years will be as great as, if not greater than, the three years preceding them.

DARBY JONES AT MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—We all know Cottonopolis, with its Megatherium red-brick warehouses, and its countless Trollies filled with those fabrics which are as acceptable to the wily Hindoo as they are to the humble Hottentot.

Ah! Sir, what grief it was to me when I saw my old friend and favourite, the Jersey *Man of the Sea* relegated to cough-drops and water-gruel, and compelled to forego his Certain Engagement at Liverpool. But such is the way of the Racing World. At one moment the Noble Animal is rushing ahead like a runaway Motor-cab; at another he is as useless as a Tricycle which has collided with a Tramcar. But let us to rhyme and reason!—

Despite his weight beware the *Count*,
The *Saint* do not forget, Sir,
And it may be the *Yankee's* mount
Some *Money* will upset, Sir.
But I prefer the *Burning Ash*,
Or else the nimble *Nun*, Sir,
With *Aster Girl* to make the dash
That tells the race is won, Sir.

I beg you to note, honoured Sir, that my exclusive intelligence wired to you from Derby* should doubly enhance the value at which you estimate services of

Your leal and limber runner-up,
DARBY JONES.

* The only communication received from DARBY JONES when at Derby was a request to telegraph him £10. We never telegraph anything except reminders that copy is late, as D. J. well knows.—ED.

FALSE FOOTSTEPS.

[The *North British Daily Mail* states that workmen employed by the Cantonal Council of Vaud have effaced the marks of BONNIVARD'S footsteps from the floor of the Castle of Chillon, but that these same footsteps had, according to the surveyor's report, been renewed every few years.]

O BONNIVARD! O BONNIVARD!
When under lock and key and guard,
From outer intercourse close barred,
With ev'ry prospect blurred and marred,
We thought your boots were passing hard.
Indeed, they must have had a drill on
To perforate the stones of Chillon!
But now the tourist-tip purveyor
Must yield the feet to the surveyor!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A MAN OF LETTERS.—Mr. BERNARD COCK-SHAW.



THE MARQUIS AND THE MUNICIPAL MONSTER.

Salisbury Frankenstein. "SORRY I EVER PUT YOU TOGETHER, YOU GREAT HULKING BOOBY! BUT JUST YOU WAIT A BIT. I'LL SOON TAKE YOU TO PIECES AGAIN!"



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Passing Cabby. "GUV'NOR, YOUR STYLE 'S ALL WERRY NICE IN A FOG, BUT IT 'S A NOOSANCE IN TRAFFIC!"

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

IV.

Going into Committee of Supply.—The slang Parliamentary term for going to dinner.

Laying Papers.—A Minister who knows his place and respects it, never promises (or declines) to lay papers "on the Table of the House." He always says he will (or will not) "lay Papers"—as if they were eggs.



Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.

Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.—As soon as the House is cleared for a division, the new Member will hear the Speaker issuing this injunction. It seems on the face of it difficult, and, as tending to sound legislation and good government, superfluous. But a little steady practice before a good glass will soon place the new Member on a footing of equality with old stagers, who instinctively perform the facial contortion as they rise to go out to a division.

Reading a Bill a Third Time.—The House, more especially towards the end of a Session, grows a-weary, and is anxious chiefly to shorten proceedings, so that it may get off for the holidays. Hence it comes to pass that comparatively few Bills are read a third time. As the reader of the Parliamentary report knows, when August 12 approaches, they are thrown out wholesale. Of course, when anyone has read a literary work twice, it must be very attractive indeed to make him desire to read it a third time. It is on record that a lady read *Clarissa* a fourth time. At least, so she (Miss MARGARET COLLIER) assured RICHARDSON in a letter included in the author's published correspondence. But the lady has since died.

The moral for the young Member is to spare no pains to make his Bill attractive. Style, deftness of construction, interest of plot, are each and all desirable to this end. Failing capacity in this direction, a few stories included in the Schedule of the Bill have a good effect. But they must not be *risqués*.

The Twelve o'Clock Rule.—As a rule, at 12 o'clock P.M., it is midnight. This is, indeed, a rule without exception. Hence *the* Twelve o'Clock Rule.

The Orders of the Day.—Obscurity about the real meaning of this phrase arises from debased orthography. In the journals of the House *tempo* the Long Parliament, it will be found correctly spelled, The Orders of the Dey. Tunis was at that time an important State, and the reigning Dey endeavoured to ingratiate himself by lavish distribution of Orders—for the theatre, for the Zoological Gardens on Sundays, occasionally for light refreshments.

It will be observed that in modern times the Sultan has attempted to revive the



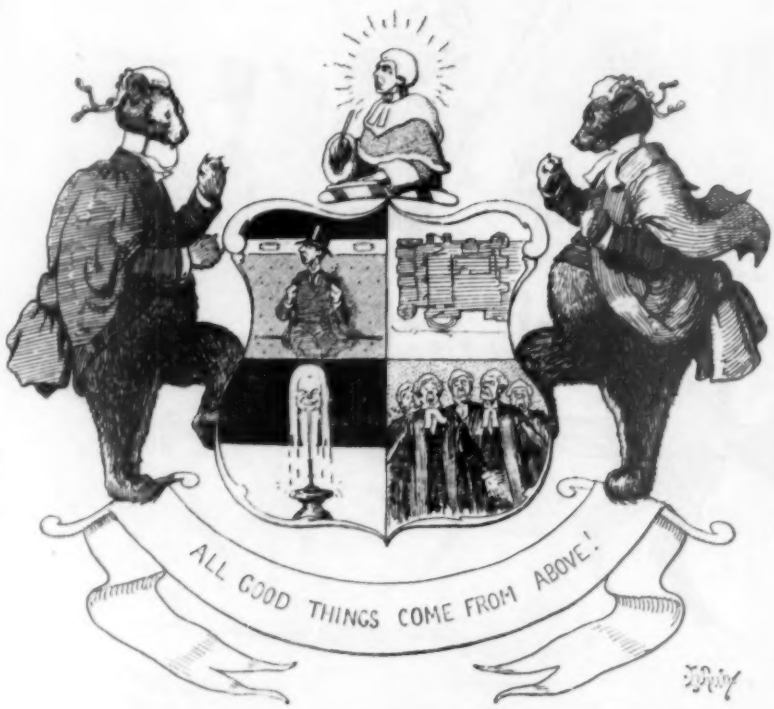
"The Orders of the Day."

custom. But no one except SILOMIO seems to care to take his Orders.

At the Board-School Lecture.

Professor McCrobe. And now, where do you suppose germs are originated?

Oversmart Lad (promptly). In Germany, Sir! [*Laughter, cheers and—tears.*



READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

MR. JUSTICE D-RL-NG OF DEPTFORD.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, on a bench tory under a chapeau-de-soie glossy a mannikin caustic and mordant in retort; 2nd, a ground-plan proper of guidance of the royal courts of justice (enabling a complete stranger to find his way proper to his own court); 3rd, a fountain of honour spotted and displayed proper on the hop; 4th, on a ground shady to the last several old hands barry passed over rampant. *Crest:* A legal spark (or "scintilla juris") dapper in his glory elevated ermine. *Supporters:* Dexter, the junior b'ar wigged and g-wned rampant in frenzy; sinister, the senior b'ar similarly enfuriated arrayed silk for difference.

THE MISSING METEORS

Which failed to put in an appearance on Nov. 15.

On Sunday night with wakeful eye
And upturned gaze I swept the sky;
I waited up till nearly two,
Until my nose and all was blue!

Astronomers had prophesied
They would a wondrous sight provide;
They advertised in *Star* and *Sun*,
That, if we looked, we 'd see some fun.

They wrote, those learned men, a lot
About a certain radiant spot
In Leo, where the Leonids
Come from—we took it in like kids!

They told us that the meteor-train
Was booked to strike the earth again:
In '66 'twas going strong,
Three million miles and more 'twas long.

But on the sky-line all I viewed
Was two tom-cats in deadly feud;
I saw no fire-ball, but *they* got
A makeshift missile pretty hot!

The net result is, we were sold,
And I 've a most emphatic cold;
Next year the sky may blaze o'erhead—
I 'll comfortably snooze in bed!

In the Midlands.

Belated Hunting Man (to Native). Can you kindly point out the way to the "Fox and Cock Inn"?

Native. D'ye mean the "Barber's Arms"?

B. H. M. No, the "Fox and Cock"!

Native. Well, that 's what we call the "Barber's Arms."

B. H. M. Why so?

Native (with a hoarse laugh). Well, ain't the "Fox and Cock" the same as the "Brush and Comb"?

[Vanishes into the gloaming, leaving the B. H. M. muttering those words which are not associated with benediction, while he wearily passes on his way.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (SMITH, ELDER) make a good book spoiled for lack of good editing. If it had been one volume instead of two, it would have been a delightful possession. As it is, my Baronite finds, in a sentence in which Mrs. BROWNING gave her opinion upon *Mary Barton*, an accurate judgment of the work. "There is power and truth," Mrs. BROWNING, in critical mood, wrote about this forgotten novel, "but I wish half the book away, it is so tedious every now and then." Mr. KENYON's devotion to the subject of his work has fatally marred its execution. He shovels in every scrap of correspondence sanctified by his idol's signature. This is bad enough to begin with, but when the baby is born, the condition of the conscientious reader becomes hopeless. *Penini*, the pet name of this phenomenon, from the day of his birth to the close of the last volume, appears on nearly every page. How he looked, what he ate, what he said, and what other people said of him—all set forth in pitiless detail. This is sad, but if the reader skips many of the letters at the opening of the first volume and dodges *Penini* throughout the second, he will find his reward. Mrs. BROWNING's prose is even better than her poetry. She can picture an Alpine scene, and describe a man or woman in a single flashing sentence. The rare beauty of her character is disclosed in her bearing toward a father who, if there be such a thing as transmigration of souls, is at this moment capering round somewhere in his proper shape as a mule. He deliberately did his brutal worst to wreck his gifted daughter's life. For him through it all she breathes no word save of almost passionate affection. As a proof of Mrs. BROWNING's sound judgment, this extract from a letter dated October 5, 1844, will serve: "Do you take in *Punch*? If not, you ought. Mr. KENYON and I agreed the other day that we should be more willing to take our politics from *Punch* than from any other of the newspaper oracles."

CASSELL & Co. in their publication, *The Magazine of Art*, present one of the most interesting gift-books of the year. The same firm insinuatingly leads the little ones into *Micky Magee's Menagerie*, by S. H. HAMER, comically illustrated by HARRY NEILSON, a wonderland that never fails to captivate the fancy of the very youthful student of unnatural history.

The Story of Edison, by FRANK MUNDELL (JARROLD AND SONS), tells in chatty style how this brilliant genius from a simple paper-boy on an American train became the greatest scientific discoverer—our modern edition of *Aladdin* and his wonderful electric-light lamp.

A delightful continuation of his Roman Series is *The Corleone* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD. The reader's interest in the story, roused at the commencement, grows in intensity as the plot is artistically developed to its climax. Mr. CRAWFORD's pictures of Italian scenery are perfect, and his characters, belonging to the Roman Society, with which he has familiarised us in so many of his books, are living beings before our eyes.

The Baron, after reading *The Plattner Story*, and others (METHUEN & Co.), by H. G. WELLS, cannot conscientiously, and he is either conscientious or nothing, even if not much at that, advise his friends "to let WELLS alone." Very much the contrary, let them go to the Wells and draw thence a sparkling supply of amusement. The author who can provide us with short stories of genuine humour comes as a boon and a blessing to hard-working men, who have not time to sit down to the absorbing novel in one, two, or three volumes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



HOPELESS.

Sir Charles. "NOT UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONVEX AND CONCAVE? I WILL TRY AND EXPLAIN. CONVEX IS LIKE THE OUTSIDE CURVE OF AN UMBRELLA OPENED. THE INSIDE VIEW WOULD BE CONCAVE."

Aline. "I SEE. BUT HOW WOULD THAT BE WITH A PARASOL?"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. IV.—To the German Emperor.

SIR,—I notice that in the Empire which you attempt to govern with much bombast and lack of discretion the crime of *lèse-majesté* has of late assumed a considerable prominence. Careful and cunning journalists have found that it is useless to wrap up distant allusions to your Imperial aberrations in a historical essay on the aberrations of CALIGULA, the megalomaniac; while politicians who imagined that their position secured them from attack discovered too late, when they languished in a dungeon, that the *regis voluntas*, which is in Germany the *suprema lex*, had arbitrarily ordained their punishment for offences due to your own imperial perversity. Well, Sir, I am about, I suppose, to commit *lèse-majesté* to a large extent; but as I run no risk of suffering, I am not inclined to consider myself on that account as a specially daring man. Still, it is well that somewhere, if not in the journals of your own land, you should be able to see yourself as others see you, to digest in the privacy of your own chamber, without any disturbing thoughts of a possible prosecution, the candid views of an impartial looker on. This privilege I propose to afford you.

Sir, you are no longer a young man. Time, the arch tyrant, deals capriciously with his subjects. To some it is permitted to retain far into middle age the *insignia* of slim and joyous youth. To others are awarded the marks of age long before they begin in reality to slide down the hill of life. You have, I admit, fared not otherwise than well at his hands. For a long period you have been able, by means of tight tunics and a marble expression of face, to defy the inroads of the enemy, and those who saw you prance and bound, and heard you shout and bluster, who watched your astounding feats on the telegraph, and, if they honoured your name and rank, were forced to tremble when they considered the next place of your breaking out, were able at any rate to excuse you to themselves and the world at large on the ground that you were a mere boy. But all that is now past. We have all seen your latest photograph: it was reproduced in our own picture-papers in all its rotund and sporting splendour. There, posed at the side of the kind, grey Emperor of Austria, we saw you, no longer slim, no longer youthful, but adipose and puffy and protuberant, girthed round as to your middle with a hunting-belt that only served to make two prominences where one had sufficed, and wearing on your head a hat that suited strangely with the un-Tyrolean aspect of your countenance and your figure. It was the picture of one who has liked himself and his food too much for too many years. It was emphatically *not* the picture of a youth.

Such a vision, Sir, makes a change in one's views. Formerly I imagined that throughout Germany, and from time to time in Russia, Austria, or in Italy, an imperial but soaringly human boy was lifting his glass and crying, "*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*" amid the clatter of swords and the admiring shouts of a profusely-decorated soldiery. Now I know that a stout gentleman is doing these things, and reducing his hearers to an abyss of melancholy at his dismal failure in dignity. A boy who played fantastic tricks with the telegraph-wires incurred but a mild censure. What shall be said of a middle-aged and pompous party whose pleasure it is to play practical jokes that set two nations by the ears?

Yours is a great inheritance, greatly won by heroic deeds. Your people are by nature the mildest and most loyal, and by tradition and education the most thoughtful, in Europe. But mild and loyal as they are their minds must rise in revolt against a sovereign who reproduces in the crudest form the stale theories of divine right and arbitrary government, whose one notion of administration is to increase his stupendous military forces by



A DOUBTFUL DIANA.

The Master. "DOES THAT NEW HORSE JUMP, MISS NERVES?" *Miss Nerves.* "THEY SAY NOT. BUT I AM AFRAID HE MAY!"

taxation while diminishing the number of his reasonable critics by imprisonment. You have travelled, cocked hat in hand, to capital after capital, you have dismissed BISMARCK, you have made yourself into the tin god of a great monarchy, you have shouted, reviewed, toasted, speechified, you have donned a thousand different uniforms, you have dabbled in the drama, you have been assisted in the design of allegorical cartoons, you have composed hymns to *Ægir*, and Heaven knows how many others—and to-day the result of all your restless and misdirected energies is that you have added not only to your army but also to the foreign ill-wishers of your country and to her internal distractions. And at this moment, in spite of the millions of men and money that go to form her army, Germany is weaker than she has been at any moment since the Empire was proclaimed at Versailles. This feat, Sir, you have accomplished, and such credit as attaches to it is yours alone. Where and how do you propose to end?

Yours as sincerely as may be, THE VAGRANT.

CALLS TO ARMS.

(*Latest Collection of Opinions.*)

Address—Army and Navy Club.—Of course revive the Militia ballot. Never ought to have been allowed to drop. Good provision for the service, Sir. As for the volunteers—pooh, Sir, pooh! Army ought to be six times as large. Then I and my contemporaries might have a look in. What 's the use of a lot of Johnnies of fifteen, and generals of fifty. Want the seasoned article, Sir, want the seasoned article.—MAJOR—AGED SIXTY.

Address—Minerva Villa, Clapham.—Quite another opening for women. Soldiers could be easily replaced by Amazons. It has been done before. Even the uniform might be modified to allow of the divided skirt and other improvements. And as to campaigning, that might be as easily managed as a game of chess. Only have to settle rules of the game. Cavalry retire on approach of artillery and that kind of thing. Certainly the army would be a splendid opening for women—if they would do away with the fighting.—SPINSTER.

Address—Portsmouth.—Why not leave matters as they are? Thin red line and that sort of thing. Of course, the fleet will keep off the enemy. If it doesn't, why, the sooner it 's over the better. Army fine service, but it 's no use increasing it indefinitely. The navy is the thing, Sir. There 's nothing like iron.

ADMIRAL.

Address—Upper Middleclassington Road, Tooting.—Of course, patriotism is all very well, but how about the rates and taxes? All nonsense about payment for insurance. Of course, if there were an invasion, the nation would rise like one man. Have done it before, would do it again. So it 's folly to talk about increasing the Army Estimates. Can't really afford it—can't really afford it.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Address—85, Fleet Street.—Enough talk. Action is wanted. Delay is dangerous. British Empire can't stand still when the rest of the world is moving. The order of the day is "Forward!"—not "As you were!" Entire British race, "Attention!"

PUNCH.

ANOTHER BIT OF MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GET MARRIED.—Do! And do as everyone does nowadays. Send out invitations from 3 to 4.30. Ask everybody you have ever known. Collar tons of presents, and in return for their charity, give your generous guests—biscuits, bread-and-butter, and (if you wish to be extra liberal) mustard-and-cress sandwiches, washed down by tea, coffee, and a little light '97 champagne, to be kept in background by a few well-dressed hired waiters who know their business.

MEM. FROM THE MONEY MARKET.—*First Needy Capitalist.* Klondyke is a real Tom Tiddler's ground! *Unsophisticated Victim.* Well, I hope that you gentlemen have made your fortunes. *First N. C.* Not exactly. You see, the journeys to and fro eat up all our capital for the time being. Eh, boys? (*Murmurs of approval from the Second and Third N. C.'s, during which the Unsophisticated acts the host.*)

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—GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'

—LORD LYTTON.

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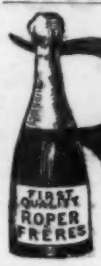
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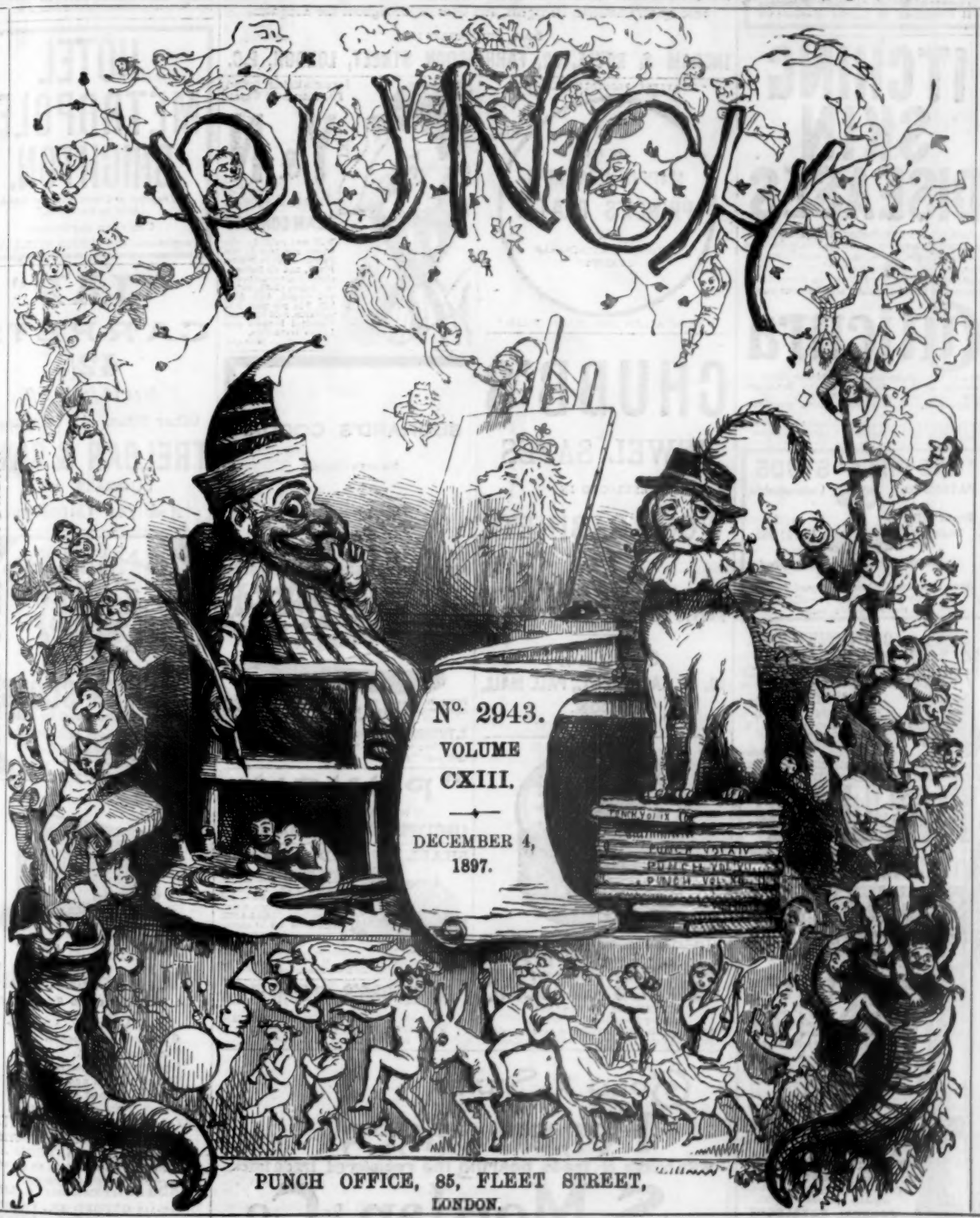
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RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SULLIVANUS AND PEDLARI PALMERIUS AT THE SUPERBUS SPORTING CLUB.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

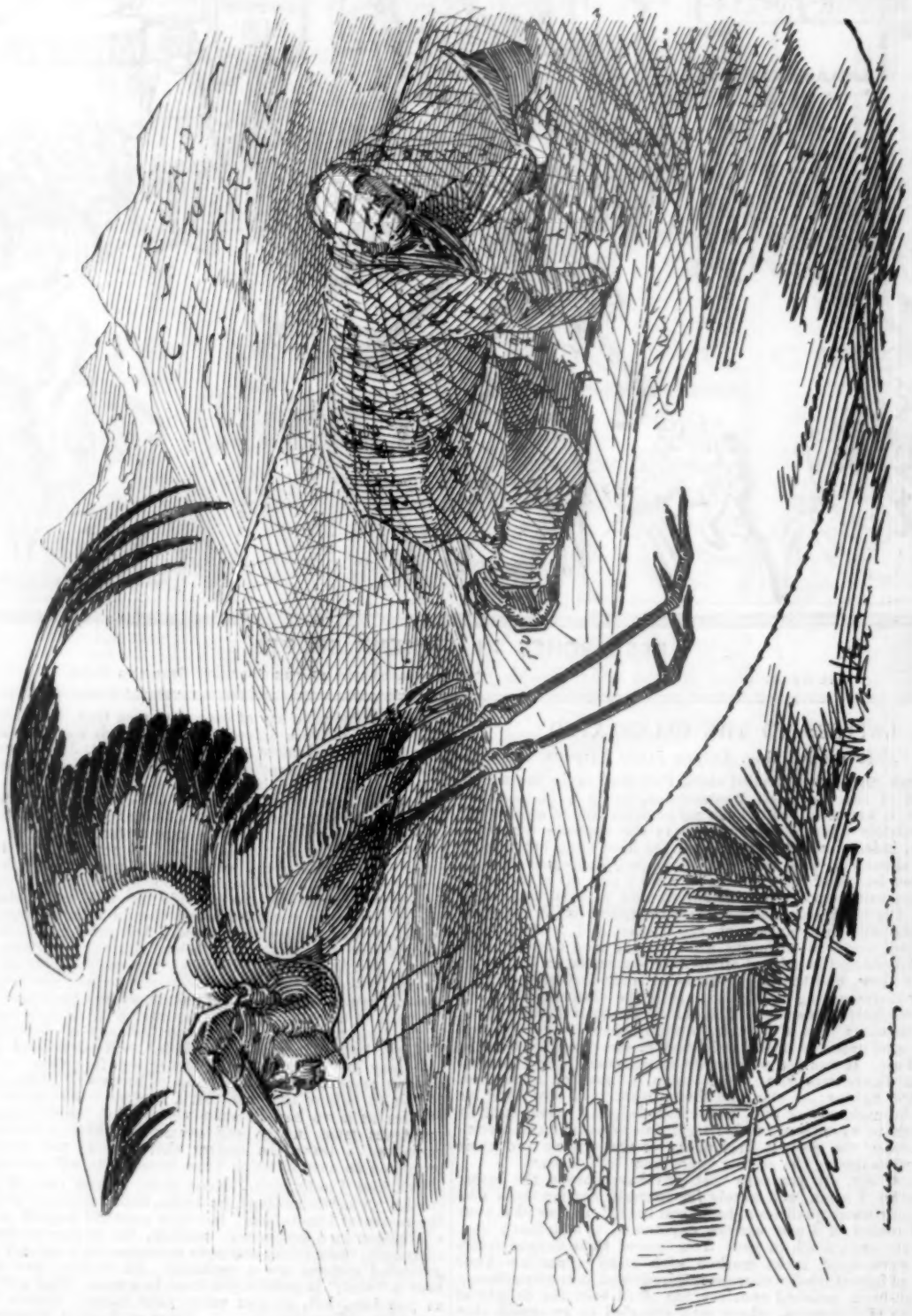
No. V.—TO THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I strolled along Pall Mall or in the neighbourhood of the Palace at Westminster, *nescio quid meditans nugarum*, it has occasionally been my good fortune to meet a tall figure sedately and delicately pacing in the opposite direction. The gait, indeed, was almost languid, the head hung but loosely on the shoulders, and the face, small in proportion to the attenuated length of body and limbs, wore a pale air of detached absorption suited to a temperament at once poetical and philosophic. The clothes carried by this slow walker might not have passed the exacting muster of the *Tailor and Cutter*, that Argus-eyed, sartorial authority whose young men criticise with an equal freedom the painted trousers of statesmen at the Royal Academy show, and the double-breasted frock-coat of the Duke of YORK disembarking in Ireland. Still the clothes had about them a neglectful looseness of fit, an exuberance of folds that seemed to suit a man of thought, a philosopher, let us say, or a poet engaged upon the uncongenial task of exercising his limbs in the open air. It was not without an effort, then, that I realised that this figure was you, a statesman, a man of action, an undaunted fighter; a man, in short, who, whatever else his opponents might say of him, was acknowledged by them and by his friends to have faced, with a rigid determination and a complete success, the fiercest onslaughts of the Irishry and their Liberal allies during the stormy years from 1887 onward.

And yet, Sir, are you sure that you have chosen the better part—better, I mean, not merely for yourself, but for those who admire your many qualities of heart and head? I know that your political record, if I may use the expression, is a brilliant one. Your party owes much to you. You steered their barque safely amidst wave-swept rocks marked with many a wreck. Your example of imperturbable courage inspired them in anxious times; your high-bred, polished courtesy has often been the delight of the House of Commons, where men are glad to recognise that determination and vigour do not exclude good manners, tolerance and politeness towards the foe. I know, too, that it is easy and, perhaps, fatuous to say of successful men that, had they turned their energies into a different channel, their success would have been greater and more striking. Thus Mr. JOHN BRIGHT has been described as a prize-fighter wasted, Mr. GLADSTONE as a Prince of the Church in the guise of a political leader, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as a Field-Marshal in black gaiters and lawn sleeves. On the whole, I think it is better to believe that men as a rule pursue the careers for which they are best fitted, and if ROGERS, for instance, had never been a banker, I doubt if the stock of the world's great poetry would have been sensibly increased. And so it is probably with you. You engage in politics because politics provide for your mind the zest it requires, because you have found that in politics your energies find their best and broadest scope. And yet I cannot forbear to speculate on what might have been. For you can think and can write. You have the gift of style; you wield a piercing dialectic rapier; philosophic speculation fascinates you; you are literary, musical, sympathetic. Do these qualities find their best arena in the turmoil of politics? Can they match themselves successfully in the long run against the vulgar blatancy of——well, of any pushing, brazen, hippopotamus-hided, self-advertising politician who may be thrusting and struggling for place and power without much regard to the weapons he uses? I hope they can, I wish to believe they can, for I confess it would be a dismal day for us if we had to acknowledge that mere vulgarity and smartness must in the end submerge scholarly courtesy and geniality. I leave the matter there. I do not presume to formulate an answer which Time in any case will provide.

One hint I may give. Keep clear, if you can, of fads and cranks. A subtle intellect, no doubt, finds a pleasure in threading the mazes of bimetallism; but to a practical English statesman, a Minister in a prosperous country, the centre of the world's commerce, these tricky attempts to tamper with ancient and well-grounded systems are a weakness. In Society, you may have been a "soul," in politics you must be a man. Play golf as much as you like, but, as you value your future, abstain from bimetallism. Farewell. Yours with great respect,

THE VAGRANT.



THE BALFOUR BIRD AND THE FOWLER SNARED.

(See Mr. A. J. Balfour's Letter to the "Times" on "The Indian Frontier," dated November 24, 1897.)

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

IN offering a third specimen of the "nursery-rhyme," as rewritten for youthful decadents, *Mr. Punch* feels that these examples will suffice to show how vast an improvement may be made upon the "senseless jingles," as a reviewer has aptly termed them, with which the less fortunate children of a previous age have had to be content. And he looks forward with confidence to the time when every child will be taught from his earliest years to appreciate the æsthetic beauties of neurotic literature. This final specimen may be called

THE GARDEN OF DEAR DELIGHTS.

The grey weariness of our talk irked me. My glimmering fear dawned to a dreadful certainty; decidedly MARY had no sense of things beautiful, in a word, no soul. Her empty laughter had long since died away, indeed, a note of ill-temper, almost of fury, twanged harshly in her speech. And yet she was so young, so wise, so beautiful! Deep-hidden, surely, a finer sense must yet abide in a form so gracious. And, by good hap, I found it at the last.

"Dear lady," I entreated, "the loftier height may yet be yours. But you must be quit of the bad old modes of thought, you must mount to the untrammelled sense——"

"I wish *you'd* mount to sense!" she broke in, angrily. "I've never heard such nonsense in my life! Do let's leave that affected jargon and talk about something else!"

"Certainly," I assented, with a sigh. "Yet it were scarce necessary to speak so harshly. But, dear MARY, most unkind, most contrary, I will e'en touch another theme. Perchance," I added, with a sudden thought, "you have a garden?"

"Come, that's much better," said she. "I believe you're going to be intelligible at last! Yes, I *have* a garden."

"I knew it!" I responded with enthusiasm. "To one thus fair must surely appertain some dimly-fragrant pleasaunce, some spot bedight with harmonies of colour, some——"

"Oh, dear," she broke in, "you're as bad as ever!"

"Speak, then, my MARY," I replied. "How does your garden grow?"

She eyed me strangely. Almost I could have sworn that a smile lurked around her mouth.

"My garden? Oh—with silver bells!"

"How exquisite!" I exclaimed. "Dear, sweet silver bells, tinkling in the resonant breeze! Tell me more—what else enhances that subtle charm?"

She was moved—deeply moved. Clearly she had more feeling that I had supposed. She had her handkerchief in her mouth, and her voice trembled, as she gasped:

"With—oh, with cockle-shells!"

"Symbolism most apt! The message of the cockle—how deep, how true! Fixed immovably to the arid rock, and yet pointing high with its summit, aspiring to the nobler height—type of every cultured soul! I think I see that dear garden of yours, in which oft-times you wander solitary—or, perchance, do other maidens, beauteous as yourself, share its sweet seclusion?"

She seemed to be almost suffocated by the gracious insight of my words. "Lots of 'em," she cried, well-nigh choking in the utterance, "lots of 'em! All in a row!"

"It lacked but that," quoth I, "to make the picture perfect! Dear damosels, clad in fairest garb, not errant among the pathways, but standing demure in one far-reaching row! Fain would I wander, MARY, in that garden, fain would I——"

At this moment MARY suddenly withdrew, murmuring a few broken words which almost seemed to sound like "Of all the screamingly-funny idiots"—but those they could not have been.

And, since then, MARY has not crossed my path, nor sought converse with me; painfully conscious, doubtless, of her own inferiority. Poor child, I despise her not. And some day we will seek together that pleasant place I wot of; yea, hand-in-hand shall we wander amid the dulcet-sounding bells, and the piquant cockle-shells, and the damsels wondrous beautiful, some day will I flee the blatant turbulence of the street, and stray at ease in the Garden of Dear Delights!



Intending Purchaser. "OH, YES, 'E'D BE ALL RIGHT, BUT 'E'S GOT SUCH A HUGLY ED!

CRICKET CHATTER.

(*From the Antipodes.*)

COULD not have been more warmly received. On appearance in a new place, our hands were nearly shaken off our wrists, and our arms all but pulled from their sockets. Yes, unquestionably in general enthusiasm watches were lost. There was no dissembling of love, and yet kicking down stairs was the theory, if not actually the practice. The reception was magnificent, but it was not cricket. Australia has wisely advanced in most things, but perhaps is a trifle too prominent in greeting visitors. On the whole, the hug of a grisly bear is preferable to the fraternal embrace of a Colonial.

A VERY old lady of our acquaintance says she fears the Winter-time, as that is when "the equivocal gales" are in full force.



A NICE EXCUSE.

Fair Thruster (who has just jumped over Friend). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, NELL. I THOUGHT IT WAS A *MAN!*"

MORE MANNERS FOR WOMEN.

The Girl in Society.—Music and painting are no longer necessary accomplishments. Bicycling and slang are. French is taken for granted. In these days of travel a little Russian, Arabic, Hungarian, Basque, and Chinese are useful. The QUEEN usually converses in Hindustani with the Munshi ABDUL KARIM. I get a great deal of information about the Court from a former Royal footman, now a grocer in my neighbourhood.

At Drawing Rooms.—I could repeat a number of his anecdotes if I had space. The *débutante* should not leave the Royal presence on her hands and knees.

In the Omnibus.—A gentlewoman does not rest her head on the shoulder of the man next to her. Nor does she stamp on her neighbour's toes. Self-effacement is her characteristic. If the Prince of WALES is sitting opposite her in an omnibus she does not stare at him, but looks out of the window behind her, a difficult thing to do gracefully when the omnibus is full, but easy enough after a little practice.

Cards and Calls.—A card is a thin white piece of paste-board. This is not generally known. Its size is exactly three-and-a half by two-and-a-half inches. In the best houses the butler is provided with an inch measure, and ordered to refuse all cards of improper dimensions. Correct cards are easily obtained. Messrs. PASTE AND BOARD supply very good ones.

Weddings.—Tears are bad form. Most human emotions are bad form. They are out of place in smart restaurants. The bridegroom pays for whatever he cannot get the bride's father to pay for. He even furnishes his own house. Everything is now supplied by caterers. They will supply the bridegroom if necessary. Messrs. NYVES AND FAWKES are an excellent firm.

Dinners.—If the hostess cooks the dinner she is hot and tired when her guests arrive. In the best houses the dinner is prepared by a cook, sometimes by a *chef*, or by what I call a *cordon rouge*. I don't quite know what this is. Most people call it a *cordon bleu*. Perhaps it is a sort of kitchener. Dinners should not last for five hours. The signal to leave the table is a nod to the principal lady. If she is not on the look-out, you can catch her eye with anything handy. Avoid giving the signal too soon, for instance, just as your wealthy bachelor uncle is sipping his port. Excellent port is supplied by my grocer. You can give the signal prematurely if two of the guests seem likely to come to blows over bimetallism, or any other unwelcome topic.

Up-to-date Entertaining.—This is not entertaining at all, being merely an "At Home" with dull talk and weak tea.

Correspondence.—Try to spell correctly. If your friends live at West Kensington do not address the envelope to East Hammersmith. If you live there yourself, or in any other suburb, have a map of the omnibus route printed on your note-paper. Even smart women travel in omnibuses now.

Learning to Laugh.—This is very difficult. There are now so few things to laugh at. This manual, and my other one—for men—may supply a want.

SURGEONS, PLEASE NOTE.

VERY interesting is the statement contained in the daily Press that a clever operator has succeeded in transferring the eyelid of a defunct porker to a human being who had, unfortunately, lost his own by accident. The principle of this transference suggests the following operations which might be successfully carried out without materially injuring the bulk of the patients.

1. To take some of the cheek of the average Trades' Unionist agitator, and give it to a retiring and modest member of society.
2. Exchange a little of Mr. ALL-N UPW-RD'S greece for an equal portion of Sir ELL-S ASHM-D B-RTL-TT'S turkey.
3. To remove portion of Dr. T-NN-R'S jaw.
4. To take the nerve of a steeplechase rider, and transfer it to the Spanish Cabinet in dealing with the Cuban difficulty.
5. Any Barrister on the look-out for an appointment would benefit greatly by obtaining the ear of either the Lord Chancellor or Home Secretary.
6. Portion of a cat, applied vigorously to the back of any street ruffian or wife-beater.

THE PARADISE OF PAWNBROKERS.—Borrowdale.

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Ménagerie of Letters.

[Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, in a letter to the *Times*, complains bitterly that when, "in this decadent month," the demise of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry is followed by the resurgence of "that ridiculous monster," an English Academy of Letters, his name should receive the unsolicited honour of association with so "unimaginable a gathering;" what, indeed, he might call a "*colluvies literarum*." He strongly resents the "adulation of such insult."]

When the fiends of fog are on Autumn's traces,
The herald of Yule and the year's decay
Smears the lungs and smothers the faces
With slime that slithers and germs that slay;
And the amorous microbe leaves his lair,
And walks abroad with a wicked air,
And unabashed the wanton chases
By nebulous noon his palsied prey.

For the Silly Season is past and over,
Gone with the equinoctial gales;
That sinuous hoax, the hoar sea-rover,
Has curbed the pride of his prancing scales;
And the giant gooseberry misbegotten
Lies in the limbo of all things rotten,
The savour that clings to last year's clover,
The loves that follow the light that fails.

Where shall they find what next they shall say to us,
Give to our need what new-sent boon?
What fresh air shall the pressman play to us,
Worn to a thread with the jaunts of June?
For to set the jaded limbs astir
Is as food and drink to the pipe-player,
And it means the deuce if, piping for pay to us,
Never a heart shall heed his tune.

But see! for a ballet is set before us,
Figures that limp on feet of lead,
Two score puppets and all sonorous,
Crowned with paper upon the head!
Past the thymele each one wobbles
Baiting the British public's obols—
And who fares fifth in the footling chorus?
ALGERNON CHARLES! as I live by bread!

Shall *I* make virtuous sport for Vandals,
I that mixed in the Mænads' maze,
Shod in the sheen of my winged sandals,
Fellow of Fauns by woodland ways?
Shall *I* parade in a vulgar buskin
With ruminant STUBBS and stolid RUSKIN,
Not fit to hold two half-penny candles
To A. C. S. in his palmy days?

For I sang of the garb and gait unstudied
Of Bacchanal routs that raged and ran;
Of the cheek of Dryad and Nymph full-blooded
That warmed at touch of the warming Pan;
Who then dares marry my Muse with these,
This *literarum colluvies*?
On him and his print and his staff that budded
I lay the curse of my lips that ban.

Have I not said, O *Times*, and sworn it,
By all oaths valid on earth and sea,
That while one blast is left to my cornet
Not, if I know it, shall these things be?
Not till the lion shear his locks
And share his crib with the craven ox,
Not till the fiery unyoked hornet
Mate with the mere performing flea!

MIXED.—Among the licenses for music and dancing granted by the L. C. C. on Friday last were several for the above-mentioned joyous objects, but coupled "with undertakings!" This is from gay to grave with a vengeance! The singers will become mutes, and the bier be drawn by the barmaids!

THE only rest that a busy and successful City man takes is "inte-rest," and of this he gets as much as he can.

FOOTBALL should be the classic game for Australia, as being essentially "Anti-podean."



FAIR PLAY.

"I HOPE YOU PLUMPED FOR GIGGLES, MISS WUMP! *Every* VOTE IS OF VALUE."

"WELL, I 'D A MIND TO; BUT, THINKS I, *Progress* IS GOOD, BUT THERE 'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR *Moderation*. SO I JUST HALVED MY FOUR VOTES BETWEEN YOU!"

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

ENQUIRER.—Nothing is easier than to get taken on to the staff of any London paper. The fact that you have never had anything published yet, don't understand politics, and can't spell, goes for nothing. Any editor would snap you up. Try the *Times* to start with.

JEALOUS WIFE.—Don't believe his story, but keep your eye on the female type-writer.

LITTLE TOMMY.—We should hardly like to advise you to marry the pretty girl at the pastry-cook's on the ten shillings a term you receive as pocket-money. Certainly you would find it a hard struggle to keep a wife on anything *less* than that. It would only be possible by dint of the strictest economy.

HEAVYWEIGHT.—It is certainly very annoying to find that the new armchair is too small for you to get into. Try a shoe-horn.

GREEK.—Yes, it was HELEN who fired Troy, but who Troy was, and why she "fired" him, and what place she "fired" him out of, we do not know.

W. K. W.—You should write another poem, like the one you have sent us, and send it somewhere else. We're full up here for the next forty years.

COOK.—The following is a good receipt for the dish named, but we are not coming to dinner with you on the night you try it. Place in a saucepan a pint of green peas (unshelled), add cigar-ends and orange-peel to taste; cook thoroughly for one hour; strain through a sieve; then go out to dinner and leave the new dish for the servants.

Suburban Hospitality.

[SCENE—*A mile and a half to the railway station, on a bitter winter's night.*

Genial Host (*putting his head out of doors*). Heavens! what a night! Not fit to turn a dog out! (*To the parting guest.*) Well, good night, old chap. I hope you find your way to the station.



BLASÉE.

"NOW I 'M GOING TO READ YOU A PRETTY STORY, DEAR—ALL ABOUT THE GARDEN OF EDEN!"
"OH, MUMMY, PLEASE, NOT THAT ONE. I 'M SO TIRED OF THAT STORY OF THE ADAMSES!"

"POTTED ZULU."

[At a meeting of the Newbury Board of Guardians recently it appeared from a statement made by Mr. BEYNON that the inmates of the "House" objected to being fed once a week on "potted Zulu."]

In wrath the "inmates" have rebelled—
Yet how should they keep cool, who
By cruel fortune are compelled
To live on potted Zulu?

We sympathize with them, indeed,
The man must be a ghoul, who
Would force a brother man to feed
On prime young potted Zulu.

But Mr. BEYNON on the Board
Is not the sort of fool, who
Would leave the mystery unexplored—
Viz., what is "potted Zulu"?

He finds the knowledge of the map
Possessed by paupers too loose,
They do not know, nor care a rap,
Whence come their potted Zulus.

To them, no doubt, is Teneriffe
The same as Honolulu—
And that is why *Australian* beef
They christen "potted *Zulu*."

Then let no good philanthropists
Their heads, as oft they do, lose—
It 's *really* beef, the Board insists,
It isn't potted Zulus!

'ARRY of Cockaigne, having heard the word "Bacchylides" recently mentioned, wishes to know if it means "Ladies as smoke cigarettes."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Roving Bachelor encounters a Beauteous Lady in a Railway Carriage, and falls deeply in love, which runs but roughly for him.

THERE 's the Princess of TULIPATAN,
A lady of highest degree;
There 's the Countess GARRANZOS-MERAN,
Who is wed to a Spanish grandee;
There 's the Viscountess TOUTALAMODE,
Who COLUMBA P. QUIRK used to be;
There 's the Lady FITZPORCELAINE SPODE—
But what are these beauties to me?

There are damsels as well by the score!
Miss LUCINDA LA CREME-DE-LA-CREME!
Ladies BETTY and BRIDGET O'MORE,
Duplex burners of both the same flame!
Countess OLGA DUCHINKA HATZOFF,
Miss VAN DUCK from the broad Zuyder Zee,
And Miss PERKINSON PETERS-MCSCOFF!—
But what are these beauties to me?

They may laugh with the light of their eyes!
They may charm with their prattle and smiles!
They may tease with the temper that tries!
They may witch and may wheedle with wiles!
They may coo with the voice of the dove!
They may flirt with felicity free!
They may languish with long looks of love!
But what are these beauties to me?

Fairest roses may bloom on their cheeks,
And the lilies shine fair on their brows,
And their forms be so many antiques
Not restrained by what Fashion allows!
Their locks may be auburn or brown,
Ravenswing or all Klondyke to see,
Tresses worthy to mesh all the town!—
But what are these beauties to me?

I am writing with fervour and flame;
I am thinking of you, only you!
I may not, alas! know your name,
Nor that too speedy journey renew.
But a title you have that is mete,
Grace of graces, "your grace," you must be
In the Peerage of Peris all sweet!
You 're the Duchess of DIMPLES to me!

* * * *

Six months after! With still trusting heart
To my cousin's I go for a spell.
She is what they call stylish and smart,
And no matter how long since a belle.
We are chatting. A knock at the door!
And there enters a maiden. *'Tis she!*
"Are you ill?" "No; the heat, nothing more!"
'Tis the Duchess of DIMPLES *with tea!*

Over the Walnuts and the Wine.

Old Mr. Borman (*ardent Radical*). What with the Indian Frontier business, the Engineers' Strike, the troubles in East and West Africa, the Behring Sea dispute, and the occupation of Egypt, it is my firm belief that the British Empire is being reduced to a skeleton. In fact, it is going to the dogs, Sir!

Unconvinced Nephew (*enlightened Tory*). And wouldn't the dogs enjoy the picking of the skeleton's bones, eh, uncle?

[*Old* Mr. B. *abruptly joins the ladies.*

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—The state of the Navy and Army.



THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

JOHN BULL. "RECRUITS COMING IN NICELY, SERGEANT?"

RECRUITING SERGEANT PUNCH. "NO, SIR. THE FACT IS, MR. BULL, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT BETTER WORTH THEIR WHILE TO ENLIST,—YOU 'LL HAVE TO SHOULDER A RIFLE YOURSELF!!"



SEALS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY!

A Fancy Portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian Store.

[As the first-fruits of Sir WILFRID LAURIER's policy, it is stated that the Canadian Government "has taken premises in the City, shortly to be opened as a *Store* for the sale of general Canadian products."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR CHARLES EDWARD POLLOCK.

"LAST of the Barons!" lo! the sudden call
Summons you hence across the silent land
To where at His Assize, the Judge of all,
Themselves, the judges of the earth must stand.

Not much shall then avail that legal art
Splendid, that set you other men above;
But much the record how with perfect heart
You learned and practised all the law of Love.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BY a notable coincidence, two novels, almost simultaneously published, take recent historical epochs for their field, and for the puppets of their plot borrow famous characters. In *God Save the Queen* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), Mr. ALLEN UPWARD reveals a hitherto unsuspected conspiracy that gathered round the QUEEN'S accession upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. In *For Love of a Bedouin Maid* (HUTCHINSON), LE VOLEUR deals with the time of NAPOLEON, dating from his unexpected return to Paris after the Italian campaign, down to his final return to the capital after Waterloo. It is a rattling story, full of strange adventure, its hero, *St. Just*, having one of those charmed lives which distinguished *Tom Burke of Ours*, *Charles O'Malley*, and other of LEVER'S heroes. In the chapters dealing with the search for the hidden treasure in the subterranean Bedouin city, LE VOLEUR is not beyond suspicion of having *volé* (conveyed, the wise call it) from Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. But the sagacious reader will not inquire too closely whence his good things are provided. As a work of art, *God Save the Queen* is more deftly wrought, Mr. UPWARD, whilst weaving a pleasant story, having succeeded in investing both scenes and characters with vraisimilitude. In this year of jubilee, it is especially interesting to learn how narrowly we escaped having a King in 1837 instead of a Queen.

There is dainty tragedy, says my Baronitess, in *The Fairy Changeling*, a short poem by DORA SIGERSON (Mrs. CLEMENT SHORTER). The other poems which fill the little volume are chiefly on old Irish legends, whose charm lies in their quaint pathos. JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head is the publisher.

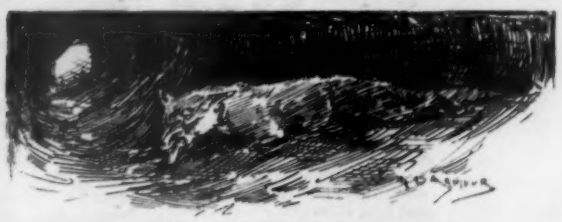
Klondyke must prove a welcome mine for the exploration of the sensationalist. Seated comfortably by a bright fire is the only way to thoroughly appreciate *Hunting for Gold*, by HUME NISBET (F. V. WHITE & Co.). The youthful hero, with unfrozen courage, works through the Yukon valley, till Klondyke gives him all he has come to dig for. Anything that Mr. HUME NISBET writes for adventurous boys is welcome. Nothing of Hume'un interest is unpalatable to our Baronitess.

More Beasts for Worse Children. Verses by H. B., pictures by B. I. B. Somewhat unkind of the anonymous poet and artist to qualify the title so comparatively. No doubt the violent attitude of the tomato-coloured animal, of a Jabberwockian period, on the cover, will have much to account for this "wuss-ness" of his small friends. (Published by EDWARD ARNOLD, London and New York). Better and happier children will enjoy the acquaintance of *The Dumpies*, discovered by FRANK VERBECK, who must have revealed their existence to ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, for he has written the history of these delightful little people, who, from an economical sense of proportion, dwell in the Low Mountains; should it not have been "the Big-o-low Mountains?" (KEGAN, PAUL & Co.) For youthful zoological students the Hon. W. J. FORTESCUE tells a simple unvarnished *Story of a Red Deer* in his Devonshire home. The deer is red, and so will this story be. (MACMILLAN & Co.)

The heroine of *The Beth Book* (HEINEMANN) is one of SARAH GRAND'S most fascinating creations. With such realistic art is her life set forth that, for a while, the reader will probably be under the impression that he has before him the actual story of a wayward genius compiled from her own genuine diary. It is, the Baron, who greatly admires the work, ventures to think, a Grand mistake on the part of the gifted authoress that she should have written any portion of this book with such a special purpose in view as must necessarily limit the recommendation of its perusal to a comparatively narrow circle, not "a vicious circle," but one composed of "those who know," and who grieve, with *Hamlet*, that "ever they were born to set things right." Apart from this reservation, the story is absorbing; the truth to nature in the characters, whether virtuous, ordinary, or vicious, every reader, with some experience of life, will recognise. One of the most dramatic situations in it reminds the Baron of an exactly similar scene in Mrs. EDWARDS' *Morals of Mayfair*, where, in the latter, hero and heroine are caught by the rising of the tide. In *The Beth Book* the heroine, with one of her temporary lovers, is also caught by the rising of the tide, and has a very narrow escape.

The Legend of Camelot, &c. (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), is a genuine re-publication *de luxe* of GEORGE DU MAURIER'S pictures, poetry, and prose, that from time to time originally appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages. *The Legend of Camelot* recalls the maddest period of the "Æsthetic Craze," when Messrs. *Mandle, Postlethwaite, & Co.*, a quite "too-too precious" set of noodles, attitudinising, sighing, groaning, and moaning to the last, received their *coup de grâce* from the sharp-pointed pencil and pen of our cynical artist, GEORGE DU MAURIER. The laughable Nursery Rhymes in the funniest French are illustrated with a weird, grim-goblin humour that is best described as "Du-Maurieresque"; while his "Society story" of *Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt* not only points a moral, but gives us just a pen-and-inkling of the germs of the idea which, at a much later date, was to come to fruition as *Trilby*. From a literary, as well as from an artistic point of view, this volume is most welcome.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

["In a very short time the hounds were actually in view of him, and but for that abominable open earth my tale would not be cut so short."]

Brer Fox. "BUT FOR THE OPEN EARTH, I SHOULD BE TAILLESS!"



A BAD EXAMPLE FROM VIENNA!

OUR ARTIST *trusts* HE MAY NOT BE A PAINED SPECTATOR OF *this* SORT OF THING IN THE COMING PARLIAMENTARY SESSION, WHEN THE ARMY AND THE L.C.C. COME UP FOR DISCUSSION!

ODE ON A LONDON TRAM.

(Afflicted by Locomotor Ataxy.)

I KNOW the tram
Of Amsterdam,
Of Moscow, Milan, Copenhagen,
Nice, Prague, Berlin,
But ne'er stepped in
A wheeled affair
That made me swear
In language so profanely pagan,
As this ramshackle London tram!

I mostly am
Meek as a lamb,
And keep my temper and my hair on;
But when I ride
In or outside
This blessed hearse,
I'm "taken worse,"
And rage and rave with wild despair on
The pace of this suburban tram!

I'd rather cram
Into a "pram,"
Or hire a bath-chair or steam-roller;
For one and all
They hardly crawl
Like this machine
That plies between
Kew Bridge and Town. I grind each molar
With wrath when on this snail-like tram!

Why should I sham
A smothered—monosyllable
At this conveyance soul-destroying?
No, loud I'll shout,
"Stop! let me out!"
'Twill more avail
A 'bus to hail—
A pirate ev'n were less annoying
Than this funereal London tram!

SOME MORE RUMOURS.

NOT only is it denied that the Channel Islands are to be given up to France, but also that Gibraltar is to be handed over to Spain. There was never any intention of taking Cuba in exchange.

It is untrue that Valencia Island is to be given to Russia, to form the long wished-for port on the Atlantic. The concession offered in return—a small reduction of the duty on English electric cabs in Turkestan—was considered insufficient.

The report that the Isle of Man is to be handed over to the United States, as a small token of the unalterable and unrequited affection of this country, is contradicted. It is believed that a certain very eminent novelist threatened to put all the Ministers into his next book if the one place which he knows anything about were interfered with, and that the idea was consequently at once abandoned. Nevertheless, according to the newspapers and public speeches in this country, our affection for our dear brothers across the Atlantic is more fervent than ever, blood being thicker than water. Their affection for us continues much the same as it has been for the last few years.

There is no truth in the rumour that, in consequence of the insufficient numbers of the Bonchurch policeman, and his inability to increase himself numerically, the Government will give the Isle of Wight to the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is therefore untrue that the ten men and one officer, recently representing the German army in Crete, left there to take possession of the Isle of Wight; that the whole of the German navy, at present at Kiao-Chau Bay, has been ordered to Cowes; or that the KAISER himself has prepared the plans for transforming Osborne House into an impregnable fortress. The cession of Heligoland may have given some grounds for this rumour, but that gift, having failed to produce the sincere affection we so constantly crave, is hardly likely to be followed as a precedent.



THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

"'WITH shouts of rage they dealt out blows and kicks, and tore out each other's hair.'"

"Ah," said the traveller who had returned to his native shores, "so they have got Home Rule in Ireland at last, and this is a report of their first session?"

"Not so," interrupted his friend. "I am reading from an account of a debate in the Austrian Reichsrath."

I WAIT FOR THEE.

(A Fin-de-Siècle Love Song.)

I WAIT for thee
Beside the stile,
Once more to see
That sweet, sweet smile.
Despite of snub
I linger there,
Close to the pub-
lic thoroughfare.

The storm-cloud scowls
Across the sky,
The tempest howls,
And so do I.
The blooming cow-
slip wild and free
Will hear me vow
I wait for thee.

SAD TO CONTEMPLATE.—A broad-minded man with NARROW MEANS.

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS HE MAY NOT BE A PAINED SPECTATOR OF THIS SORT OF THING IN THE COMING PARLIAMENTARY SESSION, WHEN THE ARMY AND THE L.C.C. COME UP FOR DISCUSSION!



ANOTHER IRISH OBSTRUCTION.

Colonel O'Funk. "I SAY, MY MAN, WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT RAIL?"
Pat. "NOTHING."
Colonel O'Funk. "THEN, WILL YOU TAKE IT DOWN, AND I'LL CLEAR IT!"

THE L. F. B. VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the general impression of the Public of the members of the Fire Brigade?

Answer. That they are models of efficiency and the bravest of the brave.

Q. Is this opinion justified by facts?

A. To a large extent. The men are all that they should be, and if efficiency is not complete, it is the fault of the authorities.

Q. Who are the authorities?

A. The members of the London County Council.

Q. What is the record of this body as regards the Fire Brigade?

A. That they contrived by their interference to lose the services of one of the best of Superintendents, although they were fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a worthy successor.

Q. How do you know that the present head of the Fire Brigade is a worthy successor to his predecessor.

A. Because that is the opinion of the predecessor, an opinion shared by the Public at large.

Q. Has the Superintendent any chance of distinguishing himself?

A. Scarcely; because the material with which he has to work is ridiculously disproportionate to his needs.

Q. Give an instance in support of this statement.

A. A recent fire in the City absorbed the entire stock of fire-engines available in the Metropolis. Had there been another large fire at the same moment, it would have had to burn itself out free from the representation of the L. F. B.

Q. Is not this a disgraceful state of affairs?

A. Not only disgraceful, but ridiculous.

Q. Why is such a situation allowed to continue?

A. Because the authorities are accustomed to cheese-paring and luck.

Q. Do you mean that so long as the condition of affairs remains undiscovered, they will trust to chance to avoid disaster?

A. I do. For instance, in the matter of the recent fire to which I have alluded, luck stood their friend. The first conflagration exhausted the resources of the L. F. B., but there was no second blaze of the first order to complete the object lesson.

Q. Still, attention was called to the matter in the pages of the newspapers?

A. Certainly; and with the customary benefit to the community.

Q. Kindly explain what you mean by "customary benefit."

A. I mean that benefit which is derivable from the schemes suggested during a nine-days wonder.

Q. Are those schemes usually adopted?

A. No, they are not usually adopted, and are generally dropped when the wonder of the nine days is succeeded by a marvel of a fortnight later.

Q. Has not the recent fire also brought to light a mass of circumlocution further hampering the efforts of the firemen?

A. It has; and with great good luck, something may be done to mend matters in that connection.

Q. In what way?

A. By making it a rule to obtain coal for the engines from the nearest source of supply, and improving the call machinery.

Q. But will that be enough?

A. Certainly not; but it is the custom of Englishmen to do things by halves, on the principle that a moiety of a loaf is preferable to no bread.

Q. But surely the public conscience is now fully aroused?

A. Certainly; but, judging from precedent, this does not amount to much.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. The public conscience will be productive of tons of talk, and then peacefully resume its slumbers until the next disaster.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

(By an amorous Bivalvian, who is blocked out of the Counter at Luncheon-time.)

I LOVE thee, gentle oyster; yet I ween
Thou knowest not thy lover or his mien.
Thou canst not know me, since I still await
Thy chaste arrival on the dubious plate,
And watch, with all but evident distress,
My rivals who around thy charms still press,
While I my love to thee may not yet tell
When quivering upon the deep, deep shell!
Think not, dear oyster, that I mean you ill
Because you do not satiate my will;
But recognise that my despair is utter
When, armed with stout and copious bread-and-butter,
I may but take but little snacks and sips,
While longing, love, to press you to my lips!
Come then, mine oyster, redolent of foam,
And Chili-vinegared or lemon-juiced, come home!
Come home, mine oyster fair, come home!

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—When the Automatic Starter is fully established, we shall also have the Automatic Jockey, the Automatic Horse, the Automatic Judge (who will "click" when the automatic Horse wins), and the Automatic Jockey Club always willing to give a decision by placing a £5 Jubilee piece in the slot.

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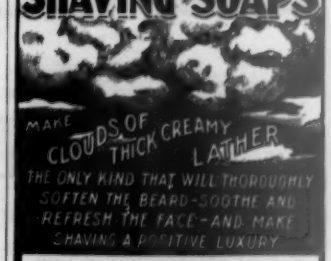
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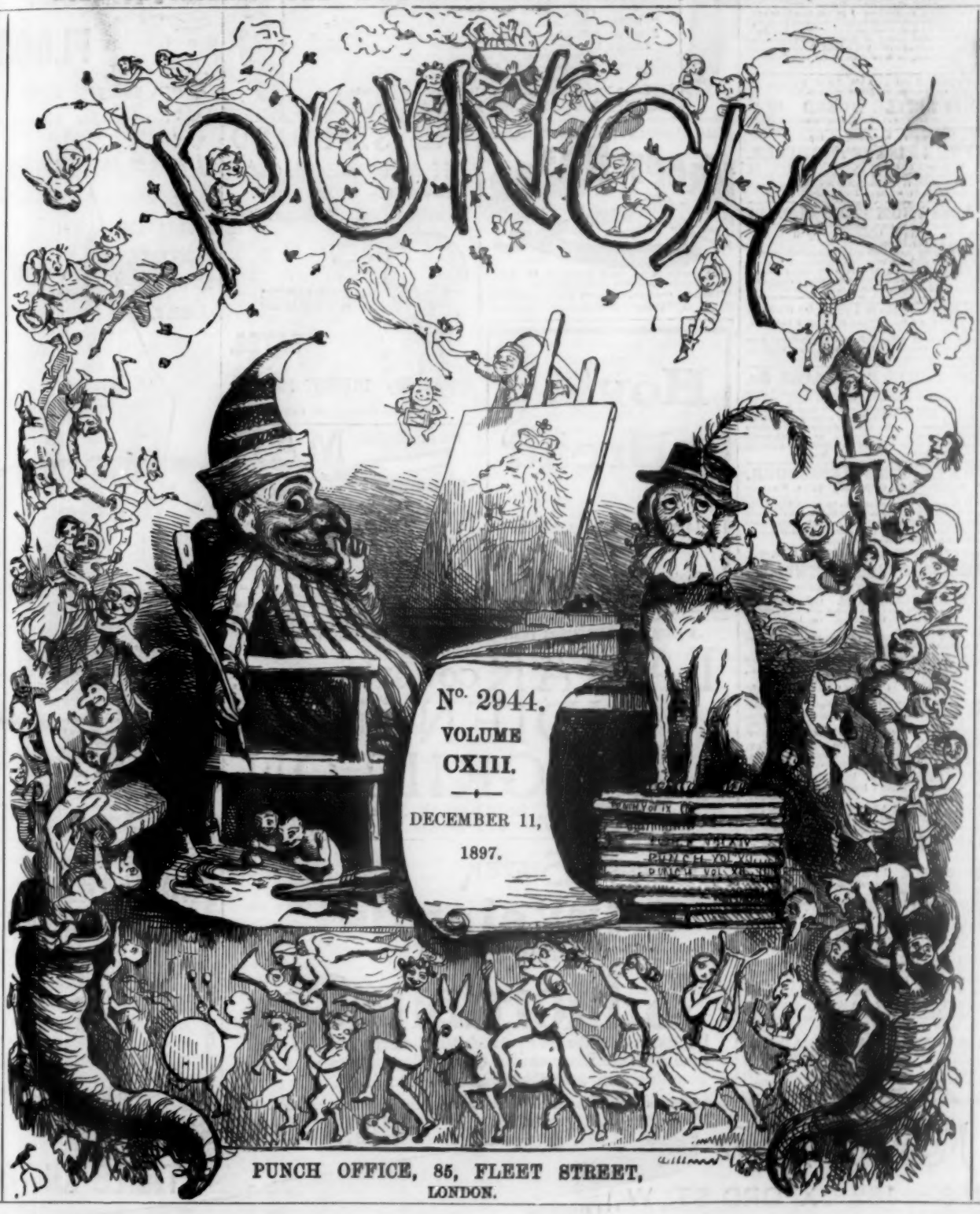
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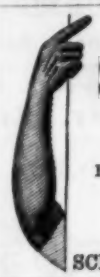
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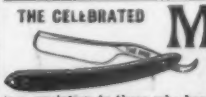
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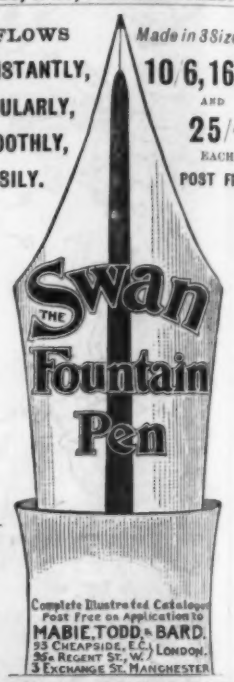
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Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



RISKY

Mr. O'Fluke (whose shooting has been a bit wild). "VERY ODD, ROBINS, THAT I DON'T HIT ANYTHING?"

Robins (dodging muzzle). "AH, BUT A'M AFEARD IT'S OWER GOOD LUCK TO CONTINUE, SIR!"

THE PERIL OF POETRY. A NATIONAL SCANDAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest the correspondence from eminent literary men which has recently appeared in your columns, but I confess the idea of an Academy, or as you more correctly name it, Ménagerie of Letters, has quite lost favour with me since no single list that has yet appeared contains the name which is signed at the bottom of this letter. This fact speaks volumes for the taste of the British public, and, *mè judice*, damns the scheme utterly.

I should like, however, to call your attention to a suggestion made by a well-known contemporary of yours, from across the Border. The *Glasgow Herald*, in a masterly article, advocates "the State endowment of accredited poetical genius as a means of preventing poetry from being starved out of existence"—a fate, Sir, of which Poetry and I stand in direst danger. And why? The *Herald* puts the whole case in a nutshell: "There is not the same national demand for poetry that there was thirty or forty years ago." I go further. I say there is *no* demand! Why, Sir, at the present moment I have twenty-three epics lying in my desk, and I can't get *one* of them printed! It is incredible, but true, and if you doubt it, I will send them to 85, Fleet Street (but regret I can't pay carriage) that you may see for yourself. [*We take your word for it.*—ED.] I have known people indignant because MILTON got but £5 for his *Paradise Lost*. *Lucky* MILTON! *I* can't get five *pence*, let alone five *pounds*, for my *Logrolliad*, which I consider infinitely superior in every way to the mythico-theologico-metaphysical lucubrations of the Puritan.

Now, Sir, you will, I know, agree with me that it would be a public calamity if Poetry and I should perish. How prevent it? Thus. Adopt the suggestion of the *Glasgow Herald*. Let the State offer me a pension of, say, £500 a year, and, proud as I am, I will swallow my pride to prevent such a national scandal.

Yours, &c., DANTE POPE JONES.

5, Grub Street, Three-pair Back.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The football referee.

THE LADIES' MILE.

"THERE'S a tempting bit of greenery, of rus in urbe scenery"—
Its praises HENRY LEIGH sang long ago;
Now we tell another story, for its undivided glory
Once departed, for a while, from Rotten Row.

In her never-failing passion for a novel hobby, Fashion
Made decree that riding bikes should be "the thing";
Horses stayed at home unheeded, by the cycles superseded,
And the Row was then supplanted by the Ring.

There's a charming bit of "flat," you know, between Achilles' statue
And the Powder Magazine, which I shall style—
With a licence all poetic, and a note apologetic—
Yet with reason, too, I think—"The Ladies' Mile."

Oh, the times that I have been there, and the types that I have seen there
Of the real and imaginary swell,
And the scores of pretty riders, both patricians and outsiders,
Are considerably more than I can tell.

But of all things I remember one fine morning, in December,
Clear for ever in my memory must dwell,
When I leant against the railing watching skilful riders sailing
Up and down, and wobbling novices as well.

Then I brought away one image from that fashionable scrimmage
Of the sweetest and divinest little face,
And that vision of perfection in my constant recollection
In my thoughts and in my dreams will find a place.

Did I hate the little bounder in the train that gathered round her?
Did I look on his presumption as a crime?
She was smiling on him, sweetly, as she rode along so neatly,
Though she evidently loathed him all the time.

Oh, the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that I have tasted,
Since I saw her there for all too brief a while!
For the fact there's no concealing that she won my heart a-wheeling
That December morn along the Ladies' Mile!

"'TIS AN ILL WIND," &c.—The recent gale will have had, it is to be hoped, at least one good effect. The telegraphic communication between Calais and Dover ought to occupy only a few minutes, and thus a message sent and received in so short a time would avert a catastrophe. As a matter of fact, such a message, instead of going straight to Dover, has to pass that town and be taken up to London, and then, when all formalities, whatever they may be, have been complied with, the message is wired back again to Dover. On Monday, November 29, according to the report in the *Times*, a telegram for Dover despatched from Calais at 10.25 A.M., was not received at Dover until 1.50 P.M.!! This is an example of "how not to do it" with a vengeance. It is to be hoped that the Post Office authorities will not show themselves "deaf as a Post" to the demands for improvements in this department.

THE DEFEAT OF DIGGLE.

(A New Reason for an Old Rhyme.)

HEY, DIGGLE, DIGGLE,
Progressives will giggle,
While Moderates moodily moon;
The Democrats laughed
To see such sport,
And the Ratepayers paid for the tune.

AN INTERPRETATION.—The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"LAD, respectable, WANTED, used to vice and file."

So here is to be found "some work," as Dr. WATTS long ago remarked, "for idle hands to do." We know what "rank and file" means; and here "vice" takes the place of "rank." Perhaps "file" may be the slang equivalent for the French *filer*; if so, the meaning evidently is that the lad accustomed to vice, *i.e.*, the vicious lad, must also be able, after committing the vicious act, yclept of picking a pocket, to *filer vite*, that is, to "cut and run."



"CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM—"

["The works of reference, required by Mr. GLADSTONE, *have been* forwarded to him in the South of France."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE COMEDY OF CULIELMUS CÆSAR POTSDAMICUS.

1,000TH PERFORMANCE.

G. C. P. addresses His Parliament.

Reichstag! Preparatory to a shock
I now declare the session opened! *Hoch!*
Here in my red right hand I hold a scheme
For fortifying my superb *régime:*—
To execute a Navy, large and fine,
Worthy your Lord and his tremendous line,
In pure formality I ask the nation
To vote a thousand million marks.
[*Sensation.*

Our noble army, you will understand,
Is limited to exercise on land;
And we have lately planted overseas
A pretty set of budding colonies;
Upon official maps I rather hope
You may remark them with a microscope.
To hold the highways thither nice and free
For fruits of German ingenuity,
To make our name, the Fatherland's and Mine,
A holy terror on the heaving brine
Where now we roll in antiquated arks—
For this I want the paltry billion marks.

Two cruisers, you remember, went to Crete:
I will not say the things were obsolete,
But still it cost the service quite a strain
To mobilise so many on the main.
And now we wish for even more than these
To vindicate the law in Eastern seas.
Matters have reached a critical condition
Due to an outrage on my German mission;
Such acts do not affect the Church alone,
But, what is more, they touch your KAISER'S throne!
His slighted honour naturally burns
For vengeance in the form of quick returns,
Cash down—a couple of hundred thousand taels,
With local rights for laying German rails,
Extinction of the conscious Mandarin,
An open port for hibernating in,
Two halters for the guilty when detected,
And one memorial *Dom* to be erected.

Supposing now that we were forced to wreak
This kind of vengeance every other week;
Or say—to keep within the bounds of reason—
They slew a brace of Teutons every season;
By roughly calculating China's size
The meanest intellect must recognise
That such a state of things would soon entail
Activity upon a noble scale.
And since, again, the overlandish route
Is fraught with peril both from man and brute,
Our safest course, for this and other trips,
Is to construct a lot of costly ships.

O *Reichstag!* standing on this sacred floor
Two years ago I positively swore
To keep, if needful, with my blood and blade,
The realm my fathers gave me ready-made.
If now, with my immense domain inflated
In ways your WILLIAM scarcely contemplated,
I yield the deadlier duties to another,
It is to HENRY here, my only brother!
His life, his precious life, I freely stake,
The hardest sacrifice a man can make!
My part is done; your work, that waits you still,
Is relatively light. You pay the bill.



Noble Amateur (to Model). "DO YOU EVER SIT TO *ORDINARY* ARTISTS?"

"The Polite Letter-Writer."

A NEW manual of the Epistolary Art, showing how to conduct a political correspondence with courtesy, dignity, and good taste. By W. V. H-RC-RT and J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

THE HUMMING PEST.

"OF *nuisances* that stir my bile,
Of *creatures* I detest,
There's one beyond all others vile"—
And that's the humming pest.
Morn, noon and night, indoors and out,
With scraps of tune he greets you,
You're always meeting him about,
He's humming when he meets you.

Self-satisfied he rolls his eyes,
And clears his beefy throat,
You learn—you would not otherwise—
That he's a man "of note."
No use, on seeing him, to fly,
He constantly defeats you,
He will not let you pass him by—
He's humming when he meets you.

However fine may be the voice
Which Heaven on him bestows,
His *repertoire* however choice,
I hate his humming "pose."
Whene'er he sees you come along,
He thoughtfully repeats you
Some sacred air or comic song—
He's humming when he meets you.

He'll hum "that thing of MENDELSSOHN'S,"
Some WAGNER *leit motif*,
Or bits of GRIEG or SIDNEY JONES,
With gusto past belief.
No jot for your distress he cares,
Remorselessly he treats you
To some of his confounded "airs"—
He hums whene'er he meets you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTFUL.—We think your scheme for obtaining an appointment ingenious, though a trifle risky. The appointment you probably would get is one for seven years—in the stone-quarrying line, on the Dorset coast.



HER PHOTOGRAPH.

Mr. Popham. "OH, THIS ONE IS LOVELY! I WONDER WHAT SHE WOULD DO, IF I WERE TO PROPOSE FOR THE ORIGINAL?"
Olive. "GIVE YOU THE NEGATIVE, PERHAPS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Jorrocks, M.F.H., who was the *Pickwick* of the hunting field, and the delightfully-original *Soapy Sponge*, both immitably illustrated by JOHN LEECH, are a couple of sporting stories difficult to rival and hard to beat. Mr. FOX RUSSELL, however—the author's name has a decidedly sporting smack about it—comes forward with *The Haughtyshire Hunt* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), a lively sporting story whose hero is nearer akin to *Jorrocks* than any character the Baron remembers to have seen in sporting fiction. And Mr. RUSSELL has had the good luck to be associated with Mr. R. J. RICHARDSON, whose method of illustration is entirely his own, whose accurately-drawn horses and riders in action are "full of go," but whose figures and situations are somewhat lacking in the quality of humour. That the "toned" page illustrations lose in effect as much as those in the *Jorrocks* and *Soapy Sponge* series gain by their colour, will, the Baron thinks, be the opinion of all who have the facilities at hand for making the comparison. Artistically, the majority of the drawings, even where they are somewhat hard, are admirable; while not a few of the single figures, as, for instance, that of *Will* the huntsman, are, from every point of view, except the humorous, perfect. The sporting adventures of *Mr. Travers Algernon Binkie*, from his first day's run with the Duke's hounds, when he is mounted on *Marmion*, to his steeplechase on *The Roman*, when *Marmion*, with *Ronald Dennison* up, wins, are genuinely amusing; while the scene in the Law Courts is a capital climax to the story. In his next sporting novel, the Baron trusts that Mr. FOX RUSSELL will carefully avoid the very old-fashioned descriptive nomenclature which he has adopted for his characters, as, for example, "*Haughtyshire*," "*Fitzsquander*," "*Farmer Wintercabbage*," "*Karl Krackwhipz*," "*Rev. Geoffry Jawbrother*," "*Lord Gravity*," "*Miss Lumpkin*," which are of the kind that, in bygone days, were to be found in some comedies, most farces, and in bills of the play at Christmas-time, when, in order to swell the cast, the manager was wont to bestow humorous names on a variety of "supers" and small people, who were paid to be seen, but on no account to be heard, except collectively.

The World gives a fully-illustrated Christmas Number, containing two large pictures by Mr. BRYAN, crammed full of a lot of persons representing, as usual, "celebrities," who, on this occasion, have not the air of appearing in the least "at home." The double illustration is accompanied by a list of these eminent individuals; but it would have been more in keeping with Christmas-time to have issued it as a sort of "puzzle-picture," and to have offered a prize to anyone who should guess correctly the names of all the more-or-less celebrated individuals whose likenesses the artist had intended to represent.

As to the cards which Father Christmas leaves on us when he calls, there is quite an old-fashioned cheeriness of colour about MARCUS WARD & Co.'s Christmas cards, and if "it is humour you want," as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, it is provided in the liveliest variations. The calendars and almanacs tell the coming year in the most artistic surroundings. Messrs. C. W. FAULKNER & Co.'s cards take Christmas a little more seriously in their exquisite platinotypes, of which some are worthy of a frame, and their calendars, especially "The Minuet" series, make the days dance in the "daintiest" possible fashion. If you ask this Firm, "What's your little game at Christmas?" they will reply, "Oh, ever so many novelties, including 'Association Football,' intended for drawing-room amusement!" As this announcement will startle grandmammas and domesticated elderly aunts, it is as well to explain that it is only a drawing-table edition of "Socker," that's all.

"It is now some 'sixty years since' *Pickwick* was published,"

writes the indefatigable and undefeated Dickensian student, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, in his latest book, entitled *Pickwickian Manners and Customs* (Roxburghe Press, Limited), "and it is still heartily appreciated." True: it is "still heartily appreciated" by those who enjoyed *Pickwick* when they were boys together; the girls never cared for it; but among those of a later time, dating, say, even so far back as the sixties, how many are there who care about *Pickwick*? while among those whose existence dates from 1878, for example, the Baron questions whether Mr. FITZGERALD will find one in thirty who may have tried to read *Pickwick* and failed, and not one in fifty who have "heartily appreciated" the immortal work. But, be this as it may, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's book on *Pickwickian Manners and Customs* will prove attractive and interesting to all who love their *Pickwick*. He has started a theory, no less plausible than ingenious, as to the probability that BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson* to a certain extent inspired DICKENS in the creation of *Mr. Pickwick* and his followers. To the Baron's thinking, Mr. FITZGERALD's chapter on "Boz" and "Bozzy" proves this beyond the possibility of doubt. The thanks of all genuine Pickwickians are due to Mr. FITZGERALD for this notable addition to the "Boz" classics.

My Baronitess informs me that *Wild Kitty*, by L. T. MEADE (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), is a capital book for schoolgirls. *Kitty* leaves the "ould counthry" to be educated in a select English school. The primness of the genteel Briton proves upsetting to the Hibernian temperament, and this young lady, from a castle, apparently in the backwoods, gets into many a scrape. The "Hoorush!" and the "shillelagh" are, however, actually not among her accomplishments!

Elsie's Magician, by FRED WHISHAW, with many effective illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), has no dealings in "magic and spells," but is a genuine golden man, who eventually discovers himself at the correct moment as the long-lost grandfather—"Which his name it was WALKER!" Good name for a wandering grand-parent.

Princess Sarah, and Other Tales, by JOHN STRANGE WINTER (WARD, LOCK & Co.), may possibly prove entertaining to the ordinary "maid of bashful fifteen," except that, perhaps, nowadays, observes my Baronitess, "bashful fifteen" is extraordinary, for whom something stronger and more exciting may be required. The stories are rather commonplace, which is Strange for JOHN WINTER.

"By the author of *Tatterley*," set forth on the cover of a new book, is a phrase to conjure with. In *A Prince of Mischance* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. TOM GALLON has broken fresh ground. The household in the Professor's home by the seaside is full of living people, the Professor being a delightfully original person from whose company we part all too soon. All the characters in the story stand firmly forth, interest culminating in *Evelyn*. It would not be fair even to hint at the lines of her story, or the finely-conceived tragedy in which it closes. Readers of *Tatterley* will find no disappointment in making the acquaintance of the author's new essay. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND A MYSTERY.—A Bottle of "Stickphast Paste" in magnificent morocco-leather case. "We saw it for a moment, but we think we see it now"—only we don't at this minute. One of the youngest and wisest of our office boys, since lost to sight, but to memory dear, was, it is reported, heard to declare, concerning the aforesaid paste, that "it was uncommon good if you were *very* hungry," and if, like the *Marchioness*, "you made believe very much." Neither that youngest and wisest official, nor the stickphast paste, has ever been seen again. But we must not conclude from this that the lad is a thorough-paste young rascal.

DECIDEDLY EXAGGERATED.—Lord BALFOUR o' Burleigh, in his speech at Glasgow, "offered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT his humble congratulations on his having at last found a platform upon which he could stand," &c., &c. No! no! Sir WILLIAM is not so mightily heavy as to find any difficulty in getting the support of an ordinary platform of fairly liberal dimensions. Sir WILLIAM is big, but he is not *burly*.

GOOD OMEN FOR THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.—That this body should now be illumined by a Reay of light—and leading.

WANTED!—Strong man as President of the Reichsrath. Ex-prize-fighter or chucker-out preferred. Good social position and salary. Permanency to suitable man. Must be used to black eyes. Doctors and raw beef supplied. Apply, stating qualifications, number of men knocked out, &c., &c., to Chief Clerk, Reichsrath, Vienna.



UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.

Old Style of Farmer.

"AYE, I BE GOING TO THE SHOW, THEN ON TO THE WAX-WORKS, AND WIND UP AT THE ADELPHI."

New Style of Farmer.

"NOW, LET ME SEE. MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THE PICTURE SHOWS IN BOND STREET, CALL ON TAILOR, GET THE LATEST NECKTIE IN BURLINGTON ARCADE, LOOK IN AT THE EMPIRE. CATTLE SHOW? NEVER GO NEAR SUCH A PLACE!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

IT would be a pity not to rescue from oblivion such a delightful advertisement as the following, which appears in the *Church Times*:—

"WANTED, two Ladies as COOK and HOUSEMAID, to share entire work of North Country Seaside Vicarage. Two children and resident governess. If salary required by both, state amount. Organ desirable in one."

Surely no *lady* would require a salary for the privilege of "sharing" the household duties in this charming retreat. An occasional peep at the Bass Rock or Flamborough Head would be ample remuneration combined with the delights of playing the organ *gratis*, and possibly managing a choir, and feeling that, after all, one was of some use in the world. Perhaps an aggrieved baronet, or even a needy viscount, might be induced to officiate as gardener-coachman for a similarly nominal salary in this philanthropic establishment. The wonder is, that persons in menial situations continue any longer to accept "wages" as well as hospitality in return for their services. Any right-minded lady or nobleman could only construe such a pecuniary offer as an insult to their birth and breeding. And in the beautiful new century that is now approaching, we expect that individuals of whatever rank, even "generals," with any spark of gratitude and good feeling, will pay their mistresses a handsome premium, in addition to an annual fee, for the comfort, experience, distinction, and company of two children and a resident governess obtainable in quiet north-country seaside homes. What offers, ladies?

AT URUGUAY.—"An ex-policeman" attempted to stab the President. Providentially his design was frustrated. "An ex-policeman!" Ah! THACKERAY'S "Policeman X." would never have behaved in so dastardly a manner.



AMBIGUOUS.

First Actress. "OH, MY DEAR, I'M FEELING SO CHIPPY! I THINK I SHALL SEND DOWN A DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE TO-NIGHT, TO SAY I CAN'T ACT.' *Second Ditto.* "SURELY A CERTIFICATE ISN'T NECESSARY, DEAR!"

TO THE CREW OF THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT, "FRIEND TO ALL NATIONS."

ALL night the pitiless blast had swept
Out of the North-East blind as hell;
Ere dawn, the sudden signal leapt,
Death's meteor-signal leapt and fell.

Then, as the cry for rescue rang,
With quick farewell to child and wife
Into the roaring surf they sprang
To yield their lives for the stranger life.

Friend to all Nations! Friend at need,
Where danger sets the task to do!
Not ill they chose a name to speed
The gallant craft of a gallant crew.

Stout hearts of Kent, that heard the call
Of man to man in the face of death!
Is this, is this the end of all—
These bodies dank with the salt sea's breath?

Nay, but their names shall stand in gold
When the opened books of God are read,
With deeds remembered and deeds untold
That wait till the sea gives up its dead!

APPROPRIATE ETON BOAT-SONG (*as duet*) FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER SEASON.—*Pull, Pull Together!* with our compliments to the famed cracker-purveyors, Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE & Co.

RETAINED FOR THE DEFENCE.

["Ladies are being enrolled as hon. members of a Volunteer Corps in Devonshire."—*Daily Paper.*]

"AND so it was at Exeter that the first of us were enrolled as honorary members," said the Major, looking into the glass and arranging a refractory curl.

"Yes," returned the senior Captain, "and since then we have grown apace. Battalions all over the country, and a fair force of artillery."

"Yes," assented a Subaltern. "Actually that branch of the service became very popular on the introduction of noiseless powder."

"Talking of noise," said the Colonel, "don't you think we could substitute a cottage for the grand piano in the orchestra?"

"Afraid not," replied the chief of the Band Committee, "for we want something strong in strings to go with the harps."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the chief, looking at the clock. "It's time for parade. We must have missed the bugle call."

"Yes, Ma'am, all our buglers are rather feeble in sounding. They cannot compare with our brothers of the line."

"Then, ladies, fall in."

"Which is better than falling out," whispered the regimental wag. And a few moments later the members of the Amazon Rifle Volunteers appeared on parade.

"Hem!" commented the male military critic. "Smart! but what would they do in time of war?" Then, on consideration, he added, "It should be *sine quâ non* that only single recruits should be eligible, and they must have come safely out of at least two engagements."



A BOUNDARY QUESTION.

JOHN BULL. "BEG PARDON, MONSIEUR! BUT P'RAPS YOU DIDN'T NOTICE *THAT BOARD?*"



NEW IMPERIAL "OCCUPATION."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S *SEVENTH* DEMAND IN HIS NOTE TO THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT IS "*THE OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU BY GERMANY AS A COALING STATION.*" MR. PUNCH WISHES WILLIAM, KAISER AND COAL-MERCHANT, EVERY SUCCESS IN HIS "COALING BUSINESS"—IF STRICTLY "*LIMITED.*"

IN RE—PINKERTON'S INSURANCE.

PART I.—*How Mr. Briefless, Junior accepted a Reference.*

"I AM going to ask you to do me a slight favour," said PINKERTON, "but if you grant it, it will confer a chronic blessing on my whole life."

I need scarcely say I was only too pleased to be of the slightest service to PINKERTON. He occupies chambers beneath those bearing my name (and others), and when I visit Pump Handle Court I usually run across him. He is considerably my junior, both in years and professional standing. This being so, I thought it possible he might wish to consult me.

"If you desire my counsel on the conduct of a consent brief——" I began.

"Oh, no, it's nothing of that sort," interrupted my learned friend. "The fact is, as I am going to be married I want to insure my life."

"A very proper thing to do," I said, heartily. "When undertaking the responsibilities of the married state, which are, in reality, bound by an expressed contract, it is desirable——"

"Yes, yes," again interrupted PINKERTON, "I know all that, but the fact is, in your unprofessional capacity I want you to do me a favour."

I was a little annoyed at my learned friend's tone. Although I do not appear in the Courts quite so frequently as I did in the days of my hot youth—yet as recently as shortly before the long vacation I was briefed to support an application for the appointment of a receiver in chambers—I am regarded, and I think rightly regarded, as a legal authority of weight in the bosom of my family. My maiden aunt, CAROLINE ADELAIDE, invariably consults me before adding (she has added several) a codicil to her will, and as for Uncle JACK—a most vigorous old gentleman of ninety-four—he keeps me quite busily employed in reading his letters to the Urban Council. My maiden Aunt, CAROLINE ADELAIDE, was—so she said—infinitely obliged to me for my opinion on the probable validity of a legacy left to a parrot, and Uncle JACK was equally thankful when I prevented him from sending, as a privileged communication, his opinion in writing to the clerk of the U. C. anent the District Surveyor that that individual was a "blithering idiot," and what was worse—from a legal point of view—"tip receiver." Uncle JACK agreed with me, on recovering from his attack of gout, that his "privileged communication" would probably have landed him in Holloway. So I repeat, I was displeased with PINKERTON's tone—it savoured of disrespect.

"I am nothing if not professional," I said, with a grave smile. "Of course, I shall be only too pleased to serve you."

"Well, it's only to become my surety. The medical Johnny who examined me said I was right enough, but he must have a form filled in by a friend of some years' standing before he could recommend his board to accept me."

"I see," I returned. "I shall be very happy, but I am bound to say that I shall have to answer the questions put me with the nicest regard as to their truthfulness."

"I expect nothing less," said PINKERTON, in rather a nasty tone. "Of course, my dear fellow, I don't want you to tell a pack of lies, but still, if you have any hesitation about it I can easily get GEORGE DE PUTRE POTTE to——"

"Not at all," I replied, promptly. I don't like DE PUTRE POTTE. He suggests to my mind a donkey suffering from exaggerated self-complacency. And the matter was settled.

"You might give me a hint or two," I continued. "How did you get on with the examining doctor?"

"What, the medical Johnny? Oh, first rate. He weighed me, and said I was satisfactory to an ounce."

I was a little surprised at this, as PINKERTON is distinctly thin. I myself am only fifteen stone to five feet nine, and I am certainly portly as compared with my learned friend.

"Then he punched me in the chest and listened with a thing like one of those theatrical telephone-tubes to hear the echoes."

"And was the condition of your lungs to his satisfaction?"

"Eminently—he said I was as sound as a bell. Then he made me hop about the room on one leg like a demented duck."

"I see. No doubt to test the muscles of your foot." I have some knowledge of anatomy.

"Probably. Then he listened for the music again, and declared my heart to be perfection. I was very pleased, as, to tell the truth, I had rather worried myself by reading *The Dictionary of the Incurable*, by Doctor ZERO."

"Unquestionably a text-book of commanding importance."

"So I thought until I found that I had the symptoms of fifteen fatal diseases, of which two thirds should terminate abruptly within a week."

"I need scarcely say that your apprehension was not realised?" I am apt sometimes to become unconsciously a cross-examiner.

"You are perfectly right in that assumption. I am still alive, and if I may believe the medical Johnny, have no need to make my will for the next twenty years. In fact, as the doctor bade me adieu, he predicted that I would be on the books of the company until I was eighty."

"Distinctly satisfactory."

"So I thought. So, my dear fellow, when the form arrives, fill it in according to the dictates of your conscience."

"That I assuredly will," I returned, heartily, as I wrung PINKERTON's hand warmly. "I am confident that all will be well."

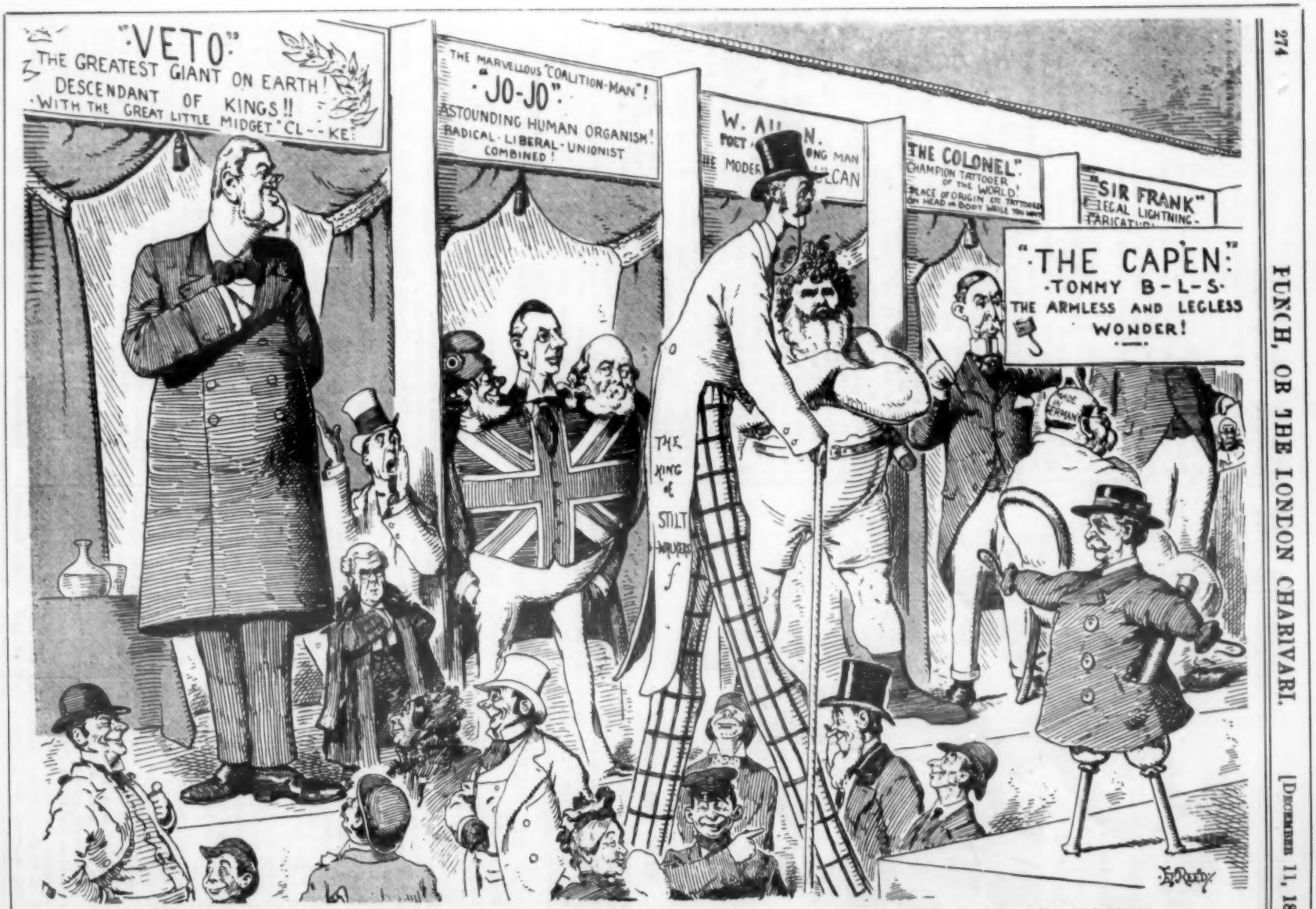
"I would be grieved beyond measure if I did not share in that belief," said my learned friend. "ALICE is the dearest girl alive."

And then PINKERTON gave me a detailed account of how, when, and where he had met his *fiancée*, and other details—from his point of view—of an interesting character. At length he left me, and I turned my attention to my notes upon a book I contemplate writing some day, to be called, *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig*, with the sub-title of *The Experiences of a Practising Barrister*, when my admirable and excellent clerk PORTINGTON entered the room.

"I think, Sir, this is something more than a circular," he said. I allow my valued assistant a certain latitude in the selection of documents to be destroyed or preserved.

"Thank you," I replied, and then I opened an envelope bearing a type-written name and address. I glanced at the contents. A form to be filled in about the health of PINKERTON. I read the questions more carefully, and my mind became much disturbed. They were distinctly of an embarrassing character. How I replied to them, and what was the effect of my answers must be reserved for another chapter.

Pump-Handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
December 1, 1897.



SOME "SIDE-SHOWS" WHICH MESSRS. BARNUM AND BAILEY SHOULD NOT OMIT AT OLYMPIA.

["Among the animals at Olympia are some which are curious freaks of nature. . . . The most singular of these is Jo-Jo, who is a union of a perfect with an imperfect human organism."—*Times.*]

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Anybody may make the laws of a nation, let me make its songs."—*Shakspeare, or Somebody.*

Drinking Songs.—The drinking song is a necessity of human nature, but a great deal may be done to guide it (the song) into proper channels. I would catch the thoughtless with guile by preserving the time-honoured tone, while pointing out a more excellent way. Notice the sort of *crescendo* in moral purpose which culminates in the third verse of the specimen given. When singing this song, proceed warily, and omit the third verse if you observe symptoms of discontent. It may even be advisable to stop short at the first, but be assured that the serious element *must* prevail in the long run.

BACCHANALIAN.

Come, jolly topers, one and all,
Together we will stand or fall,
Fill up the radiant bowl with wine,
And lemonade that 's half divine;
Our hearts are light, our spirits free,
So here 's to you and here 's to me.

Chorus.

Every man-jack of us reeling with jollity,
Now is the moment for utter frivolity,
Not to be jolly is most reprehensible,
Hang any villain who dares to be sensible!
Gaze on the liquor surpassingly fair,
Drink of the claret-cup radiant and rare,
Hurrah!

But lo! amid our frantic cheers
A medicated wine appears.
A tonic is a thing of might,
Of ecstacy and pure delight.
The finest drugs, the choicest steel
To every British heart appeal.

Chorus.

Wine that is useful for gout and paralysis.
Wine that has stood every test of analysis
Wine that will save you from hopeless inanity,
Ring out its praise to the verge of insanity.
Fie on the fogies who call you a beast,
Drink to the dregs half-a-teaspoon at least!
Hurrah!

Encore verse.

What, ho! The tonic, too, retires,
And "pales its ineffectual fires"
Before the very prince of drinks,
From which the nerveless milksop shrinks.
No heel-taps, boys, mock care and toil
In lovely Norway's golden oil!

Chorus.

Cod liver oil, boys! oh, the delight of it!
Cod liver oil! we will all make a night of it!
Cod liver oil! it is making a man of you,
Phosphates are good for the whole jolly clan of you,
Weak little stomachs may turn from the treat,
We will insist upon having it neat.
Hurrah!

A General Question of Stop-it.

Determined Foxhunter (to Determined Game-preserver). Why should you stop earths?

Determined Game-preserver. Why should you stop shooting?

[*And then they get angry, both being two of the best fellows in the world. So Mr. Punch suggests a full stop after each of the queries.*



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

The Boy (to Brown, who has just taken a "little place" in the Country). "PLAZE, ZUR, WOT SE I TO START ON?"

Brown. "OH—ER—ER—LET 'S SEE—— OH, CONFOUND IT!—ER—ER—*MAKE A BONFIRE!*"

THE PLETHORA OF BOOKS.

(*By an Intermittent Author.*)

[MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, in *Literature*, advocates that books should be printed on perishable materials, on account of the vastly-increasing publishers' output.]

To-day the Caliph OMAR's robe
On LESLIE STEPHEN has descended;
With *other* writers' works offended,
He 's turned a bitter bibliophobe.

He 'd have them, ere a hundred years
Elapse, or sooner, wholly perish;
No libraries need longer cherish
The toil of scribes and sonneteers.

Nay, *pereant qui ante nos*
Dixere nostra is my feeling
On SHAKSPEARE and his tribe for stealing
My masterpieces by the gross!

How can one write when ev'rything
Worth writing has been writ already?
How can the stream continue steady,
Yet fresh, of annual "Odes to Spring"?

My sympathy I freely lend
To prosy rivals and poetic—
I 'd print in ink that 's *sympathetic*
Each of their works from end to end!

Why can't some law obliterate
All books that ever have been printed!
Then, as I previously have hinted,
My *magnum opus* I 'd create!

MOTOR CAR-ACTERISTICS.

(*By an Old Whip.*)

JERKING and jolting,
Bursting and bolting,
Smelling and steaming,
Shrieking and screaming,
Snorting and shaking,
Quivering, quaking,
Skidding and slipping,
Twisting and tripping,
Bumping and bounding,
Puffing and pounding,
Rolling and rumbling,
Thumping and tumbling.
Such I 've a notion,
Motor-car motion.

SUITABLE DECORATIONS FOR HERR ANDREE'S WINTER HOME.—A freeze.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

SIT WELL BACK AT YOUR FENCES!

SEASONABLE LITERATURE.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF A CHRISTMAS NUMBER. (1837.)

"HARRY," said Sir JASPER, with a sob strangely foreign to his wonted lack of feeling, "you must forgive me. I don't deserve it, I know. Through forty-seven pages my ingenious schemes have kept you and your MARY apart, and if that missing will hadn't turned up, I should have won the game. But you won't be hard on a poor old villain, HARRY, my boy? There's only a page or two more, so you can afford to be generous. And, if my words are weak, that sound will reach your heart—the sound of Christmas bells!"

He flung open the window as he spoke, and the chimes from the sweet old village church sounded merrily across the snow-covered fields.

"JASPER," answered HARRY, in impressive tones, "I forgive you. If, indeed, I followed my natural inclination, I should throw you out of window. But no true hero in a Christmas number was ever yet unmoved by the sound of church bells in the last chapter. I forgive you, and MARY forgives me, and we forgive everybody else, and it's away with melancholy, and up with the holly, and let's be jolly. There's only a page more to fill, and we'll end the story in the proper way. To-night will the dear old Hall re-echo with mirth and happiness, and the elders will unbend and become young again. Excuse me now. We dine at six, and I must drink a gallon of milk-punch before then."

"I thank you!" cried Sir JASPER. "Now that you've foiled all my schemes, I was sure you'd forgive me. My regards to Miss MARY, and after a few glasses of hot brandy-and-water, I'll step round to the Hall."

And that night they revelled in the most thorough-going style. All of them were there, the hero HARRY, and the heroine MARY, and the villain JASPER, together with the old-fashioned uncle, the humorous mother-in-law, and lots of other characters who have been mentioned incidentally in the story, and long since forgotten. Every one of them turned up for the old-fashioned Christmas revel. And there was roast beef, and mistletoe, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and snapdragon, and blind-man's buff, and ghost stories, and love-making, and, above all, gallons and gallons of punch. Not till every drop of the latter was finished did the company disperse. Finally they left in pairs, to be married next morning, and to live happily ever after, which is the only proper way of finishing up an old-fashioned Christmas number.

THE SAME CHAPTER. (1897.)

At the window of the foulest garret in the slums of London (for full description, *vide* previous pages), HARRY the hero stood and twiddled his thumbs. With a languid interest he watched a cat in the yard lick its paw, and miaow twice. Then he turned to his companion and regarded him curiously.

"JASPER," he said, with a yawn, "don't you think we might as well end somewhere here?"

"Just as you like," answered JASPER, who was sitting on a dust-heap in the far corner. "It really doesn't matter where we stop in a story of this kind, one place does as well as another."

"There isn't much to go on with," replied HARRY, thoughtfully chewing a piece of string. "Now that you've murdered MARY, and all the others are disposed of, it's about time to finish. I can't go on talking to you for many more pages."

"Why not?" JASPER replied. "We can always fill up the gaps with 'dreary silences.' Surely you don't hate me?"

HARRY sighed. "Nobody hates in modern stories—that is far too strong an emotion. But, as you've killed my *fiancée*, besides murdering three other characters, and driving five more to suicide, I do slightly dislike you. Here's the poison bottle, and there's just enough left for us both. You're sure none of the others are left out by mistake? How about that costermonger mentioned on the second page?"

"Sent to penal servitude," responded JASPER. "And his wife has gone mad in consequence, and killed off three minor characters who weren't accounted for. As you say, we may as well stop; we've provided a splendid story for a modern Christmas number. Pass the poison bottle when you've taken your share. And don't forget to make a vague remark just before you die—readers expect it."

HARRY nodded, and having consumed a pint of pure prussic acid, handed the remainder to JASPER, who quickly swallowed the rest.

For a few moments there was silence. Then HARRY sat up.

"Why didn't he boil the butter?" he murmured.

Then there was a dreary silence.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The *Daily News* published an article, which, under the title of "Rowing and Rowing Men," reviewed the fourth volume of the Isthmian Library, by Messrs. R. C. LEHMANN, GUY NICKALLS, and others, under the able editorship—or editorboat, in this instance—of Mr. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON. There is a Crum of comfort in it for Etonians; and E. G. BLACKMORE interests us in Australian eights. But the title of the book is misleading, for "*Rowing and Rowing Men*" suggests a comparison between "the Rowing Men" or "Rowdies" of a past generation and the temperate and quiet Rowing Men, *i.e.*, oarsmen, of to-day.

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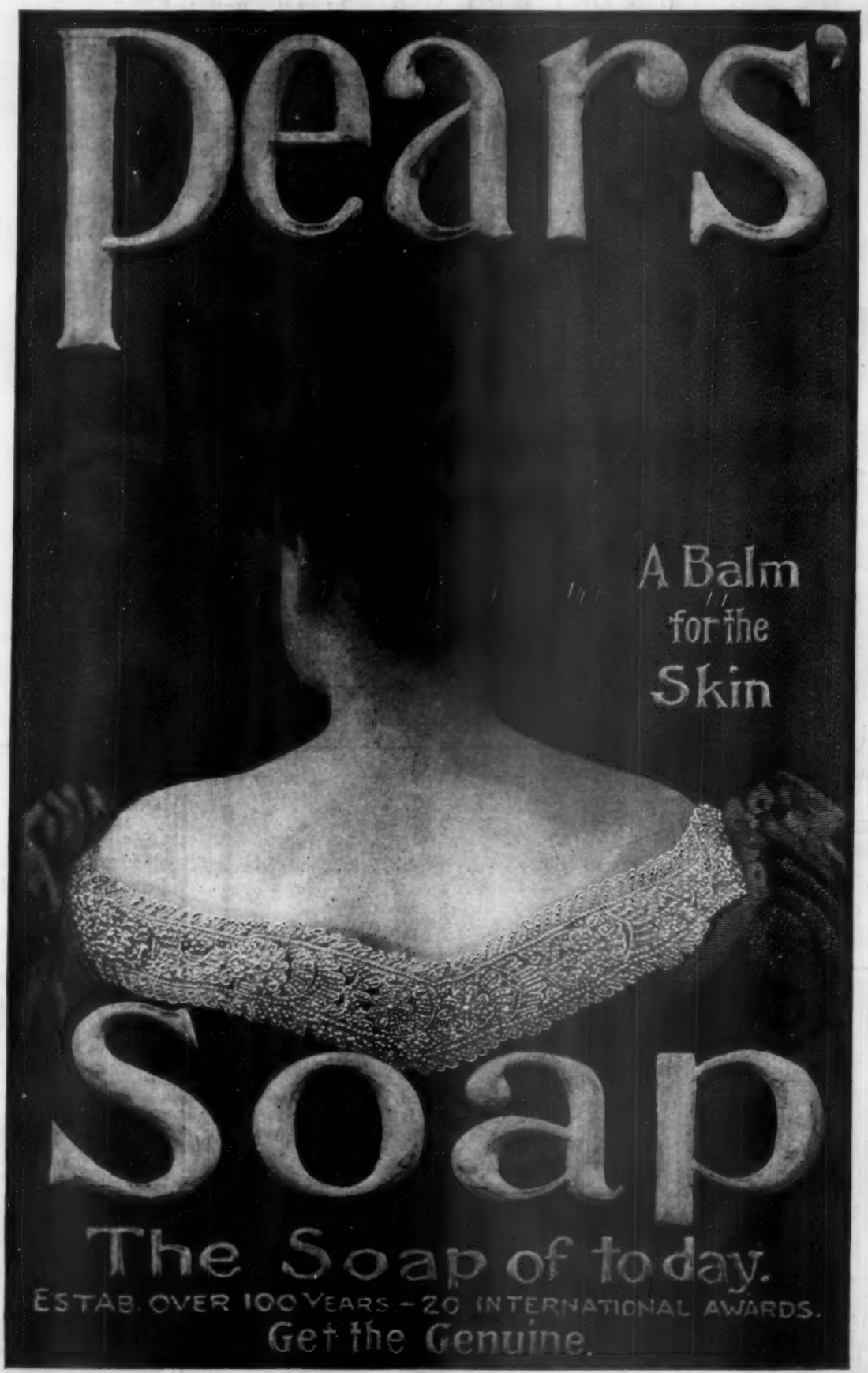
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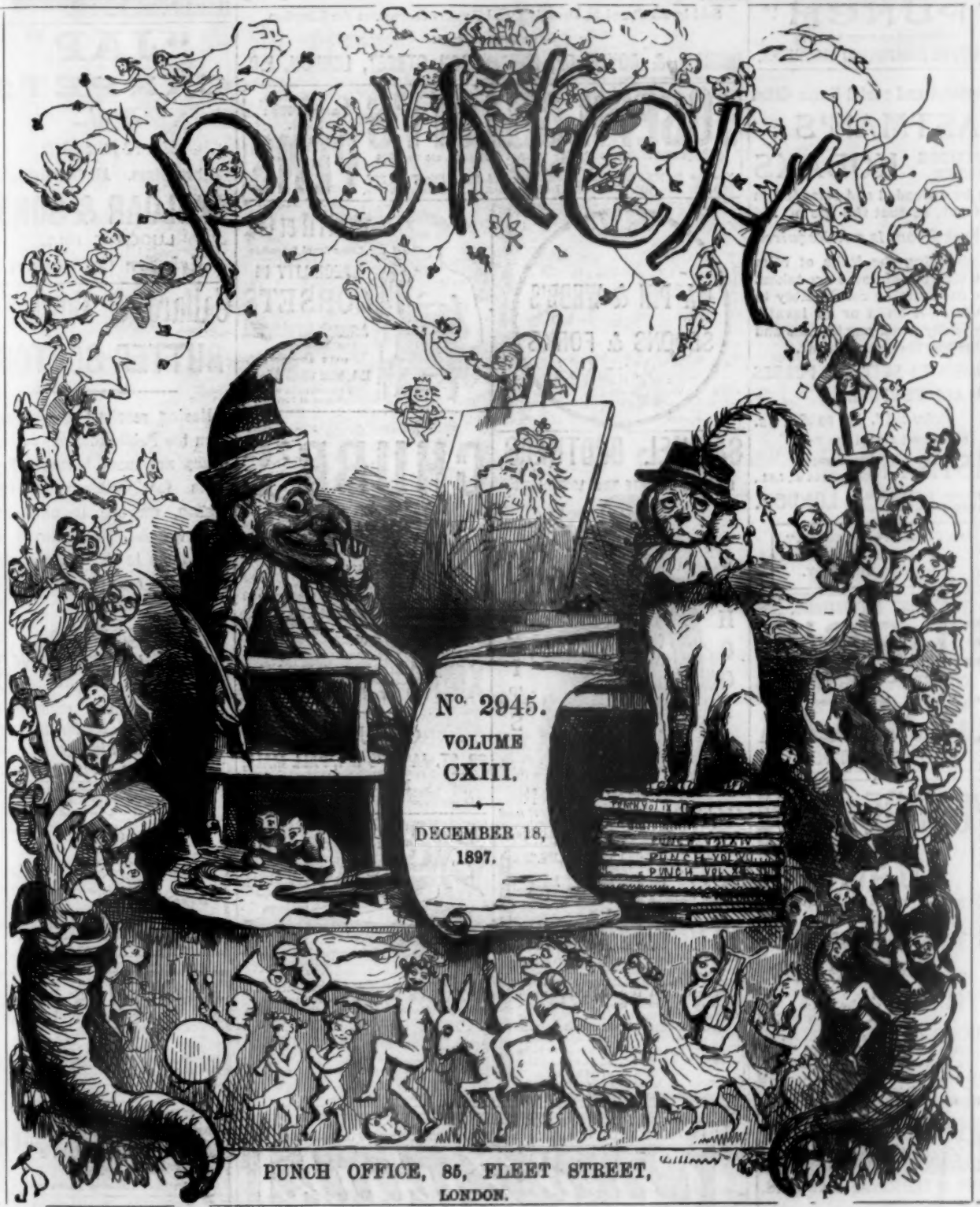
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MR. JOHN MORLEY ENTERS THE HOUSE

AFTER A COURSE OF DEPORTMENT AND THE CULTIVATION OF AN AFFABLE MANNER.

["Gentlemen, a short time ago a friend of mine, who sits on our Benches in the House of Commons, complained that those who, like myself, have the delightful privilege of sitting on the front Bench, 'dwelt like stars apart.' (*Laughter.*) Ever since I read this reproach I have been endeavouring to cultivate the graces, the want of which my honourable friend complained—the graces of affability and accessibility, which, as Nature may have stinted me, I have endeavoured to cultivate up to what I may almost say is an artificial point. (*Laughter.*)"—*From Mr. J. Morley's speech at Bristol, Dec.* 9.]

"WANTED!"

HAPPILY it is true that the good men do lives after them. The memory of *Mr. Punch's* friend, and the friend of man, MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, is kept green by the Blanket and Clothing Fund he established whilst he presided over the Worship Street Police Court. This is designed to comfort at Christmas-time, with clothing, boots, and blankets, poor families resident in the purlieus of the Court. Worship Street Police-Court area includes Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Hoxton, part of Old Ford, and part of Whitechapel. Which is a perhaps prolix, certainly conclusive, way of saying that the poorest of the poor of London shiver in its shadow. Last Christmas, through the beneficent agency of the Fund, five hundred families received timely help. This year, *Mr. Punch's* circle can easily go five hundred better. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up with your ready-money, delivered to the Magistrates at Worship Street, Mr. HADEN CORSER and Mr. A. R. CLUER, or, with gifts of clothing, to the Depot, 20, Albion Road, Dalston, addressed to Mr. JOHN MASSEY, missionary at the Court.

THE HUNT BALL.—"Ah, yes, I know him," observed the intelligent foreigner; "ze great national game of feetballs, which all ze Engleesh ladies play on ze links."

WANTED, a PROGRAMME. Must not contain more than 150 items, of which not more than ten are to have first place. "Non plus," National Liberal Club.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE royal game of golf, says my Baronitess, has a fascination peculiarly its own, but according to *Colonel Bogey's Sketch Book*, by ANDRE (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), "that way madness lies." Certainly the pictures are somewhat nightmareish, and the accompanying sundry after-dinner sayings of the Colonel are a trifle confoozling, as *Captain Crosstree*, "which it was his name," was wont to observe.

Just Forty Winks (BLACKIE AND SON), by HAMISH HENDRY, daintily illustrated by GERTRUDE BRADLEY, which is an eye-opener for the little ones, who will enjoy the amazing adventures of *Davie Trot* down the long lane that has so many turns in dreamland.

An Alphabet, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, published by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, is grimly and gruesomely attractive. It should have a large circulation after the Christmas festivities are over, when the doomed ones of Dyspepsia will thoroughly enjoy these pictures.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE'S last book, *Deborah of Tod's* (SMITH, ELDER), is the best novel my Baronite has read since the days began to shorten. One is interested from the first by desire to see how one of the most audacious plots in modern fiction can be reasonably worked out. There is nothing new in contrasting the simplicity and genuineness of rural life with the artificiality of London Society. The enterprise is carried to a perilous point when we have a septuagenarian General, K.C.B., a member of the inner circle of London Society, plopping into marriage with a girl who works upon her own farm, talks in Devonshire dialect, has been little to school and never outside her own parish. That she should not only acquit herself well in the new scenes to which her marriage introduces her, but that, by reason of her nobility of character, her purity of soul, her sound common sense, she should dominate the circle and finally marry a much-run-after Peer of the realm, form a group of propositions that seem impossible to establish. So perfect is MRS. DE LA PASTURE'S skill, so infinite her resources, that all these things seem to follow as a matter of course. She is equally at home with humanity in country and in town. *Deborah* is delightful, whilst the less uncommon Society people with whom she for a while lives are drawn with light, firm, unerring touch. We seem to know them all, but only in one instance does MRS. DE LA PASTURE obviously draw from life. There is no mistaking the trade-mark of the butterfly about *Mr. Corella*.

Even in these days of artistic *éditions de luxe* it is rare to find such prodigality bestowed on a reproduction of the work of a black-and-white artist as is displayed in the handsome volume, printed at The Whitefriars Press for T. FISHER UNWIN and BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., entitled, *The Work of Charles Keene*, with a most interesting introduction and useful running commentary by JOSEPH PENNELL. The volume also contains a bibliography of the books KEENE illustrated, and a catalogue of his etchings. Of the remarkable examples of work that may be generally termed "variations" on his original style, there are some that, without the signature, might have been set down to GEORGE DU MAURIER; and there are others that would puzzle any expert as to whose artistic handiwork he should, off-hand, assign it. In all this collection there is one that stands absolutely alone; it is a "Wash drawing probably made for the *Illustrated London News*." "It is," says Mr. PENNELL, "very like the work of RAFFET or CHARLET"; and, we may add diffidently, it strongly reminds us of MEISSONIER and of GUSTAVE DORE. But while it "reminds" us of these artists in their treatment of similar subjects, it stands entirely apart, not only from any suggestion of imitation of any other artist's style and method, but also from all other specimens of KEENE'S work in this collection. As Mr. PENNELL here notes, "Each little figure is instinct with life, movement, and character." As to women, it is evident that KEENE could draw a pretty and a handsome face, also an elegant form; but as to costume, very rarely was he in touch with the fashions of the day. He could not approach LEECH in depicting a "swell"; while, on the other hand, his tradesmen, writers, clergy of the old school, his labourers, and ancient village gossips male and feminine, are perfect types. In the matter of "legs" (see p. 161), his study of "an inebriate" is marvellous; but somehow or another he never succeeded in giving us Mr. MILLIKEN'S "'Arry." It was CHARLES KEENE'S "'Arry." In his pictures the landscapes are lovely. But in the company of Mr. PENNELL, with the majority of whose criticisms we agree, we could linger for hours over a book which, it is a pleasure to know, will soon be in the hands of all sincere admirers of this great artist's work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A SPORTSMAN.—A plate o' *fox*-tail soup.



THE CONVERTED SPORTSMAN.

Rev. Rosebery. "OH, MY DEARLY BELOVED GIMCRACKS, SHUN THE TURF. TAKE WARNING BY MY AWFUL EXAMPLE, AND 'TURN IT UP'!"

[See Lord ROSEBERY's speech to the members of the Gimcrack Club, *Times*, December 8.]



Jones (newly married). "THERE'S MY DARLING PLAYING THE GUITAR!"



(But it wasn't. It was only the Garden Roller over the gravel!)

DARBY JONES "OVER THE STICKS."

BY "sticks"—which sounds like Jupiter's oath, but isn't anything of the sort—I mean the made-up hedges and hurdles of the Winter Racecourses. I would first of all, right-revered Patron of Sport, enquire why this particular pastime should be dubbed the "Illegitimate Game" by many of those Brilliant Writers of Prose, who frequently burst forth into Blank Verse, when describing one of those memorable meetings associated with the Unbarsinistered Flat? I confess, Sir, that on very many occasions the way of Progression at meetings held under National Hunt Rules differs but little from those governed by the sway of the Jockey Club. Throw in a flat race and three or four easily-negotiated hurdle-matches, and there isn't much difference, after all! Oh! those hurdles, which my friends the B. W.'s persist in calling "obstacles"! Why, time after time I've seen a flat-racing horse *run through them*, and disdain to lift himself, when he encountered the supposed check to his progress. The only time that I ever remember a hurdle being a hindrance to any competitor, was once at Sandown, when an animal, having "rushed" the barrier, caught it with his heels and landed it on the head of the jockey of a near opponent. Believe me, that in Practice, if not in Theory, there is but little to choose between Flat-racing and Hurdle-hopping, and the fact that Newmarket has taken up the game is a very solid proof of my assertion.

You will observe that I have not included Steeplechasing. But there are Steeplechases and Steeplechases, just as there are Oysters and Oysters. One of the latter, with a Noah's Ark habitation, and a beard worthy of advertising a Petroleum Hair Restorer, is no more to be compared with a beauteous Whitstable or Colchester Native than is a supposed Steeplechase Course, with finnikin fences and a duck-puddle water-jump, to the magnificent country over which the Grand National is determined. The way in which some of these steeple-tracks are made without steeples is occasionally delightful. Not very many years since, I was going over a course before a meeting, when the Great Mogul of the gathering observed with infinite satisfaction to his little court of followers, "You will observe, gentlemen, that we have strictly avoided using *barbed wire!*" And I give you my word that not one of the Pomponius Egoes of the party detected the exceedingly enjoyable jape.

And again, every farmer with a few acres of unprofitable land thinks that it would make a fine terrain for "lepping." I knew a Gentle Agriculturist with three quarters of a mile of bog at his disposal, who invited a Well-known Sportsman to inspect the same, paying all his expenses from London. "Well," cried the Bucolic, after their tramp, "what do you think of it?" "I think," replied the Scientist, without the slightest smile, "that you must have been thinking of a regatta, not a Steeplechase meeting." They never spoke again.

I may not expatiate on all these matters to-day, but, as the Bard says, "There is a to-morrow." He might also have added, "and a settling-day," for I candidly confess that an indifferent time at the fair town of Leicester (where factory girls and Stilton cheeses appear to vie with one another in multitude) has placed me in the unenviable position of drawing a small Note of Hand on your esteemed self, but you, as of old, know well, Beneficent Patron, that Current Coin is not more readily acknowledged, or the signature of Mr. H. G. BOWEN, than is the handwriting of

Your ever faithful fiduciary,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—The N. of H. will probably arrive before this despatch. Therewith append a short metrical vision into future events at Nottingham. "*Tout*" *à vous. Comprenez?*

The *Storm Light of Summer* is sure to do well
At the town of the lambs and the lace,
And *Lottie the Charming* may errors dispel
If she pulls off the big steeplechase.
But I deem that the first by the winning-post award
Is the *Cat* who is tricky, but carries a *Ward*.

[The N. of H. *has* arrived before D. J.'s disjointed letter. We have referred the unfortunate holder of the bill—apparently a worthy citizen of Leicester—to DARBY JONES himself, but the latter's address we were unable to furnish.—ED.]

Must draw the Line somewhere.

Excited Backer (at cross-country meeting, to Well-known "Bookie"). Look here, what'll you lay me *Oyster-shell?*

W. B. (with dignity). You'll excuse me, Sir, but I'm looking on to-day as a *gentleman!* [*E. B. collapses.*

A VERY POPULAR INTERNATIONAL DISH.—Green Peace Soup with well-meant flavouring.



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

A LITTLE GAME IN POMPILIUS'S BILLIARD ROOM.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. VI.—To Mr. Andrew Lang.

MY DEAR SIR,—To the foot of the heights whence you distribute the wreaths of praise and the bolts of blame I venture to bring this humble letter. I beg you will not thunder upon me if I rouse you for a moment from some dream of airy ghosts to be embodied in yet another volume that shall grapple with the elusive manifestations of the world beyond our vision. What gadfly has stung you that you should thus devote your pleasant learning to the pursuit of these silly stories, these second-sight absurdities retailed at third hand, these vaporous shapes that speak of fate and death to minds overwrought by a morbid brooding, that point to the accomplished inevitable, nor hint (how should they?) in what fashion it may be undone or avoided? You, Sir, whose literary style has so greatly captured our admiration as to have extorted the award of a first prize amongst moderns from that not too placable censor, Mr. QUILLER COUCH, are fitted to hunt for a nobler quarry. Leave Julia and her brood (the word requires a phantasmal apology, since Julia was in life a spinster lady and addicted to journalism), leave her, I say, to her creator and *protégé*, Mr. W. T. STEAD. If she falls, souse, into *your* ink-pot, or sprawls and scrawls across *your* writing-paper, how shall she hold the pen of STEAD or indite unctuous blessings to mankind when *Borderland* shall once more have lapsed from a happy suspense into woful publication? No, let her still be STEAD's own. For you, if you will, there are other pursuits. If you will, I say. But will you? Of what avail is it to cry to you, *desine pervicax*, if, with your eyes open, you still persist in straying amongst these tangled weeds? If I should tell you (far from me be the presumption) that you not only fool away your time, but that you incur the censure pronounced by the French king on those who fooled without making him laugh—the quotation is, no doubt, familiar to you in the original—you might justly answer that a man's time is his own to fool away if he likes, and that, as at present advised, you prefer psychic research to poetry and even to criticism or leading articles on American writers in the columns of the *Daily News*. Well, every man to his taste, say I. And I must admit that your taste has been catholic. You have rhymed most musically. Though the sum of your verse is small, there is in it a perfect little note of true poetic feeling never forced beyond the bounds that style and an academic culture point out. Others, greatly daring, may venture on a wild wrong word, and find that is absolutely right and tamed to the measure of poetry. You have picked and chosen with a precise care, and your lines sometimes lose in strength as much as they gain in polish. But they have a haunting and delightful melody, and often speak straight to the heart. And how versatile you have been. Essay, criticism, short story, leading article, folk-lore, literary gossip, verse—in all these you have shone and still shine. You have paddled along the little rivers that flow into the great stream of history, have lingered with Pretenders, false and true, and have exhibited to posterity the hateful faces of forgotten spies. Nor must it be forgotten that you have written a long poem—it fills a whole volume—on Helen of Troy, and have wrought the same lady into a novel, written in collaboration with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. You, at least, as you review your career and your work have no reason to despond. It is not for you to pose as the *homme incompris* of your generation. You have, I suppose, done what you wanted, and have done it as you wished to do it. What more can a man require of his life? If you have not gained the brightest chaplets, the reason is that you have not striven for them, and have not cared to strive. But, if the humour should take you, there is yet time for immortality, provided you can bring yourself to abandon for a space your curious prying into the speech and manners of deceased persons. With your dispute against Professor MAX MULLER, I need not concern myself. These matters are too steep for the average man who refuses to puzzle his head with the why and

the wherefore of his language, his manners and his religion, being content on the whole to accept the fact of their existence as being amply sufficient for ordinary purposes.

Your position, then, is an enviable one, and you occupy it because you have fairly earned it. Without being "bland, passionate, and deeply religious," you are cultivated, academic, and sarcastic. Generally, too, you are urbane, humorous, and even genial. Now and then, it is true, a gust of perverse temper shakes you, you drop the rapier, and, lo, some unfortunate head cracks to the blow of your bludgeon. I must add, too, that you have your fair share of that very human failing, resentment, and those who can recognise your style are sometimes amused when here and there the *spretæ injuria formæ* crops up in your writings. But is there one of us so virtuous and forgiving as not to indulge at times in a sly thrust at those who have done him wrong? These are trifles thin as air. And take you for all in all we shall not soon look upon your like again. You are a literary man, and you take pride in your calling. You have added greatly by your writings to the sum of our pleasure; you maintain the dignity of journalism no less than the honour of literature. Yet you are not of those who call out for titles or swagger ostentatiously because Heaven and your inclination made you a writing man. I am, Sir, Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

["The heroine is steadily departing from English fiction."—*Mr. W. L. Alden, in "Pearson's Magazine" for December.*]

MY study-door was flung open, and, to my astonishment, a crowd of ladies entered. All of them were fairly young, though they were dressed in every possible variety of costume, and all of them seemed to be in a state of considerable excitement.

"May I ask," I inquired, timidly, "to what I owe the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Certainly you may," replied one of them, brandishing a magazine as she spoke. "We have called in consequence of a disgraceful statement published in this journal. We are all popular heroines, who up to the present have found constant employment in English fiction. But now it appears that there is a conspiracy afoot to get rid of us, and in consequence, we are calling upon various novelists to ascertain their intentions towards us. Do you propose to exclude us from your novels in future?"

Before I could reply, a beautiful girl in a white ball-dress pushed her way to the front, and addressed me in tearful accents:—

"It is too bad!" she sobbed. "I am the most popular heroine of all, and have delighted countless readers. I am just nineteen, you know, and the most charming girl in the whole world—the hero always tells me so. We sit out several dances together in the conservatory, and while he explains how he has adored me through a couple of hundred pages, I turn away nervously and pull a rose to pieces. I must have destroyed thousands of roses in my time. Then, when he misinterprets my silence and says, in a voice trembling with emotion, that he knows he doesn't deserve my love, I gasp out his Christian name, and he folds me in his manly arms. And then we get married in the last chapter and live happily ever after. Readers never get tired of me, and yet I'm to be turned out with no work to do!"

She seized a rose from her dress and began to pull it to pieces as she spoke. A tall, dark girl took her place.

"And how about me?" she demanded. "Aren't you going to use me any more? I am the mysterious, passionate heroine who always fascinates the best kind of hero. I am all soul. After dinner I sing weird songs in a way that astonishes every one, and then the hero and I walk out into the moonlight and listen to the nightingale together. Frequently I talk about the problems of existence, and the weary irony of life. I can fill a dozen pages at a time in that way. But beneath my languid indolence there lurks a passion that is simply volcanic. When the villain insults me, I wither him in one vitriolic sentence. Sometimes I marry the hero, but more often I die; my death-scene is simply concentrated essence of the very best pathos. And even if I am a little bit old-fashioned, readers like me as much as ever. You had better remember my volcanic passion if you propose to cashier me, you miserable scribbler!"

"Gadzooks!" cried a third lady, in mediæval costume, "an it were possible to put forth those jades, it were none so easy, mark you, to get rid of me. I am the heroine of the historical romance. A pure, sweet country lass, 'i faith, who charms the heart of that courtly gallant, the hero. None can say 'grammercy' with a grace more rare, and ofttimes my speech hath a smack of four centuries on a single page. Beshrew me if the reader heedeth that! Dost think, varlet, that I am to be driven forth from the pages of popular fiction? By my halidom—and little wot I what that may be—thou wilt attempt to banish me at thy peril!"

"The fact of the matter is," cried another lady, who wore a hard felt hat, a bicycling skirt and gaiters, and who had helped herself unasked to one of my cigarettes, "that we aren't so soft as you fancy—not by a long chalk. I am a fashionable sportin' heroine, and if you fancy that you can write your stories on your own, without my help, you'll get jolly well left, old cock; you may put your bottom dollar on *that*. Why, what's to become of your huntin' and racin' yarns if you leave me out?"

At last there was a moment's pause, and, having barricaded myself behind the sofa, I attempted to speak.

"Ladies!" I exclaimed, "I respect you sincerely—I do, indeed. All of you are old friends of mine, and I've found posts for most of you in one or other of my novels. But what is a poor writer to do? The novel with a heroine is becoming unfashionable, 'the heroine is steadily departing from English fiction,' as Mr. ALDEN says, and—in point of fact, I can't offer you any employment in future."

"What?" they shrieked in chorus. "You refuse? You will turn us away from——"

"Hush," cried an authoritative voice from the background, "the matter now rests with me. I, Sir, am a heroine in the employ of Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT—I am, in fact, a Lady of Quality. Perhaps you will remember that when a man annoys me, I murder him and hide his corpse under the sofa. You have a sofa, I think?"

At these terrible words I gave one despairing yell—and awoke.



THE HOPE THAT FAILED.

Sir Percy Goldman, M.P. (*affably seeking subjects of conversation with his Constituents*). "I THINK MY WIFE MENTIONED THAT YOU ARE A GREAT COLLECTOR, MR. BAKER; I DO A LITTLE IN THAT WAY MYSELF—IS IT COINS?"

Mr. Baker. "I PREFER IT IN THAT FORM, SIR PERCY, THOUGH I TAKE CHEQUES IN SOME CASES—I COLLECT FOR SMALL, PROFEIT, & CO., 'IGH STREET."



"OH, PLEASE, 'M, TH' NOO PAARSON'S CALLED TO SEE YOU."
"VERY WELL, MARY. I HOPE YOU'VE SHOWN HIM IN, AND ASKED HIM TO SIT DOWN?"
"OH, YES, 'M, AH'VE *LOOSED 'IM INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM!*"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Arrive about eight. After supper at the hotel, what is to be done? Too late for any theatre. Just take a stroll in the streets. In the Ring-Strasse, of course, here at the very door. On such a fine evening the Paris Boulevards would be crowded. Even Piccadilly, or Princes Street, Edinburgh, would not be deserted. Have always understood that Vienna is quite unlike London or Edinburgh; that it is as gay as Paris. How pleasant! I will walk out and see all the fun, here in this part of the Ring-Strasse, the part nearest to the Opera, the Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna. Should perhaps assume a jaunty air, suited to the place. Must not look like a weary American, or a bored English tourist. Might put my hat a little on one side, if I were sure that that would be correct in Vienna. Can arrange this when I see how the other men in the crowd wear their hats. So, merely lighting a cigarette, and giving an extra twist to my moustache, I stroll into the street.

I am absolutely alone! From end to end there isn't a soul besides me! Come to that, I don't know which is the end, for the street is so monstrously wide that the width and the length, in this segment of the circle, are about the same. But neither across, nor along the street can I see any one. The Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna, at half-past nine on a fine October evening, is quieter than Portland Place at midnight on Sunday. My moustache untwists itself, and my hat slips towards the back of my head. Could walk here in flannels without being noticed. Keep along by the houses, and reach the immense space by the Opera. It is as deserted as Salisbury Plain. Only Salisbury Plain is not covered with huge cobble-stones, and pools of water between them. Shall not attempt to cross. Smoke a cigarette at the corner Remember a tranquil, moonlit scene, something like this, at Bologna. Also at Venice, only there the moon shone on water alone, without cobble-stones. Bologna, Venice, Vienna; nice quiet places for nervous invalid.

Suddenly, terrific noise, clatter of hoofs and wheels. As yet I see nothing. Must be fire-engine. Suddenly, round a corner, at a fearful pace, comes two-horse cab. It rattles over these cobble-stones, and stops at Opera House. Others come, with equal noise, and I see dark figures slip out from the great building, some of them riding away in the clattering cabs, most of them jumping over the pools of water and vanishing in side streets. Then I understand that the Opera is over, and that even the belated patrons of the drama have gone home to bed. Ten. I must do the same. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

"ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS SERVARE MENTEM."

MY HORACE, most excellent fellow,
No doubt it was easy for you,
With your farm and Falernian mellow,
To preach a philosophy true.

But to others, whose ancestors often
Have left but a name to uphold,
The practice lacks something to soften
A theory so manfully bold.

At Eton, long since, and most dearly,
I've paid for your verses, as such.
Mens æqua in arduis!—clearly
It 's asking a little too much.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—In case of serious fires in London, it appears from the recent inquiry, the water supply will always be sufficient as long as the Fire Brigade has Command o' Wells.



SHUNTED!!

MRS. BRITANNIA. "GLAD TO SEE YOU 'VE GOT THAT NASTY TRUCK OUT OF THE WAY, YOUNG MAN, IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS EXPRESS!"



FEMALE AMENITIES.

Mrs. Aylesbury. "DO TELL ME WHAT BIT YOU USED TO USE,—AS I CAN'T HOLD THIS HORSE I BOUGHT AT YOUR SALE!'
Mrs. Quorn. "I REALLY DON'T REMEMBER,—AS, WHEN *I* USED TO RIDE IT, IT WAS SUCH A SLUG, I WAS COMPELLED TO USE A CUTTING WHIP TO MAKE IT GO."

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You ask me what "sort of a husband" I recommend. My dear, ask me the name of a dressmaker, of a doctor, or of a (ugh!) dentist, and I can tell you precisely. I can name the man. But what sort of a husband!! Well, after sifting the matter carefully, and after looking before *you* leap, and after an experience of some few years of married life, I say, decidedly, choose a man



Who likes to go Shopping.

You will find him very useful if managed judiciously; he will prove an immense saving to you, as if you went alone you would have to tip porters, and squabble with cabmen. Then from a certain point of view I should advise some of those "about to marry" to select a man



Who has no Club.

But this is an exceptional case. Finally, if you wish to be strictly economical, and to live in the suburbs, or in the country, and if your husband has no occupation or profession, then I should say, in order that you may attend assiduously to your domestic duties, which include visiting, five o'clock teas, and so forth, then ascertain that your husband is of a maternal disposition, and one



Who does this.

If I think of anything else I will let you know. But, above all, please yourself, and by so doing you will delight

Yours affectionately, DORA.

JUST THE JEWEL FOR AN AUTO-MOBILIST.—A motor-car-buncle.



TWO MORE "SIDE SHOWS" THAT SIMPLY MUST NOT BE OMITTED AT OLYMPIA.

Hint to Visitors.—A DEEP OBEISANCE SHOULD BE MADE ON APPROACHING GEORGE NATHANIEL BY ALL VISITORS BELOW THE RANK OF EMPEROR, OTHERWISE HE RETIRES HURT, THREATENING GENERAL CHAOS IN EUROPE.

THE RECRUIT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You have joined the army with a view to distinguishing yourself in the annals of your country?

Answer. Not exactly; although no doubt I liked the idea of wearing a red coat, and belonging to a service once commanded by MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON.

Q. I see by your reply that you have some education?

A. Yes, thanks to the School Board.

Q. Then could you not employ your time to better purpose than drill in the barrack square and beer in the canteen?

A. Possibly; although nowadays learning is rather a drug in the market. So I joined, for, at the moment, I had nothing better to do.

Q. And I suppose that your comrades were rolling stones like yourself?

A. You may take it that most of us belonged to the ne'er-do-well class.

Q. And what do you expect from your connection with the army?

A. A few years of comparative comfort, and then compulsory retirement.

Q. But will not your service with the colours assist to get civil employment on your retirement?

A. No; because, during my stay in the army, I shall lose the chance of acquiring technical knowledge of the craft I might like to adopt.

Q. You mean that non-army men would have an advantage over you in this respect?

A. Certainly; and this would also be true anent the obligation of the reservist.

Q. What is that obligation?

A. At a call from headquarters to desert all civil employment to join his old regiment.

Q. Does this interfere with the obtainment of civil employment?

A. Undoubtedly; and consequently service in the army is a doubtful blessing.

Q. Why is it a doubtful blessing?

A. Because a youngster is taken for a few years into a service that can only teach him the discipline of endurance, and then sent adrift to compete with men who have been learning their trades from their childhood.

Q. Then why do you enlist?

A. Because there is nothing better to do in the present, and as for the future, it must look after itself.

BARBAROUS.—The barbed wire fences in a hunting country.

A LORDLY ECCLESIASTIC.—Bishop EARLE.

A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

["We are sorry to see that something like a contention is arising as to what shall be the 'foremost and immediate object' of the Liberal Party.... Whether the Lords can be attacked with any prospect of success out of the *ewigkeit*, so to speak, is a very serious question.... The first business, however, if we may venture to remind the party of so very practical a consideration, is *to obtain a majority*."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

THE Liberal hens sat on their eggs,
It was a solemn sight;
Their brows were knit, their eyes were lit
With a strange prophetic light;
Their beaks came out beyond the bars
Sniffing the *ewigkeit*.

Some of them sat so deep in thought
They never said a word;
The Monmouth brand on the other hand
Occasionally purred;
And a pleasant flow of badinage
Fell from the Birrell-bird.

The Durdans fowl was well aware
She was warming lumps of stone;
And the Montrose Pet had got a set
Of Gaelic ducks on loan;
But the Bantam-hen from Battersea
Sat hard upon her own.

To wile away their leisure time,
And it went exceeding slow,
Their fancies ran on a likely plan
For making chickens grow;
On a programme pointing out the way
That a chicken ought to go.

"Home Rule," said one, "is what they want,
As I observed before."
By this she stuck with a steady cluck,
And even slightly swore;
But the others lifted up their bills
And called the bird a bore.

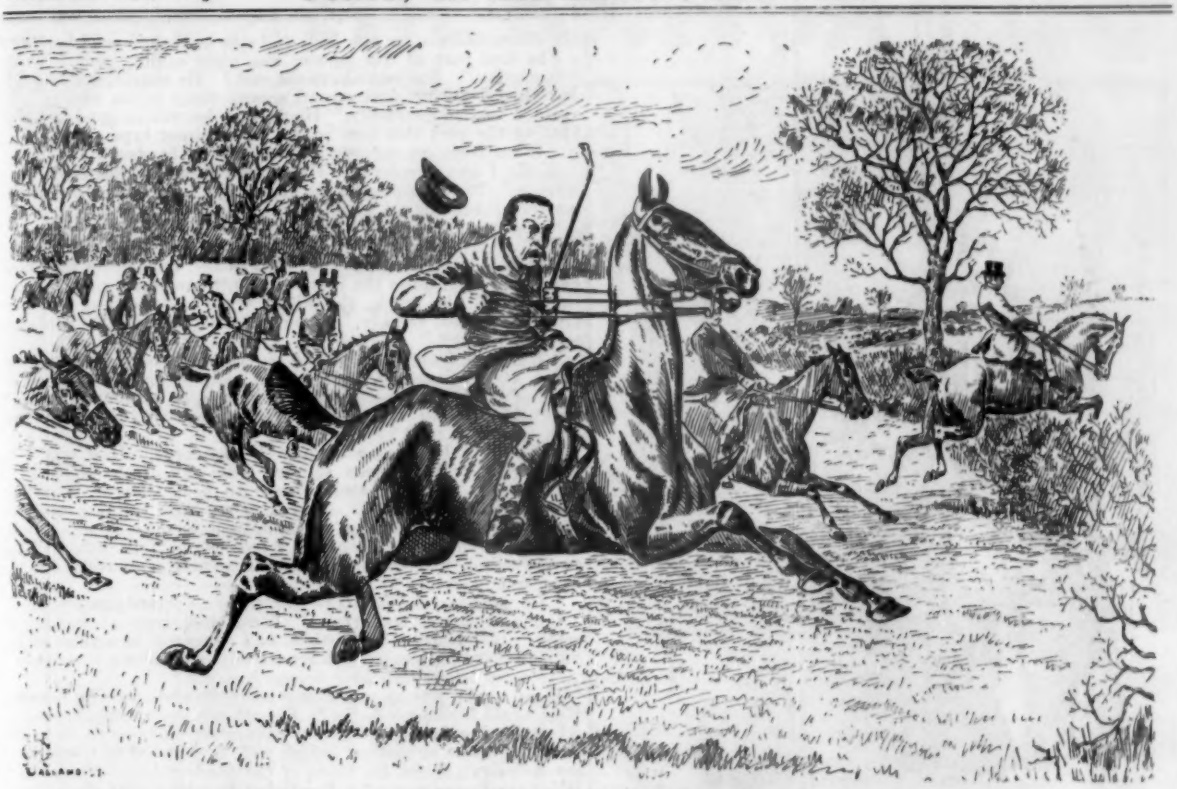
Another said: "At certain sins
No parent ought to blink;
Let us not pause in passing laws
To localise the Drink."
But the others looked a little shy,
And one was seen to wink.

At this the Bantam opened out
With a proletariat snort:
"I'd train 'em to bust the upper-crust,
The bloated birds of sport!"
But the more respectable muttered "Pooh!"
Which cut the Bantam short.

Then one in Henhood's name produced
A notion to serve their need;
The same would enhance their chickens' chance
And check their neighbours' greed:—
"One bird, one crop: one crop, one grain!"
And they all said: "Good, indeed!"

Out spoke at length a thoughtful fowl
That knew the ropes and rings:
"Before we teach our chickens to screech
Or forage or wag their wings,
By way of preface a useful move
Would be to *hatch the things*."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—PUZZLED.—The symptoms you describe are not unusual—we often suffer that way ourselves. A disinclination for any kind of work, a feeling that we must dine royally somewhere, go to the theatre afterwards, and wind up at a supper-club, are quite normal conditions with us. We do not view them with any alarm.



HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Gent (on mettlesome Hireling). "'ELP! 'ELP! SOMEBODY STOP 'IM! 'E'S GOING TO JUMP, AND I CAN'T!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Poetical Young Person is inditing an effusion to his fancied Mistress, when he receives a coldly-worded missive.

I THOUGHT that we were friends that night,
Or something else, or something else!
You filled my heart with sweet delight,
Or something else, or something else!
Your lips were telephones to me,
The while your eyes made mine to see,
I fancied all that you might be
Of something else, of something else!

I thought that we 'd together roam
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
But everywhere should be our home
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
By sunny waters, unknown seas,
'Mid everlasting blooms and trees,
You, only you I 'd slave to please,
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!

You never should your power lose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
Yours be the right to pick and choose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
Yours be the voice to guide our way,
You to command and I obey,
You be the "Yea," not I the "Nay,"
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!

In praise of you I 'd use a ream,
For no one else, for no one else!
Reality 's in you a dream,
In no one else, in no one else!——
I 'd written this when you upset
My auto-car, and with regret
I read between the lines, you 've met
With some one else, with some one else!

A WORD FROM THE CRACKERIES.—A reliable recipe from our own Crackery book on how to make a Christmas evening go off as it should in the crackiest, cheeriest method. First, deck the board in all the tinselled graces from "The Artistic Table Decorations," then, under the blue light of the "X Rays," the marvels of "The Cinematographe" can be mixed with sea-



sonable fare from "Relics of the North," trifles left by NANSEN'S bears. Most digestible! Though possibly, after devouring "The Christmas Stories," "Goblins," as the pervading spirit of festivity, may haunt one's dreams. No matter, with such ingredients, served as they are by TOM SMITH, a true evening-party hilarity is secured, at least so says

ROB ROY MCCRACKERY, O!

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF INITIALS.—"A. B." writes to us, saying, "It is very hard on me. But it must be so. I enjoy Christmas thoroughly—turkey, pies, puddings, and all the golopshus delicacies of the season. When Christmas festivities are over, I am no longer 'A. B.,' but 'C. D.'"

"SHINE OUT, FAIR SUN."

[The *Times*, following *Mr. Punch's* suggestion, again records the sunshine.]

WHAT *Mr. Punch* suggested,
Oh! *Times*, you 've kindly done.
We all are interested
To hear about the sun.
Who 'd keep a log
Of rain and fog
If he could see the sun?

Alas, the record-making,
Which you 've again begun,
Is often record-breaking
In just recording none!
Day after day,
You mostly say,
"Bright sunshine, London, none."

WAKE UP.—It is announced that Mr. GOODAY will be the new General Manager of the Brighton Railway. Travellers on the line might say that hitherto Goodnight would have been more appropriate for the sleepy railway of sleepy Sussex. Unless they remarked that the trip from Portsmouth to Hastings, or even from Victoria to Brighton after 4.30 P.M., was a good day's journey. Good, eh? Only they are always too miserably tired even to make bad puns.

At the Celestial Restaurant.

Customer (indignantly). Hi! waiter, what do you call this soup?

Waiter (meekly). I not know, Sir, but ze padrone tell me to describe 'im Cock-tail!



QUITE AN INSULT.

Grandmamma (to the boys, arrived for a week's visit). "SO, MY DEARS, AS THAT NASTY OLD LEATHER FOOTBALL OF UNCLE FRANK'S IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU, I HAVE MADE THIS NICE NEW WORSTED ONE FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH INSTEAD."

IN RE—PINKERTON'S INSURANCE.

PART II.—*Mr. Briefless loses both a Friend and a Client.*

"Now, mind, I am not to be disturbed," I said to PORTINGTON, as, pen in hand, I sat before the desk upon which was spread the insurance form dealing with PINKERTON'S—if I may use the expression—vital characteristics. "To-day, even Sir GEORGE must wait, and if the matter is particularly pressing, hand it over to Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I confess I was not very sanguine of receiving anything of moment, nor desirous of advancing the forensic career of the learned gentleman—I cannot call him friend—I had mentioned, but my admirable and excellent clerk understood me.

"Certainly, Sir. No doubt Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE will be very pleased to devil for you."

"No doubt, PORTINGTON, no doubt. He is welcome to the professional distinction such an office may confer on him."

This settled, I turned my attention to the questions that I was asked to answer. I had PINKERTON'S leave to reply without fear or favour, and according to the dictates of my conscience.

"*How long have you known him?*"

Well, about ten or twelve years. That seemed the obvious reply, but then, was not something more required? To say that one "knows" any one suggests an intimate acquaintance with the person that was scarcely warranted by my acquaintance with PINKERTON. Had I dined with him? No, not even on Christmas Day. So, after the most careful consideration, I cautiously replied, "I have never *really* known him," putting the adverb into italic.

"*When did you see him last, and was he then in good health?*"

The first part of the answer was plain sailing, and I wrote "Yesterday." But how about the rest? He seemed well enough, but then I am no doctor, and cannot reply as an expert. So again, I replied guardedly, "He *told* me he was in good health," putting the verb this time in the emphasising type.

"*What is the present and general state of his health?*"

Again I was perplexed. How could I form a diagnosis as a layman? It was unfair to ask this of me. So I disposed of the matter by writing, "I would prefer not to say."

"*Are you aware of his having at any time been seriously unwell? And if so, when?*"

Another poser. According to PINKERTON, he is never in robust health, in fact, quite the reverse. So, remembering his injunction to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I replied, frankly, "From what he tells me he is always seriously unwell."

"*Have you known or heard of his being afflicted with apoplexy, palsy, fits, or insanity, with asthma, palpitation, or other affections of the heart, lungs, or chest, with dropsy, rheumatism, gout, erysipelas, or any other disease or permanent injury which may tend to shorten life?*"

Once more I was at a distinct disadvantage. How was I to know whether PINKERTON suffered from any of the above list? So I wrote, "Again I would prefer to keep silence. You had better ask him yourself." And then my legal training asserted itself. So I added a rider, "You are not bound—he will not be making an affidavit—to believe *everything* he tells you." This, to my mind, was an eminently fair answer, and could do no harm to any one.

"*Do you know his habits to be strictly sober and temperate?*"

Come, this was too strong! I was indignant at having to reply to so insulting a question, so I answered in a tone of indignation, "Gentlemen, he is my friend, and I refuse to answer."

"*Do you believe they have always been so?*"

Here, again, was an unpleasant and even embarrassing inquiry. How could I give my belief? I could not help remembering an occasion when he said I was not personally qualified to write the book I propose publishing (which will, in point of fact, comprise my memoirs), *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig: the Experiences of a Practising Barrister.* At the time of the assertion I had declared that he must be either "mad or drunk," so I wrote, guardedly—giving him, so to speak, the benefit of the doubt—"He may at times have been perfectly sober."

"*Is his occupation or mode of living in any respect injurious to health?*"

Again a poser. I recollected that he mentioned once that his medical attendant had told him that a week at Margate would do him a world of good. This looked as if the physician considered a change of career advisable. So I put, "Well, after all, it's a matter of opinion, and doctors may be wrong like other folk."

"*Were his parents long lived?*"

This I could answer off-hand. He is very reticent about his people, so I wrote the truth, "He never will tell me."

"*Have any of his near relatives been affected with consumption, or insanity, or any other disease supposed to be hereditary?*"

Now this I could answer diplomatically, and moreover show that whatever PINKERTON'S head might be his heart was in the right place. I wrote accordingly, "I know he has always been most kind to his family, spending most of his time at their sick-beds."

"*Are there any other circumstances known to you affecting the elegibility of this life which the Directors ought to know?*"

Again distinctly inquisitorial, so I administered a well-deserved snub, "Gentlemen," I wrote, "I will *not* betray confidences."

"*Do you consider the proposed assurance more than usually hazardous?*"

It was the last question, so I thought I would conclude with a word of pleasing encouragement. "Come, gentlemen," I wrote, "show yourselves Englishmen and be brave!"

Glad to have finished my task I opened my door, and my excellent and admirable clerk entered.

"While you were at work, Sir, a brief was left for you."

Could I believe my ears! Come, this was good news!

"And as you were engaged, and they wanted to consult counsel at once, I sent them on to Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I could scarcely speak. See what I had sacrificed on the altar of friendship!

And what makes the disappointment the harder to bear is, that since I sent in the paper to that insurance office, PINKERTON meets me almost daily and invariably cuts me! I am told he is still a bachelor. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, December 12, 1897.

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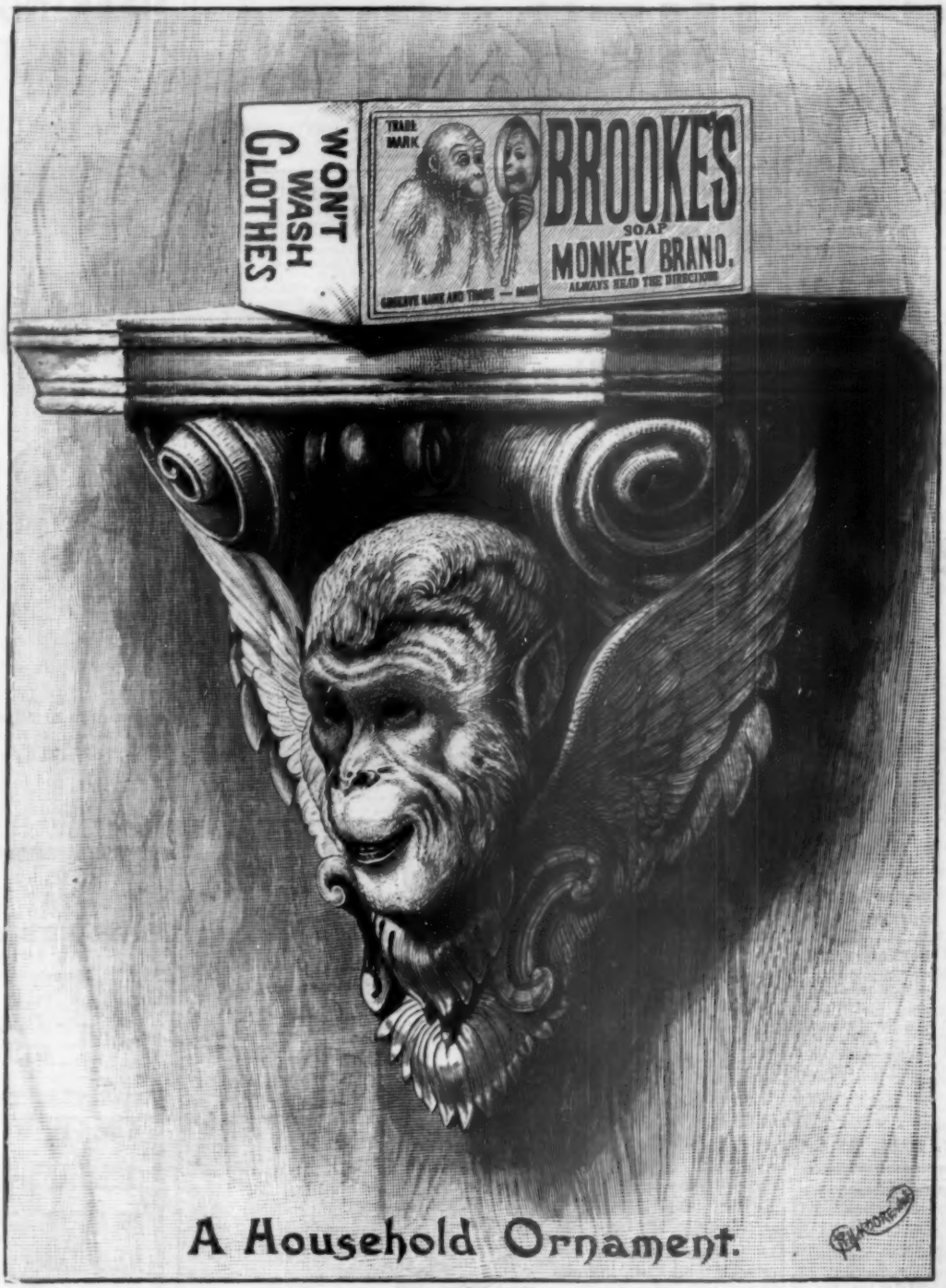
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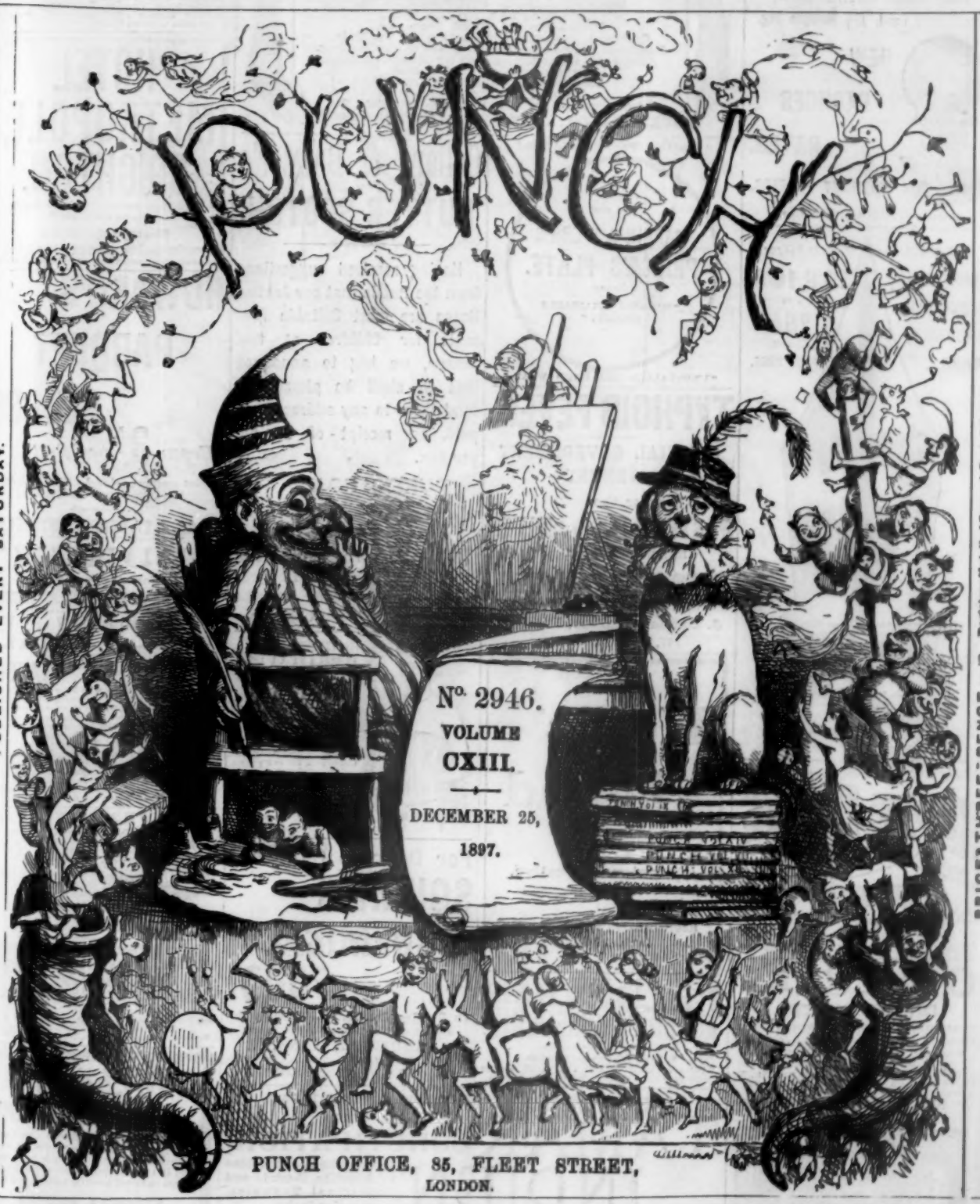
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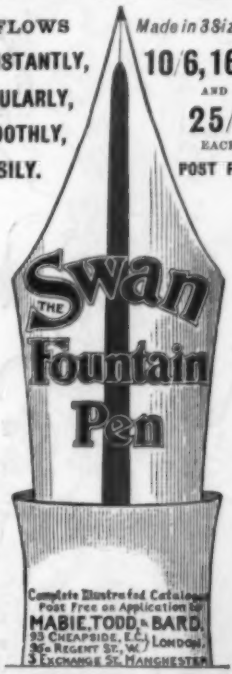


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Preserves and Strengthens the Hair, and prevents Baldness; no other Preparation can produce such a Dressy and Beautiful Appearance of the Hair; if you have not already tried it you are

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to procure a Bottle at once, and continue using it for your own and your Children's Hair. Also in a Golden Colour. Sizes 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

Sold by Stores and Chemists.



JUVENILE TIPPLE.

Freddy (with an air). "HAVE A DROP, UNCLE?"
Uncle (a two-bottle man). "WHAT IS IT, FREDDY?"
Freddy. "COLD TEA, WITH LOTS OF SUGAR. RIPPIN'!"

A SEASONABLE YULE-TIDE.

SCENE—*Editorial Sanctum, Fleet Street.*
TIME—*December* 24.

Editor (at telephone). Yes, I am here.

First Voice. Australia. Lovely weather, and the cricketers doing famously. Awfully hot, but not too hot for the national game.

Editor (switching on another wire). Yes, I am here.

Second Voice. America. Summer-time according to the English accent. Footer going on all right. Englishmen distinctly popular.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Third Voice. Cairo. Hot as an English July. British garrison hard at work at lawn-tennis and polo.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Fourth Voice. India. Splendid weather. Wonder how you are going on in London. Old-fashioned December, eh? Frost, snow, mistletoe, holly and fog, eh? Meanwhile, we over here are up to our eyes in golf.

Editor (switching on all wires). Well, my friends, you in all parts of the world indulging in Summer sports under a sultry sky, we wish you a Merry Christmas.

All the Voices. The same to you! And now we are all off to eat plum-pudding!

[Curtain.

PARTANT POUR LA CHINE;

OR, THE NEW EVANGELIST.

My precious HENRY, hear my parting speech,
Ere yet you sail beyond my vocal reach!
Oft have I sauntered round by way of Kiel
And stopped, like this, to take a transient meal;
But never have I sucked the local breeze
In circumstances so unique as these.
To see you launched upon your First Crusade
Sends up my blood to 60 (Centigrade).
Remember, HENRY, it 's a Holy War
That you are on the point of starting for;
Or, bearing still in mind our trade's increase,
Perhaps I ought to say a Holy Peace.
You will remark among my sketchy plans a
Design for re-establishing a Hansa!
What is a Hansa? Any one who looks
Will find about it in the history books;
It was a Syndicate in ancient times
For planting German goods in various climes;
It swept from end to end the briny blue
As we, my HENRY, contemplate to do,
Running the Ocean on our own account
As soon as we can raise the right amount.

Meanwhile I send you on to clear the way;
Ach, Himmel! what a sacrifice to pay!
Think of me sometimes, HENRY, all alone
With thorns distributed about my throne!
You know your brother's wish; lay hands, my pet,
On any mortal thing that you can get.
Employ, if feasible, your native charms,
But, failing this, resort at once to arms.
If people in the neighbourhood resist,
Let out upon them with your mailèd fist;
It saves the knuckles; do be sure to take
This small precaution for your brother's sake.

For longer range you carry shot and shell,
In case you see a running infidel;
I also hand you here St. Michael's Shield,
You 'll stick it somewhere on the coaling field.
Observe the blazon—our Imperial Bird,
Of which, no doubt, the dragons will have heard;
Call their attention to it; let them see
The Fowl is emblematical of Me.
One dragon you will notice, should he come,
Because he wears a large chrysanthemum;
HENRY, between us two, as man to man,
Be careful how you jump upon Japan!

And now before you make a final clearance
(This is your positively last appearance),
Before, in fact, we tear ourselves apart,
Recite that little thing you have by heart;
And tell these gentlemen how you propose
To visit countries where the heathen grows,
And preach abroad in each distinct locality
The Gospel of my hallowed Personality.

HENRY, my boy, I cannot lightly smother
The sacred feelings of an only brother!
Pray Heaven, though we cannot go together,
You may enjoy a decent turn of weather;
And when your task, your glorious task, is o'er
(I trust, without expenditure of gore)
Omit not to return that I may spread
The laurels on your slightly youthful head.
Charge glasses! Ere he climbs the deadly poop,
I give His Royal Highness—Whoop!
WHOOP!! WHOOP!!!



A PRINCE OF CRICKET.

Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, RANJI! PLUCKY PERFORMANCE!"



WE MUSTN'T ALWAYS JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

"I SAY, BILL, YOU AREN'T GOT SUCH A THING AS THE PRICE OF 'ARF A PINT ABOUT YOU, ARE YER? I'M SO BLOOMING *DRY!*"

"*HOCH!* TOBY, M.P., AS PRIVATE REFEREE."

(*From Ballads of Barkshire, by the late* ANON.)

To Mr. Punch.

REVERED SIR,—In the large leisure of the Recess I have read with interest Mr. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR'S account of his doings in connection with a form of inquiry submitted to him by an Insurance Company, contemplating effecting a policy on the life of one of his friends. By a coincidence, which shows how small the world is, I have had a similar application made to me, and beg to inclose a copy of my reply. I should, perhaps, say that the inimitable seriousness of the catechism is a literal transcript of the official printed form.

1. How many years have you known him?—Since the death of Queen ANNE.
2. Are you in the habit of seeing him frequently?—Too.
3. When did you last see him?—On the stroke of midnight.
4. In what state of health was he at that time?—Shaky on his pins.
5. What has been the general state of his health since you have known him?—Hopeless.
6. Do you know, or have you ever heard, that he has had asthma, any fit, habitual cough, spitting of blood, or any disorder tending to the shortening of life?—Everything of that sort, and more.
7. Do you know if any of his relations have been affected with, or have died of, consumption?—All gone; some galloped.
8. Is he subject to gout, insanity, or any other constitutional disorder?—Nothing in that way comes amiss to him. He had measles before he was three days old.
9. Are you acquainted with his ordinary manner of living?—Alas! yes.
10. Has he been a person of temperate habits?—Not since I have known him.
11. Is he now a person of temperate habits?—To some extent he is at breakfast-time.
12. Has he ever met with any serious accident?—He once fell into the coal-cellar under the impression it was the key-hole of the front door, and that his right leg was the latch-key.
13. Is there any other circumstance or information respecting his past or present health and habits of life, within your knowledge or belief, with which the Directors of this society ought to be made acquainted?—There are several; but perhaps I have said enough.

You will observe that I have felt it right to be perfectly frank in the matter. I have not yet heard whether my friend has had the desired policy issued to him.

Yours, with esteem and respect, TOBY, M.P.

The Kennel, Barks.

A Change of Cloth.

Marylebone Moderate (*reading "Evening News" poster*). What's this? "Billiards. Brilliant Play by DIGGLE"? Glad to see the reverend gentleman is consoling himself!

ADVERTISER, having a few Missionaries to dispose of, wishes to meet with Chinese or other purchaser. What offers? Would accept half the Celestial Empire, a brand new Navy or a Rhyming Dictionary.—WILLIAM, Potsdam.

A Polar Puzzle.

Q. Why does HERR ANDREE resemble an obstinate voter?
A. Because he is determined to get to the poll.

Answers to Correspondents.

BLIGHTED.—You ask us to give you some remedy for "a mind diseased," and to prescribe something which will keep you from thinking about the lost loved one. Nothing is easier. Go to a chemist and ask him for 1 ounce assafœtida, 2 wormwood, and 2 Epsom salts. Mix and take in one dose. After that, you will think of nothing but how to get the taste out of your mouth for the next week.

INQUIRER.—It is rather hard to obtain an interview with a Prime Minister. The best way is to pretend to be somebody else. Of course, if the Prime Minister doesn't enter heartily into the game, why, then *he* wins, and you are out; pretty quickly, too. Perhaps worth trying as an experience.



MR. PUNCH AND THE POLE.

THE *VERY LATEST* ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. PUNCH has pleasure in announcing that, undeterred by the failure of all previous expeditions, he is now on his way to the North Pole. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, an American skipper recently presented the head-man of an Eskimo community with a Punch-and-Judy Show. The Eskimo's son is now an expert at the business, and makes the familiar marionettes dance about, to the intense delight of his friends. The show is known among the Eskimo as "Boont-an-toody."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(A Candid Confession.)

YES, I received, my worthy BROWN,
Your Christmas present yesterday,
Quite worth, no doubt, the good half-crown
For carriage that I had to pay.
Though you passed on a gift cigar
Undue expenditure to save you,
Yet, price for price, no doubt they *are*
Well worth the liquor that I gave you.

That "Rare old Scotch from Special Vat"
(Although I hoped you wouldn't guess it)
Was given me—but what of that?—
A year ago, I must confess it.
Yet even so, friend (I'll engage
You had *your* hamper carriage free),
It may be fiery, but its age
Twelve months, at least, I'll guarantee.

But as for those cigars, all flam,
"Flor de" Whitechapel, I don't doubt it!
Sheer cabbage-leaf, not worth a—rap!
Yet I won't say too much about it,
For I myself am half to blame
(Though you forgot it, I dare say),
I recognised them as the same
That I sent you last Christmas Day.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Let me write a nation's songs, and I don't care twopence who frames its laws."—*Confooshius.*

WHILE "drinking" has been glorified by numberless poets, *eating*-songs have been sadly neglected. To help to fill an aching void has been my humble endeavour. The great problem was to write a song which would be truly national by appealing to all sections of the public. That problem I have solved. Here it is.

NATIONAL FEEDING-SONG.

Hail, brothers! hail the festive board!
On gastronomic wing
To culinary heights we've soared,
To chuckle, feed, and sing.
With soup and fish and flesh and fowl,
Cast every care behind,
Let bitter-faced ascetics howl,
We'll eat until we're blind.

Chorus.

Joys of the table are many and rare,
None but the brave are deserving the fare,
Turkeys and pheasants and patties and hams,
Salmon and ven'son and jellies and jams,
Here's to them all with a yell and a whoop,
And here's to the turtle when turned into soup;
Calipash, calipee,
Are the "jockies" for me,
Hurrah for the turtle in glorious soup!

The Vegetarian Verse.

All hail the soft, seraphic joy
Of turnip-tops and greens!
Come, join our blissful ranks, my boy,
And we will "give you beans."
The soul that slays the tender sheep
Is savage, fierce and grim;
Enough to make a cabbage weep
Are cannibals like him.

Chorus.

But a cheer for the gentle and nourishing lentil,
Hurrah for banana and pippin and "pine,"
The mushroom so merry, the succulent cherry,
On which so serenely we daintily dine.
A fig for the fellow who turns from a mellow
And beautiful pear for the sake of a chop;
He may go off to China, or South Carolina,
And when he has got there we hope he will stop!
We will remain to devour at our ease
Prunes and potatoes and porridge and peas.

The Schoolboys' Verse.

Come all you kids, and sing a song
Of peppermint and pie,
Digestions such as ours are strong,
And ostriches defy.
So ladle out the marmalade
And mix it up with cream,
Add sardines—eat the mess you've made,
Then lay you down and dream.

Chorus.

For it's cheer, boys, cheer, boys, for chocolate and buns
("One a penny, two a penny," so the legend runs),
Puffs and tarts and cocoa-nut, and everything that's nice,
And we'll give an "extra special" for the stunning penny ice.

AFTER THE SPEECHES WERE OVER.

(An entirely Imaginary Conversation.)

Senior. Well, my dear HENRY, I think we got over that little function pretty well.

Junior. Yes, WILLIAM; and now your only brother is off to China.

S. Take care of yourself, and mind you get lots of laurels for your youthful brow.

J. Don't chaff. And I say, if you were so proud of the Great Chancellor, why did you kick him out?

S. If you cheek me, hang me if I don't send you into banishment!

J. Well, a trip to the Far East, after all, is not exactly home service.

S. But, my dear HENRY, I am giving you as a pledge—you, my only brother.

J. Yes, a joke's a joke, but this is going a little too far.

S. Perhaps, for you, but not for me. However, don't let's quarrel.

J. Good-bye, old man. A happy Christmas to you!

S. And a prosperous New Year to you!

[*Exeunt severally.*

REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.—What distinction is going to be conferred on Lieutenant DE BRETT, who loaded and fired the gun at the risk of his life when extricating the escort retiring from Maizar? The name "DE BRETT" is associated with "the Peerage."

THE SENSIBLE PARTY.

["Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY said they could not hope to win the elections in March while they called themselves 'Moderates.' Let them change the name. He would suggest one. Let them be the 'Sensible' Party."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHY are we so unpopular? The *name* is what is wrong with us.
Who could enthuse at "Moderate"? The word is stiff as starch.
We must change it if we are not to be told to get along with us,
And sent about our business at the polling-booths in March.
An *alias* is rapidly becoming indispensable,
We want a name will rally good electors to our call.
I have it! Why not dub ourselves not "Moderate" but "Sensible"—
A first-class fighting adjective that will appeal to all.

It's a charming appellation, and implies so many qualities,
It means we're everything that's right and nothing that is wrong,
We have no silly fancies, no extravagant frivolities,
We are not as Progressives are—we hate the vulgar throng.
We never say, or think, or do a thing that's reprehensible,
We're patterns of the virtues, we are wise and perfect souls.
Let's call our party what it is, *videlicet*, the "Sensible,"
And take my word, we'll carry all before us at the polls.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The School for Saints* (FISHER UNWIN), JOHN OLIVER HOBBES is tiresomely clever. This is a result largely due to the circumstance that she has deliberately founded her style upon that of the author of *Coningsby*. DISRAELI'S literary style was the worst thing about his novels, a fantastic garment the wearing of which was possible only to its inventor. No one but DIZZY could have invented it, and as far as the patience of mankind stretches, none but he is endurable in the tricky spangled garb. JOHN OLIVER HOBBES, dauntless beyond compare, not only laboriously copies the manner, but brings on to her stage the man. He is a poor, padded creature, wound up to say a few glittering things, and when the too obvious machinery is exhausted, he collapses. All this is a pity, for the author of *A Sinner's Comedy*, and *Some Emotions and a Moral*, is capable of better things. This is proved in the opening scene of her latest novel, by far the best passage in a fatally ambitious effort. JOHN OLIVER should trust to herself, let herself go along her own path without attempt to tow frigates, old-fashioned or new. By the way, this erudite writer puts a familiar couplet thus:—

Souvent femme varie;
Mal habil qui s'y fie.

In my Baronite's recollection the last line runs:—

Bien fol qui s'y fie.

It is certainly a better rendering.

Those Dreadful Twins, on their own showing, are feeble in comparison with their elder relatives. They evidently enjoyed their own fun, and no one will begrudge them this pleasure.

An Almanac of Twelve Sports, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON (HEINEMANN), with words by RUDYARD KIPLING, appears in that curious revival of old, quaintly-coloured drawing which the artist affects uniquely, and so successfully. Immensely clever, but not to be recommended to anybody with anything like "a head on," in the morning after a Christmas revel.

GILBERT ABECKETT'S *Comic History of England* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), is by this time a Classic of Light Literature. Were our youthful students—not too youthful—to have this work put into their hands for a couple of half-hours a week, the Baron ventures to think that those possessed of any sense of humour, after reading a chapter or so, writ and illustrated by two Laughing Philosophers, would return, with increased zest, to the serious study of English history. The first volume of the *Comic History* carries us up to the coronation of HENRY THE SEVENTH, which comes as a grand finale after the theatrical, cut-and-thrust, sensational combat between RICHMOND and RICHARD THE THIRD on Bosworth Field. JOHN LEECH'S illustrations, bright with colour, are very gems in this work, executed one and all of them in the genuine spirit of burlesque! True that "*rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*," but in this instance the "*sapeur*" is the artist, who, like *Billy Taylor* in the ballad, is "full of mirth and full of spree," and whose work, meet it where you will, is that of a genius, and is a joy for ever. "Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." May that date be far distant in the comic history of our country when a rising generation shall be unable to enjoy the combined work of GILBERT ABECKETT and JOHN LEECH.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



PROOF.

"YOU WON'T GO IN THAT DARK ROOM ALONE BY YOURSELF, TOMMY."
"OH! WON'T I? YOU JUST *COME WITH ME*, AND SEE ME DO IT!"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Next morning to a bank. Find exchange office. In glass case, hermetically sealed, sits melancholy cashier. I look at him; he looks mournfully at me. He rises slowly; opens portion of glass case. He seems to be crushed by some hopeless grief. I ask him if he speaks English. I am sure I can put more sympathy into words of my own language. He answers, in a sad whisper, that he does. Then I beg him to change my circular note. I do it as gently as possible, but all the time I fear he will break down. He gazes disconsolately at me while I endorse it. I give it to him. Perhaps I ought to grasp his outstretched hand, shake it for a few moments, and murmur, "Bear up, my dear Sir, do not give way entirely." I hesitate, and the opportunity is lost. With a heart-breaking sigh, he closes the glass shutter, and totters back to his seat. I sit down, and wait silently in respectful sympathy. Take up newspaper, sadly. Peruse the Deaths.

Read, slowly, the undertaker's advertisements. Look up. He hasn't moved. Read again. Another peep. He hasn't moved yet. What can I read now? Ah, the inquests. Read them very deliberately, and peep once more. He is still there, gazing at vacancy. Perhaps I might cough gently. Try it. His mournful eyes turn reproachfully upon me. Hide my confusion behind the paper, and read about a crime. Can't wait here all day. Peep again. I believe he is going to sleep. Feel sleepy myself. Better get it over. Stand up. He sees me, and is quite overcome. He beckons to another cashier, almost as melancholy, who brings me a *bordereau*. I present this at another glass case, and a third man, equally sad, hands me my money. It is all over. I bow, in grave and sympathetic silence, to the three grief-stricken gentlemen, and they bow mournfully to me. I can hardly repress a rising sob. I hasten, past a dismal porter, into the lobby. I gladly see, written up, the word "Thiswayout," and I run down the staircase into the sunshine and fresh air. Feel happier at once. The fresh air! No wonder they are depressed. The double windows of that bank have probably never been opened since it was built.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



THE PITFALLS OF OUR ORTHOËPY.

"WELL, DOCTOR, AND DO YOU EXPECT TO DO MUCH SLEIGHING THIS WINTER?"

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!

WHEN the jolly hall-clock, crowned by ivy and holly, ticks
Merrily, cheerily, Christmastide in,
We dream for awhile we have got rid of politics,
Prejudiced patter and partisan din.
Pooh! Not a bit of it! Fancy you 're quit of it—
The old cantankerous, rancorous rot;
Worrying wrangle and sour would-be wit of it,
Stuff only fit for where rubbish is shot?

Nay, the ubiquitous, stupid, iniquitous,
Rantipole rigmarole rowdy and rude,
Clapperclaw lingo of Rad *versus* Jingo,
With vinegar, verjuice, and venom imbued,
Never holds holiday! Faction's long folly-day
Knows not the surcease of night and sweet slumber.
Politics, leaving a year not *one* jolly day,
Now have invaded our old Christmas Number!!!

Very Much Abroad.

Brown. I say, SMITH, you 've been here before. Tell me where I can get a first dish of *Tête de veau?*

Smith. Tête de veau? Let 's see, that 's "calf's head," isn't it? Well, I heard of a place where they ought to have it good, as they call it the *Hôtel de Veal.*

Mamma (*to* TINY TOT, *who wants to deprive her younger brother of a delicacy they have both set their hearts on*). No, darling, you must let Baby have it now, and when he grows up, and you are a young lady, he will have to give way to you.

Tiny Tot. Is that why Papa always has to do as you want, Mummy?

"THE Beaver Line mail steamer *Gallia* is bringing 400 tons of Canadian poultry for English Christmas markets." Such a cargo is out of the "Beaver Line." It ought to carry "beeves" for our Christmas market.

MOTTO FOR THE UNDEFEATED DIARIST.—"LETTS" alone!

TO AN OLD FOGEY

Who contends that Christmas is played out.

O FRANKLY bald and obviously stout!
And so you find that Christmas, as a fête
Dispassionately viewed, is getting out
Of date.

You say it comes of moral impotence
That people loathe the thing and yet renew it;
You can't imagine why a man of sense
Should do it.

The studied festal air is overdone;
The humour of it grows a little thin;
You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
Comes in.

Visions of very heavy meals arise
That tend to make your organism shiver;
Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
The liver;

Those pies at which you annually wince,
Hearing the tale how happy months will follow
Proportioned to the total mass of mince
You swallow.

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
Who with the brutal *verve* of boyhood's prime
Insist on being taken to the pant-
-omime.

Visions of couples who arrange to kiss
(With no particular excuse to show)
In public places underneath the mis-
-tletoe.

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
Who run you on toboggans down the stair;
Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
A bear.

This takes your faultless trousers at the knees,
The other hurts them rather more behind;
And both effect a fracture in your ease
Of mind.

All which is why you resolutely launch
Out into language of the baser sort,
Describing Christmas as an overrated branch
Of sport.

My good dyspeptic, this will never do;
Your weary withers must be sadly wrung!
Yet once I well believe that even you
Were young.

Time was when you devoured with other boys
Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen;
And cracker-mottos hinting of the joys
Of men.

Time was when with the maidens you would pull
The fiery raisin with profound delight;
When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
And right.

Old Christmas changes not! Long, long ago
He won the treasure of eternal youth;
Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
The truth.

Come, now, I 'll cure your case, and ask no fee:—
Make others' happiness this once your own;
All else may pass: that joy can never be
Outgrown!



STIRRING TIMES.

Father Christmas (*to Messrs.* "Labour" *and* "Capital"). "COME, MY FRIENDS, LEND A HAND, OR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING WILL HAVE TO BE 'MADE IN GERMANY'!"



THE AMERICAN STYLE.

["I don't like the American style of sitting on the withers and leaning almost over the horse's ears, with a short, tight hold of the reins."—*Sporting Weekly.*]

"IS THAT CHAP COMIN' OFF, OR IS HE TRYIN' THE NEW AMERICAN STYLE!"

TO A REAL BAD SHOT.

'MID the turnips or the heather,
All your friends with truth aver
That you never touch a "feather,"
And are just as kind to "fur."

Safely might the haystack rocket
O'er your misdirected gun,
Barn-door fowls might sitting mock it—
You would miss them, ten to one.

I have seen you oft endeavour
Off the easiest shot to bring,
But, old chap, I'm sure I've never
Seen you hit a single thing.

Yet you've qualities endearing,
I have found you, I confess,
Keen, good-tempered, persevering,
Though you ne'er "command success."

Often I have heard your pleasant
Jest, by failure unrebuffed,
"If I ever kill a pheasant,
I shall have the beggar stuffed!"

And you scorn those simple ruses—
"Birds broke badly"—"got up wild"—
And the other old excuses
Over which we all have smiled.

Though the keeper you may charm less,
Bird and beast your praises swell,
Fur and feather find you harmless,
Consequently love you well.

On the moor or on the stubble
Birds resolve—I'm sure they do,
(Certain life rewards their trouble)—
Always to get up to you.

This I prove past all refuting—
You on beats you've often shot
Frequently get all the shooting—
Old birds teach the young a lot!

So, beloved of pheasant, partridge,
Hare and rabbit, snipe and duck,
Blaze away the uncounted cartridge—
Some day you may kill, with luck!



Child's Picture-Book Fairy of '97 (to ditto of '67). "DEAR ME! WHAT A VERY SHOWY YOUNG PERSON!"

THOSE PRIVATE THEATRICALS!

A LITTLE play, by no PINERO—
Yet in their old-world Georgian dress
I still can picture G., the hero,
And dainty leading lady JESS.
How, kind or cruel, flouting, flirting,
His abject homage she exacts,
With airs and graces most diverting!
Dear JESS, how well [I thought] she acts!

The plot was no new revelation—
Confiding hero, villain friend,
The usual old false accusation,
Triumphant virtue, happy end.
Their final love-scene—how she played it!
Not even now my pen detracts
Aught from the play's success—she "made" it!
By Jove, how well [they said] she acts!

They played the play out some weeks after
On other stage, in other dress,
No audience, no "tears and laughter"—
When G. one day eloped with JESS.
A tragedy you now discover,
Because—to shortly state the facts—
She'd tried to make, and made, me love her!
Alas, how well [I *know*] she acts!

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL FACT.—At the Crystal Palace they raise the cry of "WULFF,"—a cry that appears to be generally appreciated. No Little Red Riding Hood, who, of course, is fond of equestrian scenes in a circus, need fear to visit this particular WULFF now staying at Sydenham.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR THE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.—The Barnumberies.



THE MINISTERIAL "MIRROR OF VENUS!"

(With profound apologies to Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

["They had never known a Government, which, if he might use the language of the street, "fancied" itself to the extent to which the present Government did. If he was to draw a fancy picture of the present Government he should paint a plain woman admiring herself in a looking-glass. The instinct was there although Nature might have denied the proper conditions for its exercise."—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Liverpool.*]

SPECIAL INFORMATION.

IN the "Notes and Queries" occupying the last pages of the interesting *Hampstead Annual for* 1897 (it is edited by Mr. ERNEST RHYS, and contains an admirable photograph of GEORGE DU MAURIER, likewise a sympathetic article by "Kiki's," or "Kicky's," friend, Canon AINGER), there occurs an inquiry, put by a "Hampstead Astronomer," as to one of the "earliest tenants" of "Jack Straw's Castle," who, it was said, was an "astronomer of some eminence." Evidently the astronomer must have been "of some eminence," since he lived on the top of Hampstead Hill. But this apart, we beg to furnish "F. F. C." with the following information:

JOHN ASTRONOMER, living in his observatory on the heights of Hampstead, was not above a jest, which, being a rich man, he could afford to make at his own expense. He originated such sayings as "Straws show which way the wind blows," "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," "An Englishman's house is his castle."

The country-folk about, catching at the straws above-mentioned, nicknamed his house "Jack the A-straw-nomer's Castle."

Gradually it came to be believed that JACK never existed, and that he was only "a man of straw." A generation later, an inn had been built on the site, and it was to have been called "The Castle Inn of Jack the Man of Straw." But the prudent proprietor, at whose expense the sign-board was to be lettered and painted, reduced the title to "Jack Straw's Castle." And so it remains to this day.

Something else brand new is to be learnt from a paper in this annual, namely, that KEATS was a rider to hounds. How otherwise would any one interpret the information that KEATS went to HUNT at Hampstead?

PROFESSIONAL DECEPTION.

SIR,—I do not know if your legal adviser be Mr. BRIEFLESS of Pump-Handle Court, or whether you, *Mr. Punch*, are willing to give me your opinion as to the moral to be derived from the recent case of MASKELYNE *v.* DIBBLEE, and Others, where the plaintiff brought an action for libel in a newspaper in which it had been said that MASKELYNE was "accustomed to deceiving the public," or words to that effect. "But," quoth my Lord Chief of Killowen, "Mr. MASKELYNE always *is* deceiving the public." Well, that's true, of course, but then the public knows it is being deceived. So the action failed. Now, Sir, in consequence of the dictum of my Lord Chief, may any one write any thing he likes about Mr. MASKELYNE being "a gay deceiver"? May it be said that "Men were deceivers ever, but at the Egyptian Hall," &c., &c. In fact, is a professional conjurer, henceforth, "a chartered libertine," with permission to "take any one in and do for him" at the victim's expense? Yours, A PUZZLED CONJURER.

THIS COMES HOPE-ING.—The Bishop of St. Asaph, at a remarkably pleasant meeting of his clergy, mentioned that he had received a cheering letter from the "Rector of Hope." What a delightful title! His people all live in Hope, and he himself, being devoted to his parishioners, must be full of Hope that he will ultimately arrive at a Bishopric. His letter to his Bishop was quite in keeping with the "flattering tale" that Hope is supposed to tell. And this Hope was not disappointed.

ADVERTISER having no further use for his bottle and coral, wishes to exchange for a revolver. Would also swop perambulator for a jemmy and skeleton keys.—"Captain," Clerkenwell Gang, E.C.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROOPS.

THERE have been great Wars and Wars,
Fighting and fighting amain,
Dead and wounded with terrible scars
Again and again and again!
For ever and ever it must be so,
Till the Time of Perfect Peace,
When the Ever-perpetual Human Woe
Is ended and battles cease!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
Wars, when our ranks were thin,
Wars, when we fought against the Stars,
But never once thought "Give in!"
Wars, when we had on every hand
A foeman to join in the fight
With the Little Isles, where stood the band
To combat for Freedom's Right.

There have been great Wars and Wars,
With the strong sweet smell of the Sea
Under splintered spars when our dauntless tars
Would wrestle for victory!
When they strove with the courage that all men know
Till the brine with their blood was red,
When the shattered masts and the broken foe
Made the wave receive her dead!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
Upon Ocean, upon Land,
Contests of Neptune, contests of Mars,
That the whole wide world have spanned!
But better has ne'er man stood by man
Than the men of every hue
That guarded the gates of Hindostan
'Neath the old Red, White and Blue!
Westerns and Easterns, though all so few,
Easterns and Westerns, our watchmen true,
We send you this greeting, *We're proud of you!*

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

ON THE STAIRS.

Denis (*aged nine, to* IDA, *aged eight*). But you're not going to marry JOCK, IDA? You asked *me* to marry you once!

Ida. Yes; but you said not till you were out of knickerbockers, you know, and I couldn't wait all *that* time!

Denis. But you don't really *love* JOCK, do you, IDA?

Ida. Yes, I do. I've *got* to, now we're going to be married.

Denis. But suppose JOCK *dies*, IDA—what will you do then?

Ida. Oh! I should go and cry over his grave once a week.

Denis. I'd let you *garden* on *my* grave, Ida.

Tommy (*to* WINNIE). No; I don't mean to work when I grow up. When I want any money, I shall just go to the dentist, and have a tooth out.

Winnie. But how will that——?

Tommy. Why, don't you see? I shall get half-a-crown every time from mother.

Winnie. But won't it hurt?

Tommy. The last one didn't a bit. Besides, I can have gas. And when you lose one tooth, another comes, you know; and I've quite a lot to go on with.

Winnie. You'll be quite *rich!*

Tommy. Well, not exactly *rich*, but I've calculated it out, and I think that, by the time I'm a man, I shall have enough, with care, to keep myself in tin soldiers.

Dorothy (*pensively*). Poor dear father, he's very good and kind, and all that, you know—but he doesn't seem to *understand* things quite.

Harold. What sort of things?

Dorothy (*more in sorrow than in anger*). Well, he *won't* let me keep my rabbits in the drawing-room!

[HAROLD *is naturally indignant at this instance of parental narrow-mindedness.*



AND YET IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT GRANDPAPA WAS COMPLAINING TO HIS LITTLE GRANDSONS THAT HE NEVER GOT REAL WINTERS LIKE HE USED TO HAVE, WITH PLENTY OF SKATING AND SLIDING. (N.B.—BUTTER-SLIDES ARE VERY EFFECTIVE.)

NOTE BY A MISANTHROPIST.—How most fools *spend* their Christmas—giving away money to undeserving sycophants.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE CHOREGRAPHIC DISPLAY AT CHRISTMAS.—The Bairn Dance.

Fished for It.

Miss Innocence (*to Young* BIGGLESWADE). Do you believe in the legend of the mistletoe bough?

Young Biggleswade (*seizing the opportunity*). The mistletoe *bow*? No! But I do in the mistletoe salute!

[*The rest is lost as completely as was the unfortunate bride in the ballad.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—INJURED.—We agree with you, but after all, your cook's fault is a venial one; yet, to be served with a hard-boiled egg three days running *is* provoking. Ask what policeman is on your "beat," and consult *him*.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Visitor to the District (who has missed his way). "CAN YOU TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, IF I SHALL PASS THE 'RED LION' INN ALONG THIS ROAD?"

The Village Toper. "OI WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE SAYING WUT A GEN'LEMAN LOIKE YE WUD BE DOIN'; BUT OI 'M PARFECT SARTIN OI SHOULDN'T!"

SOME CHRISTMAS WAITS.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, but we 're still waiting, and, it seems, likely to wait for:—

A termination of the Engineering Dispute.

A satisfactory solution of the Cretan Question.

Lord ELGIN's private views on Sir HENRY FOWLER's famous telegram.

The "general idea" of the Indian Frontier Campaign from the Afridis' point of view.

Some information as to the source whence they have obtained their Lee-Metford rifles and Dum-Dum bullets.

A nineteenth-century reason for Prince HENRY's recent extraordinary and mediæval deification of "his most Serene Mighty Beloved Emperor, most powerful King, Lord and Master, and Illustrious Brother" at Kiel, in announcing his determination to preach abroad "the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person."

An end of the DREYFUS accusations and recriminations.

Some slight return for JOHN BULL's repeated overtures of friendship and good fellowship to Uncle SAM, and a final settlement of the Seal-fisheries Question.

A proper Army (in point of numbers) to give weight to our foreign policy.

A system of illumination and purification of the London Streets, which shall be at least equal to that of the second-class European capitals.

The electric omnibuses that were promised us with such a flourish of trumpets.

A reasonable amount of fresh air in the Underground Railway.

An extinction of the paper-boys who shout "Winner!" on weekdays, and make Sunday morning hideous with their out-cries.

A temporary surcease from OMAR KHAYYAM.

A suspension of the muzzling order.

An elimination of professionalism from football, and a restoration of that game, as well as cricket, to its proper position as a mere pastime and recreation to be *played*, and not to be gambled on by purchasers of halfpenny papers.

A newspaper without some mention of or allusion to Klondyke.

Some news of ANDREE.

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KAISER.—A case of broken China.



How *not* to spend a Happy Christmas Day!

A PAIR OF "NIPPERS."—A coster's twins.

THE INVASION OF THE INFLUENZA.

["There is little doubt that London is again visited by a return of influenza in a milder form."—*Daily Paper.*]

Oh! what shall I do?
Let 's hope it 's not true.
The doctors cut capers
To read in the papers
That we are threatened once more by the "flu."

Oh! would I could fly
To some sunny sky—
Mentone, Minorca,
Madeira, Majorca,
Venice, or Naples in fair Italy.

Then oh! for a trip
Aboard of a ship.
Now even a tyro
Might venture to Cairo;
Had I the chance I would not let it slip.

Such longings are vain,
For I must remain
Still working in London;
But I shall be undone
If by the "flu" I'm knocked under again.



At the Fox Club, on Christmas Day! Grand Banquet, and yet, *no Meet to-day*.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.



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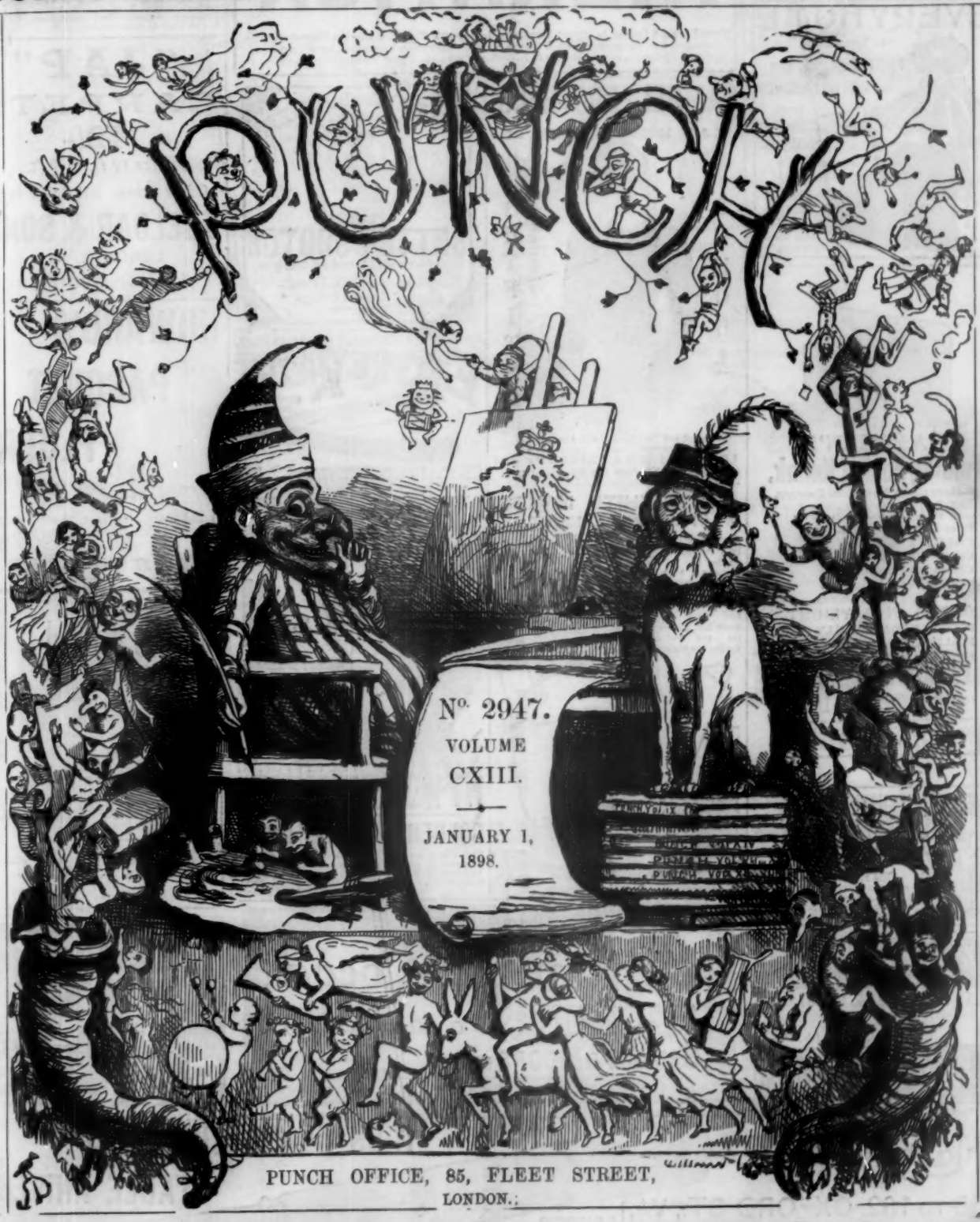
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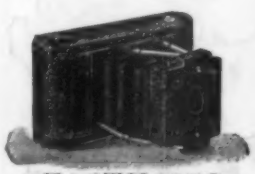
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SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Rector. "NOW, I HOPE, ADAM, YOU WILL TRY TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF THIS COMING YEAR." *Adam.* "YESSIR, I 'OPES SO TOO, SIR. SAME TO YOU, SIR!"

A MODEST DEMAND.

I DO not fondly ask from you
The qualities of a noble heart,
A mind whose thoughts are pure and true,
A tongue that speeds no venomed dart,
A temper sweet, or gentle mood,
Unselfishness, or high endeavour—
I do not ask you to "be good,
Sweet maid"—or even to be "clever"!

I do not ask for poet's song,
For dreamer's tale, high gifts of mind,
For orator's eloquence righting wrong—
Gifts all, no doubt, to you assigned;
I do not ask for theories new,
One's powers of comprehension tasking,
For wisdom or for wit from you—
(There would not be much use in asking).

I do not ask you for the gift,
All other gifts so far above;
I will be brave, and make a shift
To live my life without your love.
Not mine to play a lover's part,
So, though the omission is distressing,
I do not ask you for your heart—
I only ask a minor blessing.

I do not ask you when we meet
To condescend to notice me,
But, when kind Fate affords that treat,
Pray, bear in mind this modest plea.
I do not ask you to sit still—
Though in your chair you always wriggle—
I'd have you do whate'er you will,
I only ask you—*not to giggle!*

A PERI AT THE GATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that we are fast approaching the end of the year, I am already paving 1898 with good resolutions. Perhaps for the benefit of some of your other lady readers situated as I am, you will like to know some of them. Well, I have resolved:—

1. Not to snub some very nice *young* men whom I have hitherto looked upon as *mere boys*. They become *men* in time, don't they? just as, alas! *girls* (thank goodness I am one still!) become *women*.

2. Not to be rude to some exceedingly polite gentlemen (*very much older than I am*) whom I have hitherto looked upon as *fogies*, and individually described, I regret to say, as being old enough to be my father or grandfather, as the case may be.

3. Not to be so particular as to the amount of an admirer's *income*. After all, a *few hundreds* a year with a *flat* or a *cottage* often supplies more real happiness than *thousands* and a *baronial castle*. After *ten* seasons, one begins to look at these matters from a sensible point of view.

4. Not to be too *proud*. In truth, a title is but a small recommendation to the esteem, and I may say, love, of a well-born damsel. A respectable physician, or an educated grocer, or a capable curate, is *infinitely preferable* to a dissolute Duke, a rampant Viscount, or a horse-racing Baronet. And the Free Trade in American heiresses should not be forgotten, though I am in favour of a *strong Matrimonial Protective Tariff for our aristocrats*. You might mention this to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

5 (*and lastly*). Not to go in so much for fashionable gowns, hats, &c. I have observed that of late years Miss Simplicity has a *great advantage* over Miss Display. I intend to be something between a Hospital Nurse.

With all good wishes to you and my sisters expectant, I am, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours, in hope of success,
GERALDINE GUSHERTON.

The Dovecote, Prattleton-super-Mare.

THE MAID IN THE MATINÉE HAT.

[At the St. James's Theatre ladies attending the matinées are requested by the Management to remove their hats.—*Vide* Programme.]

IN a theatre a merry maid sat,
Wearing a marvellous matinée hat.
The people behind murmured and muttered;
I will not repeat the language uttered,
'Twas mostly a masculine form of "drat."

Feathers and flow'rs of a wonderful hue
To a monstrous height on that hat there grew.
The people behind were wild with passion,
They hated the hat of latest fashion,
Complaining that it quite obscured their view.

When in her programme this merry maid read
A special request to ladies, which said
The people behind would most grateful feel
If those in the front would heed their appeal,
She quickly removed that hat from her head.

In a theatre a manager's tact
Proved he could manage as well as could act.
The people behind no longer vainly
Strove behind feathers to see more plainly;
And gratefully they acknowledged the fact.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*presumably at large*). *Q.* What is the difference between a pantomime and an oyster? *A.* The opening of the one is the better part of the show, the opening of the other the worse.



Following Soot.

Q. E. D.—The report of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police shows that Londoners in 1896 were (to use the words of a contemporary) "better citizens." *Mr. Punch* ventures to suggest that this desirable result may also be attributed to the members of the Force having become better policemen. In fact the two P's, Police and Public, have learnt to mind one another's Q's.



NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR "TOMMY."

Lord Lansdowne (to Private Atkins). "IF I G'VE YOU A SHILLING A DAY CLEAR, I TRUST YOU WON'T WASTE IT IN RIOTOUS LIVING!"

BITS OF OLD CHINA.

(*Latest Despatches.*)

Switzerland.—The Russian, German, and British Governments having arranged to occupy Chinese territory, the Swiss Government will send "something like a fleet" to await developments.

Monaco.—The recent events in China have caused great concern in this Principality, and a private with fifteen generals of the army are expected to leave immediately.

Roumania.—To protect the national interests, a fleet consisting of a tug and two lifeboats will sail for Bang-Wang with the consent of the Chinese Government.

Luxembourg.—To adjust the balance of power, an army corps, consisting of one gun and a bombardier to fire it off, will practise on Twelfth Night.

Cannibal Islands.—The king proposes to send a force of five cooks and a soup-tureen to be ready for emergencies.

85, *Fleet Street.*—In spite of international complications, *Mr. Punch* will continue to occupy the attention of everybody everywhere during 1898.

The Mild Weather.

Cruel Schoolboy (*to unfortunate Ironmonger, loaded up with skates*). Have you got any good skates?

Ironmonger (*eagerly*). Yes, Sir, hundreds of pairs.

C. S. (*edging to door*). Then fit out an expedition to the North Pole. They tell me the ice there is in prime condition!

[*Dodges the discharge of a tin kettle, and escapes in triumph.*

MOTTO OF THE IMPECUNIOUS RENEGADE.—The best of all friends. The friends who part.



Cuthbert (*who was coming downstairs with a biscuit in his hand, has come a terrific cropper*). "FANK DOODNESS! BUTTER SIDE UP!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART I.

JUST received this letter from my nephew MAX, at school:—

DEAR UNCLE CHARLES,—Me and TOMMY want you to let us spend the first week of our Crismas vac. at your place we may, may'dnt we you know the govner and mater have gorn to Beerits and want us ther too we went last year and it *was* rot, I can tell you, thers nuthing to doo not for a boy, you know but you have to wash your face about 6 times a day, and wear all your best close that are beesely stiff you know, and take off your hat to every ass you meet, well thats not mutch fun is it and BANKS Minor ses the Rivvy-earers just the same. Thers no ratting nor football nor skaiteng oh its beesely. What they I mean the Pater and Mater go for, licks me. He thinks hes dellykitt or some rot like that. Ime not dellykitt, mores TOMMY—though TOMMY's rather an ass—and wen I got a cough last half, and you sent me that ten bob I spent half of it in cough lossenges and got so beesely ill over them that I forgot all about the cough itself, thats the thing to doo wen your dellykitt. As you are a batchylor establitchment I spose it wont matter a bit our coming to stay, will it we break up next Thursday so just write and say we may come thers a trump, of course we didn't like to come with-out being invyted. Cant we have a go with your hounds you could get us ponys or to save xpense to you, we would ride your hunters if you liked, weel do ether thats agreebul to you of coarse. Ime writing this in Smeary-un darkness so xcuse writing.

I am your affect. Nephew
MAX.

p.S.—if we stay furst week of vac. with you we can cut Beerits altogether becos after that we go to stay at Aunt LUCY's ony she cant stand us, have us I mean, till then—I mean till we go to stay there—at least—oh you know what I mean ony I never could xplane those sort of things, you know.

As quiet bachelor of forty, with, I flatter myself, very correct little establishment and good stable of hunters, as befits a Master of Staghounds, cannot help looking at this epistle with certain amount of suspicion. MAX and TOMMY would be, as Lord DUNDREARY said, "the nicest children in the world, if they weren't the d——dest little nuisances ever seen." Like MAX and TOMMY, but like them best at school. Don't know why MAX should call me an establishment. Something very grand and stately in the impudence of their offer to ride *my* hunters. Butcher's pony distinctly a more likely mount for them. Suppose I must have them here, but what about my excellent housekeeper, Mrs. BOUNCEBY? Must break news gently to that good woman. Mrs. B. sniffs till her spectacles fall off, and supposes she must "put them into the Pink room." Say she can put them on the tiles, if she likes. Mrs. B. retires muttering something about not liking her arrangements "put out." Retreat to my study to answer indignant farmer's claim for poultry damage. Is evidently under impression that deer eat chickens.

Thursday.—Drive to station to meet nephews. Train late. No boys. Porter hands me telegram: "So sorry missed train it don't matter as there 's another in two hours please wait at station." Drive home in disgust. Return for next train. This also late. Sudden rush of—— Horror! *three* boys! Why——? What——? How——? When——? "Oh! it 's all right, Uncle CHARLEY," says MAX, "you 're such a good chap I knew you wouldn't mind, so I've brought BOOTS. That ain't his name really, but his own, BETTERINGTON, is too long. He won't take up any room, and he don't eat much. You see, he 's my great chum, and so I brought him, you know. You 'll like him." Feel uncertain of this. And what about Mrs. B.? BOOTS not prepossessing; freckled face and flat nostrils. "Yes," says MAX, "jolly ugly, ain't he? Nose looks as if it had been put on hot, and spread all over his face!" Rude little wretch! The graceless trio climb up into cart, TOMMY's shoes scratching panel in excruciating manner. Just see piles of boxes pouring into my station cart, and then drive off home.

Q. Why should the habitual criminal be devoid of cowardice?

A. Because he has the courage of his convictions.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF YOU GIVE A LEAD TO A LADY, TRY TO TAKE YOUR HORSE WITH YOU.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A dyspeptic Bachelor, jilted by his Cousin, refuses in somewhat bitter terms to dine with her and her husband on New Year's Day.

I DO not care for Christmas fare,
The Turkey has no charm for me;
The Goose a monster I declare,
Fat Beef a dreadful dish to see.
No stolid Pudding suits my taste,
I do not love this cannon-ball
Of suet, plums, and pseudo paste,
That 's welcomed in the servants' hall!

I will not eat the false Mince-pie,
Suggesting all dyspeptic ills;
The Tipsy-cake I will not try,
'Tis redolent of after pills!
As to the oysters that are brought
The jaded appetite to whet,
Experience is dearly bought,
And typhoid I don't want to get!

The wine with which the guests are plied
Is fresh as flowers after rain;
The vinous juice is oft denied
To what you 're pleased to call Champagne!
The Port knows no ancestral bins,
But came in—yesterday, may be;
And Sherry causes mental sins
When bottled—say, at one and three!

No! no! fair coz, I must refuse
Your offer for this New Year's Day,
Let me my humble banquet choose,
And for your happiness still pray!
The time is now for ever gone
When I was fool and you were cruel;
But credit me, although alone,
I 'll drink your health in water-gruel!

A Rotatory Explanation.

First Loafer (*inspecting a hoarding, to Second Ditto*). I say, BILL, wot 's a Cycle of Song?

Second Ditto. Don't yer know? Why, it 's one of them new-fangled bikes, wot plays a toon as yer roll along, jest like a barrel-horgan.

WILLIAM TERRISS.

BORN, FEBRUARY, 1848. DIED, DECEMBER, 1897.

"SHADOWS we are, and shadows we pursue."
That was the motto dearest far to you!
Old friend and comrade, having grasped my hand,
I mourn you lost to me in Shadow Land.

Brave Sailor Lad! and best of "pals" on earth,
Whose triumph at your death, proclaimed your worth,
They bore you down an avenue of woe,
Where men and women sobbed, "We loved him so!"

Why did they love him? The assassin's knife,
With one fell blow, mangled a loyal life.
They loved him for his honour! Splendid Will!
That made a hero of our "Breezy BILL!"

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

POOR TERRISS! Gay, gallant, honest, manly! A hero of the Drama, every inch of him! In his own peculiar line the most popular actor of the present day, whom it is indeed most difficult to replace. That in private life he was generous and kindly, nay, even kind to a fault, is proved, over and over again, by those who knew him well. He seemed to have learned the secret of perpetual youth, and, when as *William* he quite recently astonished us all with his nimbly-danced hornpipe, those youngsters who then saw him for the first time, put him down as one about their own age, say between seventeen and twenty-five. He could touch hearts, too, and set an audience a-weeping, while he himself, we fancy, was seldom unmoved by the pathos of the situation. If it be not out of place here to play on words, may we not say that we miss a "*Rara avis in Terriss*"? Light lie the earth upon thee, WILLIAM TERRISS! Able actor! honest, kind-hearted man!

A PRETTY PASS.

SCENE—*Place of Entertainment.* Modern Magician *discovered performing an admirable sleight of hand.*

Modern Magician. You believe I am deceiving you?

One of the Audience (*earnestly*). Indeed, I think nothing of the kind.

M. M. But you know some people believe I am always cheating their senses.

One of the A. But not I. Pray understand I believe you to be the soul of honour.

M. M. But did you really believe that I actually swallowed that bird-cage and its contents?

One of the A. Most certainly. I would not doubt your word for worlds.

M. M. But surely you must be very simple?

One of the A. Not at all. I desire to place on record my emphatic opinion of your honesty. I repudiate the suggestion that you wish me or any one to think you have behaved other than in the customary manner.

M. M. But this is not the customary answer.

One of the A. Perhaps not; but then, you see, I wish to avoid the terrors of litigation.

M. M. Then you do not make these answers of your free will?

One of the A. Oh, yes, I do, but of course they are prompted by my solicitor. [*Curtain.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NEXT year I will reform—I really will,
This time, at least, my purpose is sincere,
Unwonted virtues my new leaf shall fill
Next year.

My rule of life henceforth shall be austere,
I'll give up betting, pay my tailor's bill,
Shun "Special Scotch" and stick to harmless beer.

But to the old year first one bumper still!—
What, midnight past? and '98 now here?
Then I must shelve my reformation till
Next year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IT is not from any authentic record, but WALTER CRANE has a dainty fancy that *Cinderella* must have had a volume to enjoy by the fire, so he re-issues three fairy-tales as *Cinderella's Picture Book* (JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head), one story being that of *Cinderella* herself, which no doubt she will enjoy immensely, *Valentine and Orson*, *Puss in Boots*, and *Cinderella*. She must have read her own biography, only without the cleverly-inspired illustrations that adorn these pages.

La Vie de Londres, côtés riants, par MARS (PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE., Paris). During the last few years we have been trying by the aid of powerful glasses and still more powerful imagination, to see what Mars was doing. And now Mars himself lets us know he was in London, sketching us all; and only "an eye like Mars" could see us, and he has drawn us. My Baronitess remarks that he hasn't "mastered the English ladies." How should he! As a Frenchman he is far too polite for that. But glance at his other book, *La Vie d'Ostende* (Ed. LYON-CLAESEN, Bruxelles). There he is *très bien chez lui!* Evidently life is gay and nauti-cal by those merry sea-waves, wherein the frivolous *baigneuses* disport themselves. They are just a *tout petit peu shocking!*

In *The Mills of God* (SMITH, ELDER), MR. FRANCIS HARDY grinds exceeding well. There is, my Baronite tells me, a breezy freshness in the book, alike in respect of people and surroundings. *Ma Kate* is a touching picture of the much-enduring wife and the fond mother, endurance reaching the snapping point when the church-going but in other respects not at all estimable father, feels out for his stick as substitute for the fatted calf wherewith to hail the prodigal's return. Then the little mother blazes forth, and the household drudge momentarily assumes the mastership. Sketched in by the way, but full of life, humour, and philosophy, is the tramp, *Bob Murphy*, whose brief but sufficient tragedy is told in a vivid chapter.

DOLF WYLLARDE has done for girlhood what, some years ago, Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT did for boyhood. *A Lonely Little Lady* (HUTCHINSON) is a miniature worthy to be framed in the same panel as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Of the two, obviously because *Brownie* is a girl, my Baronite ranks DOLF WYLLARDE'S work as the daintier. IDA LOVERING'S illustrations are charming.

In *His Grace of Osmonde* (F. WARNE & Co.), Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT has written the sequel to *A Lady of Quality*, or rather not so much a sequel, as it is a completion of the earlier work. Now, the Baron not having had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of A Lady of Quality, he found the story of His Grace somewhat puzzling, nor could he comprehend where the villain was killed, why he was killed, nor whose hand struck the blow. An intelligent friend, who had read *A Lady of Quality*, kindly supplied what was lacking to his enjoyment of *His Grace of Osmonde*. But why did Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT compel the Baron to have recourse to a friend in order to understand her story? The first novel should have contained the whole and entire story, as certainly a reader who is not acquainted with A Lady of Quality will only waste his time and temper over His Grace; while whoever knows the story of the aforesaid Lady of Quality will also lose time, and more temper, in reading *His Grace of Osmonde*. As the Lady's sister, named *Anne*, plays no inconsiderable part in the drama of the two lives, the title might have been *Sister Anne; or, Is Anyone Coming?* and though 'tis true there is no *Blue Beard*, yet the question might have been frequently asked, when the villain, having been knocked on the head in the first story, which the Baron hasn't read, the two young women hid the body under a settee, preparatory to carrying him into a cellar, there to be walled-up by a country bricklayer. "Go pop poor Sir THOMAS again in the pond"—though of course this situation could not very well have been repeated in the second novel (it wasn't a pond, or a well, but a hole in the wall), and so the Baron missed the entire point. One volume would have sufficed for both stories, to have been entitled as aforesaid.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



First Reprobate. "WELL, OLD MAN, DID YOU GET HOME ALL RIGHT LAST NIGHT?"
Second Reprobate. "YES; BUT MY WIFE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO ME."
First Reprobate. "LUCKY BEGGAR! *MINE DID!*"

THE VEGETARIAN DINNER.

(*By an Enthusiast.*)

IF you wish to keep alive, and you're anxious for to strive,
You have only to become a vegetarian.
On vegetable diet, if you've the pluck to try it,
You will live until you die a centenarian.
With a *Côtelette de choux* or a cauliflower stew
You can feast, but you will not feel satiated.
And to give the thing a tone, try a pint of zoedone,
Or of any other drink that's aërated.

There's peas and beans, potatoes, greens,
Now from the bill I quote,
If you're a man of slender means
Dine at our *table d'hôte*.
The price is small, for one and all,
'Tis well within their reach;
Soup, joint, and sweet, with service neat,
For only sixpence each.

If you try a carrot-chop I am sure you will not stop,
For a *Filet Bordelaise* you'll find surprising.
I scarcely need repeat that it isn't made of meat,
But in French the *menu* sounds more appetising;
'Tis an artful plan, in fact, which is certain to attract
An appetite which flesh has rendered jaded.
Come and try our bill of fare, and I'm certain you will swear
Eternal thanks for having been persuaded.



Old Lady. "THE FACT IS, YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR WAY, AND, WHAT'S MORE, I BELIEVE YOU 'VE BEEN DRINKING!"

Cabby. "OH, 'OW CAN YOU THINK OF SICH A THING! *ON BOXING DAY, TOO!*

STILL ABROAD.!

Vienna.—Such a place for Museums! They are everywhere. There is even one in the Bourse. Perhaps it contains portraits of company-promoters, a sort of financial Chamber of Horrors. Goodness knows! When you have seen the wonderful art collections, and some of the pretty faces of the Viennese women, and the inside of the cathedral, and some more pretty faces, and a few plays at the theatres, you have seen everything worth seeing, and you had better begin looking at the pretty faces again. Unless your tastes are peculiar, and you admire streets like Northumberland Avenue, or are fond of bad pavements and miserable trees, or of eating. If you are fond of eating, you have a grand chance. In a Viennese hotel it goes on all day, each visitor keeping to his national hours.

The earliest birds, from Germany usually, begin breakfast about seven, other early birds, English perhaps, follow them, then Austrians have coffee, and lazier English and Americans go on with more substantial breakfasts, while the Germans have a light lunch, till the French and Italians begin *déjeûner*, and while these are finishing, with *liqueurs* and cigars, the first Germans drop in to dine, and the English lunches and the Austrian dinners, with the Austrian *liqueurs* and cigars, keep it up till the afternoon tea for the English, or coffee for the Germans, who finish just as the French begin dinner at half-past five, in time to go to the theatre, and while they are dining the Germans have another light meal, and when they all start for the theatre, the English and Americans are beginning dinner, which is followed by the suppers of the Austrians who have not gone to the theatre, and after these come the suppers of those who have, and the final, fifth or sixth, meal of the Germans, prolonged by beer and more cigars till one in the morning. It is *kolossal!*

So good-bye to Vienna, and the pretty faces and pretty dresses, and the courteous Austrians, and the endless tips. One last ride in a *Fiaker*, full speed over those awful stones. Cling on tightly. No bones broken. Nothing fallen out. Thank goodness! Back for Christmas in Old England!

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

THE TEUTONIC PLAGUE.

[The German Beetle, who thrives on cheaper fare than his British equivalent, and reproduces himself with astonishing rapidity, is gradually supplanting the native in our very midst.—*Daily Paper.*]

NOT to the sound of Royal lips colliding,
Not to the crusted smack of Kingly toasts,
The latest Teuton terror, darkly gliding,
Descends on Britain's coasts!

Not as the Chow-chow squadron takes the ocean,
With cressets' flare and roll of throbbing drums;
In silent armaments with stealthy motion
The German Beetle comes.

A cause of madness in our kitchen Maries,
Their vestal hearth he rudely violates;
He sidles in among our ancient *Lares*,
And settles on our grates.

The witching hour that wakes the wanton weevil
Beholds him doing that which is not right;
He loves the dark because his deeds are evil,
He loathes the blessed light.

Untempted by the larder's toothsome foison,
For which your pampered British Beetles go,
He battens with success upon the poison
Designed to lay him low.

A shrewd ascetic, he derives an ample
Inflation from the coarsest kind of food;
He is a precious type, a proud example
Of Teuton hardihood.

Colonial—less by taste than by instruction
Drawn indirectly from his cosmic Chief—
His facile gift of rapid reproduction
Simply transcends belief!

The Native who, secure in his position,
Waxed fat and kicked upon the scullery floor,
Now feels the deadly strain of competition
He never felt before!

Less gaily from behind the heated boiler
He sallies out on sinful plunder bent;
The presence of a strange imported spoiler
Mars all his sweet content.

More warily he quits his wainscot-hollow
To drink the oven's enervating airs,
For fear the foreigner may go and swallow
His wife at unawares.

The solemn facts are proved beyond rebutting,
Vainly we clutch at any straw of doubt;
The German article is slowly cutting
Our local talent out!

England! my country! is there no renewing
Our lost pre-eminence of other years?
What is the bellicose bug-shooter doing?
Where are the Volunteers?

At the Home of Plenty.

Mr. Stopcock (joyously, to Mr. PLUMBER). Take my word for it, this is going to be a green winter. No busted pipes, no water turned off, no nothing.

Mr. Plumber (gloomily). Ah! wot's one man's meat is truly another's pison. I suppose wery soon we shall be treated to a Hindian Summer from November to March. [*Sighs deeply.*



TIME THE ALCHEMIST.

"WONDER IF I SHALL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH *THIS* EXPERIMENT!"



FAINT PRAISE.

Little Miss Di. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PONY, COUSIN JACK?"

Cousin Jack (*promoted recently to something more than a pony*). "OH! PRETTY WELL, PRETTY WELL. DECENT SORT O' CHILD'S HUNTAH, DE'SAY!"



At the Oculist's. "Suggestio Falsi."

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

OBIIT DECEMBER 16, 1897.

GONE the gay wit that sparkled free
With airy grace and breezy *ton*,
And took us over mount and sea
With *Tartarin of Tarascon*;
That painted *Jack* in touching tone,
And *Sapho* limned with master hand;
And caused the life beside the Rhone
To live again in many a land!
Farewell, brave spirit, till the end
You battled 'gainst the sting of Death.
On you, with feelings of a friend,
We lay this little English wreath!

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

(*By one who has given them up.*)

I'VE hitherto upheld on New Year's Eve
One of our cherished annual institutions,
That is, as each December's dying, to retrieve
One's character with virtuous resolutions.

Ten years and more ago there were a lot
Of new and personal reforms I'd plan out,—
Some possible, some—well, distinctly *not*
(That was before one's youthful ardour ran out).

Let 's see—I meant each January the first
To get up early and to knock off smoking,



The "Block" System.



"Porker Verba."

With temp'rance drinks to moderate my thirst—
The prospect was by no means mirth-provoking!

Enthusiasms cool; within three days
I had become a desperate back-slider,
Without the perseverance that essays
To imitate the ant or plodding spider.

So now I've only *one* resolve to make,
And that I'll keep without remorse or sorrow;
That is, I'll have no idle vows to break,
By framing *no* New Year's resolves to-morrow.



READY-MADE COATS-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

MARIE, COUNTESS C-R-LLI.

Arms: Quarterly, 1st, on a grou :d sable of reserve, invincible to the last, a log proper constitutionally averse to being rolled under a column and a half; 2nd, in a servants' 'orle, a dog's-eared volume melodramatic and transpontine to the full, circulating urgent; 3rd, two wild horses at speed, trainant from a studio a startling portrait of a talented authoress, painted under protest, and exhibited with obvious reluctance by the victim (members of the press and aristocracy most welcome, 4.30 to 7); 4th, hidden under a bushel proper (of plate-glass) a light of literature, shining in reclame, over all, on an escutcheon of reticence, a trumpet of glory, usually blown automatically, but quite at the service of the press, gratis. *Crest:* a startled fawn, proper, of timidity, seeking shelter urgent, from a wreath of laurels issuant from the suburbs. *Supporters:* Dexter, a curate habited sable proper, and guileless to the verge of inanity passant in perusal proper of "The Bitherations of Beelzebub"; sinister, a cook-general proper guttée-de-larmes palpitant in pathos absorbent the "Sorrers o' Syt'n." *Second Motto:* "If I am forgotten, it won't be MY fault!"

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM: A GAME IS BEING ORGANISED.

The Mistress of the Revels. Well, have you all chosen what animal you're going to be? What are you, ETHEL? A tiger? Very well. And you, JOHNNY? A hyena? Capital! And HILDA said she would be a hippopotamus, didn't she?

Hilda. I *did* say I was a hippopotamus, but I should like to change my mind to a whale, please.

[*She is indulged in this modest request.*

The M. R. (*addressing a small, pallid boy in a velvet suit and a state of after-tea torpor*). And what would *you* like to be, my little man?

The Little Man. I wouldn't like to be anything.

The M. R. Oh! but that's *silly*, you know. You must be *something*. Come, be a rhinoceros.

The Little Man (*languidly*). No; I don't want to be a rhinoceros.

The M. R. Well then, will you be a rabbit?

The Little Man (*with undisguised contempt*). A rabbit! That is a duffing "be"!

The M. R. Then what *are* you going to be?

The Little Man (*reduced to candour*). I believe I'm going to be sick, presently.

[*He is promptly removed.*

Pycroft (*aged twelve, finds himself next to* SHIRTLIFF, "*one of the fellows at old* WACKERBARTH'S," *and his senior by a month or two; is not sure whether, their respective "people" being unacquainted, he is entitled to recognise* SHIRTLIFF, *but decides to risk a remark*). Hullo, SHIRTLIFF!

Shirtliff (*slightly scandalised by this effusiveness, but not prepared to discourage it*). Hullo, PYCROFT!

[*A silence, during which both examine their shoes with interest.*

Pycroft (*anxious to dissociate himself from his surroundings*). Rather rot, this sort of thing.

Shirtliff (*feeling that his dignity is in danger*). Mistake having such a beastly lot of kids.

Pycroft (*after another silence*). What have you been doing these holidays?

Shirtliff. Oh! I don't know—mucking about. (*Without interest.*) What have *you*?

Pycroft. Oh! *I've* been mucking about, too.

[*They part with a mutual sense of having risen worthily to the occasion.*

FUNNY PHYSICIAN.—*Doctor Merryman* (*to patient, who is suffering severely from too much Christmas festivity*). Come, come, there's nothing seriously wrong here. *You'll tide* over this.

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

BORN 1846. DIED DEC. 19, 1897.

FRANK LOCKWOOD dead! Then we have lost
A life we counted more than dear;
What darker shadow could have crossed
Our Christmas cheer?

Quick eye to read the heart of fun!
Light hand to catch its passing spell!
Punch, too, has claimed the work of one
Who loved him well.

Gone now his laughter's lusty note
That malice never once could mar;
The genial wit that gently smote
And left no scar.

Small mirth enough beguiles our way;
By sombre paths at best we tread;
And duller seems the world to-day
With LOCKWOOD dead!



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

(*Design for a Philanthropic Institution.*)

[Professor Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., in a recent lecture, protested against "the mawkish, effeminate, weak faces so often pictured in stained-glass windows," and suggested that they should deal with *prominent personages and subjects of the day*. *Mr. Punch* has therefore much pleasure in submitting a few designs, of which this is the first, to be used, without charge, in the decoration of both Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, Guildhall, Mansion House, and any other Public Buildings.]



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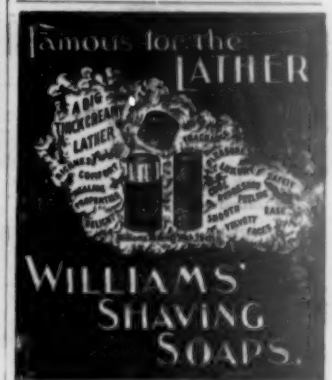
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Keeps the Complexion Beautiful and Clear.

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For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, &c.

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Specially prepared for Toilet and Nursery Use.

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Causes no Blotches.

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Soothing to Tender Gums and Sensitive Teeth.

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For Itching, Face Spots, Chaps, Chilblains.

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Concentrated—
Delicate—
Pure.

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Fragrant, Refreshing.

As fine as can possibly be made.

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In Collapsable Tube, 9d.

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Antiseptic—Astringent
Delicately Perfumed.

Cleanses and Whitens the Teeth without in any way injuriously affecting the Dental Structures.

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Natural to the Hair and Scalp. Imparts a fine Silkiness to the Hair.

In White Opal Vase, 1s.

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Contains the finest Essential Oils, and being Concentrated, is the most Economical.

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